THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded A° D[illegible]. Franklin

SEPT. 16, 1911

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More Than a Million and Three-Quarters Circulation Weekly

The Passing of the Silent Piano

A daily scene in all the world's large cities—the Pianola Piano displacing the piano of older type.

THE whole world is awakening to an appreciation of music. In America and abroad—England, Europe, far-off Australia—instruments of modern invention, designed to furnish music for the home, are daily becoming more popular. Foremost among these is

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Supplanting the Piano of older type

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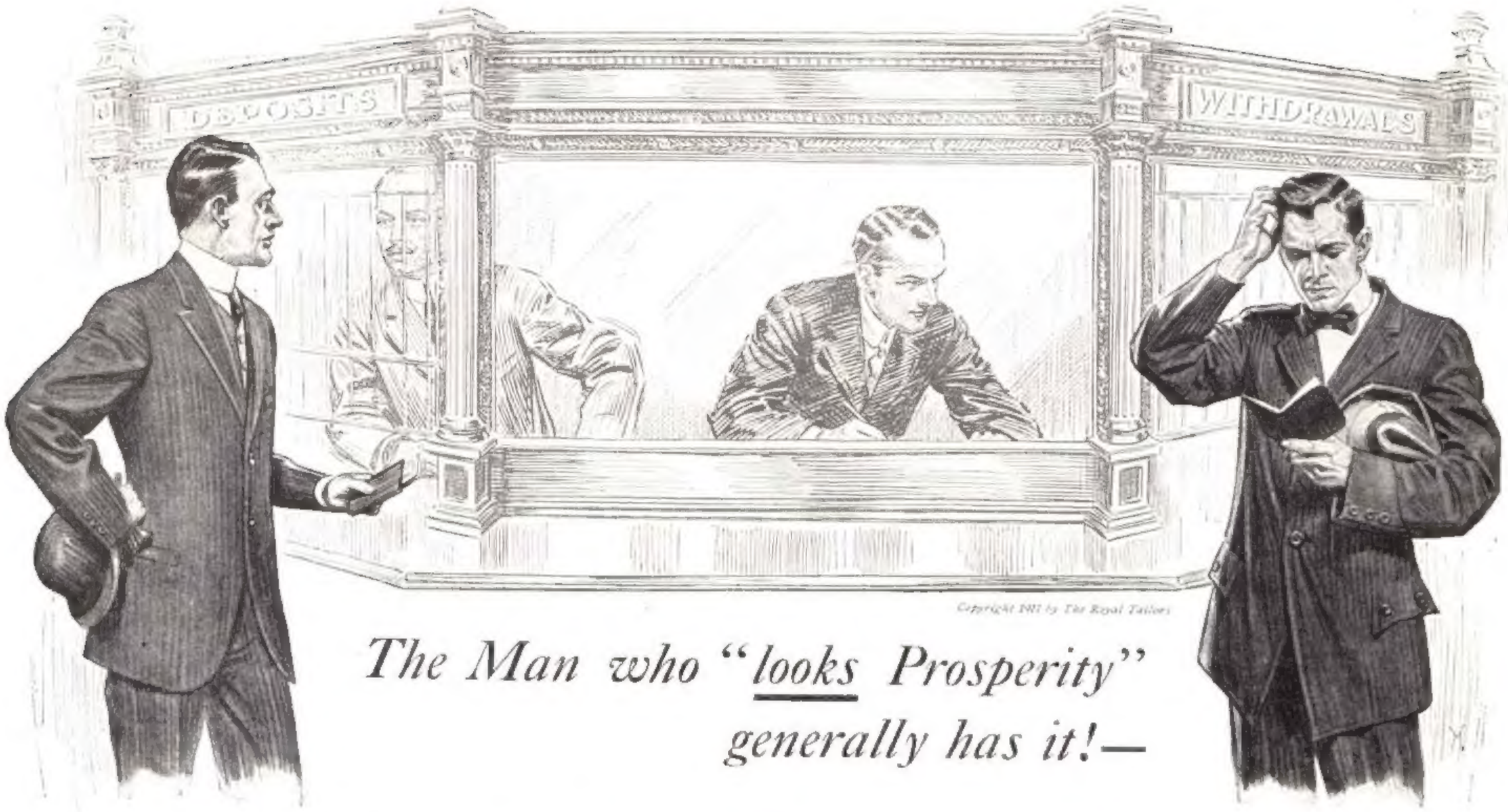

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THE FRESHMAN

By JAMES HOPPER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

The Bleachers, He Felt, Must be Sniggling—But That Suspicion He Could Not Verify; He Could Not Look at the Bleachers

CARTER H. O. stood at attention, both rubber-soled feet upon a cross painted black in the polished floor; about him the other Freshmen of Section IV spread geometrically, each upon his mark, like a pawn. It was early and the light filtering through the high dome was gray. In his black tights and white sleeveless shirt Carter shivered a little, having left much of his body's warmth in his locker with his clothes. He awaited with candid patience the first yelping call of the physical director, which would send his smoothly muscled arms up toward the ceiling, out toward the walls, down toward the floor—and the red blood racing through his young, elastic veins.

But the director, knees glued and chest pouting, classic on his platform, was tugging at his belt. He drew from it a sheet of paper, opened it crackingly and read five names. Carter started. The last name called was his own. "Step forward!" commanded the director.

From dispersed points of the human hexagon Freshmen stepped out and came forward. Carter followed and stood with them below the director in an uncertain grouping. "Captain Blair wants to speak to you," said the director. "Captain Blair, of the football team. He is back there in my office, in the locker room."

He had dropped his voice to say this. And to Carter this place—"my office, in the locker room"—became immediately hazy with a mystic blueness such as drifts, in chapels, into corners resonant and dark.

The others, after a moment of hesitation, had turned and were going. He went after them—along the walls, scraping rowing machines and pulley-weights, racked wands, dumb-bells and bars.

An inward tumult was taking possession of him; to it his dry throat tightened. Questions danced in and out of his mind—none there long enough to be answered. Beneath all was a vague, unfounded, impossible hope, crushed beneath doubts and humilities.

For two weeks, now, he had watched the team upon the field over the tops of low fences, from the heights of remote bleachers, timidly. He had seen the men off the field—strange to him, of another essence than his, stamped with the superiority of an unapproachable hierarchy. And Blair! Blair!—why, for years he had watched him, through knotholes, from treetops, from slanting platforms——

A door, swinging toward Carter's nose, slammed him back into the necessities of the immediate present. With outstretched right arm he parried its attack and with a continuance of the same slight undulant movement threw it largely open before him.

He was now, with the others, within the locker room, with its long rows of brown, metal-knobbed little doors. From a distant part came the patter of a shower, and the fresh humidity of the flowing water mingled with the heavy odor of sweat. Within the large room, the office of the physical director made a reëntrant angle. They stood before it, huddled and yet apart, gazing at it with glances of shy young colts. The door was ajar.

"He's in there," whispered one, pointing with his shoulder.

"He looks up all the strength tests," said another; "that's how he tells."

"I lifted three hundred and ninety with my legs," ventured Flannigan.

The others turned their eyes upon him with a sudden and subtle disapprobation. He was bigger than any of them; they seemed to size him and weigh him. His remark had broken an invisible film that a moment before had united them all. Through the fellowship of their common plight there now rose a sort of awakening distrust, a nascent and unreasoning rivalry. Then the lonesomeness of the big, silent locker room, and of that door ajar before them, drew them together again. "We'd better go in," they said—and remained where they were, hesitating.

But the door opened wide and Blair stood before them.

He stood there, framed in the open door, young, masterful and blond. He was not big, but slender and lithe; and yet he seemed to look down upon them as from a platform. He stood in a posture familiar to Carter and to him haloed with legend; leaning slightly forward from the hips, with feet alertly spread, the thumbs of both hands in the slits of his trousers pockets, just as on the field they hooked to the low belt; and upon his lips was a smile, a smile that somehow did not put them at ease, but added abruptly to their discomfort.

He gave a short down-and-up nod that said, "Come in," and then, without waiting, disappeared within. Flannigan, who had been caught nearest, entered; and the door closed.

The others remained silent before the closed door—before this closed door behind which, they felt, something solemn was being enacted. They held the abruptly arrested postures of boys discovered in a plundered orchard. From the gymnasium came the grinding crash of many dumb-bells simultaneously striking the floor.

But almost immediately the door reopened and Flannigan came out. He came out as if propelled. He went by them very fast; he seemed a little breathless and a little pale, and vanished within the gymnasium without a word. Again Blair was at the door and again he nodded.

The boy who went in now had been the star of the eleven of the preparatory school from which he came. Some of the prep star's vanity still clung to him; but when he came out it was all gone. As Flannigan had done, he hurried speechless by; like Flannigan, a bit breathless and a bit pale.

Then it was the turn of Carter H. O. He stepped within the room and stood facing the captain.

He stood facing Blair; so near that, putting out his hand, he could have touched him. And Blair faced him. Feet apart in legendary posture, lithe body bent slightly forward from the hips, both thumbs through the slits of his pockets as, on the field, they were through the belt, he stood before Carter and eyed him steadily with his cool blue eyes. Carter stood the glance. It seemed directed at a spot on his forehead right between the brows. It held fixed there for what seemed a long time; and Carter, standing without flinching, felt himself become, beneath this stubborn inspection, sensitively aware of himself; felt, before this lithe, slender and subtly efficient elegance, his own body distort itself to a caricature. Still, he held true to the glance.

Then Blair smiled; and Carter went hot and cold. It was the same smile with which he had viewed them all from the door. There was in it something veiled and tormenting—a secret amusement; an inward judgment; a mental reservation that awoke in one at once an obscure resentment and a vast, vague desire to do.

Abruptly, like a light extinguished, the smile went out. In the blue eyes there crept a slight, blurring film. "I want you to report for practice on the field this afternoon," said the captain of the team.

To that tone, to the slight menace of that blurring film, there was possible no other answer. "Yes, sir," shouted Carter H. O. convincingly; "yes, sir"—and, as the others had done, he rushed out of the office and back into the gymnasium.

II

"ONE, two, three, four; one, two, three, four." The voice of the physical director filled the dome. To its command Carter thrust the wand in his hands upward, downward, to the sides, together with a hundred other Freshmen, to the same whistling rhythm. Drops of sweat cascaded tricklingly down his nose, his dark shock of hair danced before his eyes, within him the heart pumped deep and true; but, beneath this outward fury of movement, he was aware of a more subtle and profound agitation.

It was far inside, beneath even the deep pumping of his heart; it stirred there, very soft at times, and then again sending palpitations through his every fiber clear to the skin. The outer tumult; the movement of his legs, of his arms; the whiz of wands about him, in some degree isolated him from it. It kept him from a full tasting of it; from a full knowledge of it. But this outer tumult—the movement of his legs, of his arms, the whiz of the wands—could not subdue it. Within it reigned master. Always its more vibrant pulsings came to the same evocation; to a vision rapid and clear of the captain of the team. He stood there before him, bending forward slightly, and said: "I want you to be on the field for practice this afternoon."

A little professor, with a horizontal chin that terminates a still more horizontal and inquisitive little beard, was lecturing mordantly on the Fall of the Roman Empire. Carter H. O., after a half-hearted effort to follow him, ballooned off frankly into the blue of his dreams.

"You'll report for practice on the field this afternoon!"

He could not believe it. Somehow the happening did not fit with what he had been and with what he felt he was still; so that each time the memory of it, the picture of that scene with Blair leaning slightly toward him and speaking those words, came with a fresh shock, with an exaltation, at once, and a fear.

This afternoon, clad in canvas and leather, he would be on the field with the others.

Those others! For two weeks now he had watched them timidly. On the field in their padded jerseys, their shinguards, their leather casques, they ran, they leaped, they tackled, they charged in masses; shouts from full bleachers accompanied their movements. Off the field, they wore sweaters instead of shirts and seemed always to have just come from the bath. They wandered a little aimlessly, like men at rest whose real work is elsewhere; their hands were in their trousers pockets, their elbows against their sides. This posture raised to a still more massive squareness their heavy shoulders; they bulked in the herd. And about them always went a little circular vacuum—a rarefied atmosphere made of unspoken admiration, silent respect; of a bit of mystery and awe.

At times, as thus distantly he observed them, his left hand had risen to his right biceps, which tensed; and then far within him something had stirred small, like a burgeon putting out the tip of a leaf; something that was a rudimentary desire, a fragmentary hope, and which immediately seemed so huge, so impossible and so scandalous that with quick and ruthless decision he promptly crushed it.

And now this secret, inarticulate longing; this poor, spurned, trampled wish; suddenly, thus, by a word, by a sentence, was transformed ere asking, ere given speech, to full accomplishment. "I want you to report for practice on the field this afternoon." By words, by a sentence—the sentence of Blair.

Carter saw him again, lithe, blond, indefinably reckless, leaning slightly toward him; and suddenly from the tip of his toes to the top of his head a tide of adoration swiftly coursed.

He had watched Blair for years.

At first it was when he, Carter H. O., was still in grammar school and Blair played on the high-school team. He had seen him then from the branches of trees, from the tops of fences, through knotholes: a slender, pale youth, whose blond head irresistibly drew the eye, bobbing always in the thickest of the fight.

Later, himself a high-school youth, he had seen Blair as captain of the Varsity in the big games, still slender and light, but vigorous of soul. Then, money carefully amassed during the week on Saturdays gave Carter vantage-points upon slanting platforms, at bad ends of fields. Always, inevitably it was Blair whom his rapt attention followed. Even now, closing his eyes, there sprang back before him visions of twilight endings of crashing battles, with Blair, alone of his team undefeated, shaking his blond head, sending his clarion voice over the field into the marrow of his men, galvanizing them with his spirit and hurling them on, sodden and sagging, to new proud revolts, to charge after charge and charge after charge, against the blind, squatting inertia of Fate.

He had watched him thus long—mutely, from a distance, humbly and wistfully. And doing this he had acquired for the captain—his captain now—a feeling at

Blair Was Instructing Prospective Quarterbacks

once of great distance and close intimacy; something that traduced itself outwardly by an attitude of indifference, sometimes nearing hostility, and which inwardly was an adoration secret and capricious as the first love of a lad for a girl.

"I want you to report for practice on the field this afternoon."

Carter, leaning forward, an elbow on the flattened desk-arm of his chair, both eyes within the shield of his right hand, suddenly was there, "this afternoon," "on the field." A ball had been kicked, he had caught it; and, with it tight against his heart, he was speeding toward the goal-posts, gigantic against the sky. A whirl of men was after him; he put on speed, he flew. Detached figures converged toward him; he dodged, he warded, he leaped. Kingdon, the star back, alone now was before him. He swerved sharply to the left, eluded him. He was beneath the goal-posts. He planted there the ball upon the ground ——

A hand was upon his shoulder. He did not look up right away. It must be Blair. He looked up. It was not Blair. It was the young fellow who sat next to him on the last row of the amphitheater at History II. "Going to stay here?" he asked ironically.

Carter woke up. A tumult was about him. The little professor, snapping his jaws tight, had slammed his notebook to. A gong was resonant; every one was up and avalanching down the steps toward the door.

"Gone to sleep?" asked the Freshman.

"Pretty nearly," answered Carter, following.

Outside, he wandered a while. Practical questions now were taking the place of his dreams. "Report for practice on the field this afternoon." How did one "report"? Whom did one see? And how about the equipment? He knew that equipment was loaned to candidates, but from whom did you ask it?

He tacked uncertainly toward the gymnasium, a wing of which was used by the football men. In the open door of the cellar storeroom the manager, a tall, serious young man with gold eyeglasses, was giving out regretfully, with avaricious reticence, padded trousers, woolen jerseys, cleated shoes, leather ankle guards, to eager applicants. Among the latter were some Varsity men. They walked in boldly and demanded things as of right. The manager, parleying a bit with them, always gave way suddenly, and they departed with new striped jerseys, with high shoes, with all the little luxuries dear to their kind. But the majority, this morning, was made up of obscure second-string men, reporting late, or Freshmen entirely new. To these went old trousers; faded and darned jerseys and stockings, washed many times; and resoled, patched shoes. Among them Carter saw Flannigan and the prep star and the others who had been with him in the morning. Flannigan was demanding gloomily, through the sheer assertiveness of his weight and size; and an almost new suit was his. The prep star had been given a very much worn outfit; he was going away with it, discontented and hurt. Other men got their equipment, went away. There was no one left. It was time for Carter to go up now.

Suddenly he realized that he couldn't do it, that he could never do it. That never would he be able to face that serious young man with gold glasses and tell him that he meant to play football—and ask him for a suit. It was a preposterous thing, an impossible thing for him, Carter H. O., Freshman, to do.

The serious young man with the gold glasses looked about him, saw that no one was near, turned, shut the door, padlocked it, let the key drop back with its ring into his ample pocket, and went away.

At the noon hour, instead of munching his lunch beneath a tree, Carter leaped aboard a car and rode all the way home to the near-by town where he lived. There, in his room, he made a quick inventory.

He had once played basket ball at the Y. M. C. A. He found a canvas jacket dyed black; a pair of canvas breeches, unpadded, out of which the knee-elastics had slipped—and that was all. But there were socks in the drawer; he selected a pair longer than the rest. "They'll come up almost to the knee," he reflected; "and the canvas breeches without their elastics will fall below the knee."

He had no football shoes, but he had a pair of old laced street shoes. He looked at them doubtfully. The soles were worn thin and were very smooth. "I can get cleats put in later," he thought. "Anyway, they'll do," he said aloud. And then, louder and very resolutely: "They'll have to do!"

An anticipatory excitement, at these words, already was at his stomach.

III

CARTER dressed alone, hurriedly and furtively, in a corner of the basement room given over to the Freshmen, before a locker that was like a black hole. He went down to the field sneakingly, between groups. He stepped out bravely enough upon the gridironed surface; then stopped, paralyzed by a monstrous embarrassment.

It was the half hour before the beginning of regular work. There was a glare of sun upon the field; the bleachers were filling; and all over the rectangle men were lazily and joyfully kicking balls.

Carter stood there, near the goal-posts, before the stands, immobile and atrociously uncomfortable. The light of the sun, the crowd on the bleachers, the whirling movement about him, welded in a strange something that weighed heavily upon him, like the pressure of the atmosphere suddenly trebled; it paralyzed his limbs and rooted him to the spot. He felt violently visible—visible in his black jacket differing from the others; his ungathered breeches falling far below his knees; his inefficient socks pulled up high, but perhaps not so high as the termination of the breeches; his inharmonious shoes, black upon the tan earth. His very immobility in this general movement picked him out as to a flashlight, he was sure; but he could not move. The least movement would precipitate upon him the attention. The bleachers, he felt, must be sniggling—but that suspicion he could not verify; he could not look at the bleachers.

He stood thus in hideous discomfort a long time, one foot advanced, both hands on his hips, in a position he felt to be ridiculous, but which he could not alter. A change gradually was coming into the ambient activity. More men were coming down alone or in groups. They spread upon the field, joining the others, kicking and catching. Near the other goal-posts a ball was being tossed in a lazy circle. All these men wore jerseys. Carter found himself contemplating with hazy envy these jerseys. They fitted tight, moulding the busts; they looked warm and soft. Carter imagined their woolen caress upon his skin, where now rasped the cold and hard canvas jacket. For a moment, to this diversion, his embarrassment lifted; then returned heavily.

Off to one side Blair was instructing prospective quarterbacks. He stood above them as they squatted behind their centers, his thumbs through his belt, leaning slightly forward, with feet apart. At times his mouth opened to let pass a word, a phrase, and the boy beneath him looked up with a sheepish grin. Then again he got down swiftly, took the ball, and handled it with a catlike movement that made of the pigskin oval a floating soap-bubble.

Suddenly, from behind, Carter felt two hands apply themselves to his eyes, shutting off his view; a pleasant tenor voice called out in his ear. "So melancholy!" it drawled. There was understanding beneath the slight sarcasm. Carter drew away the hands and looked behind. It was a man named Peart, whom he had seen before on the field and about whom he had asked—a round little fellow, a Senior, mockingly nicknamed Cupid, who for four seasons had worked cheerfully and badly, with no hope of the team, but simply out of that sense of solidarity called college spirit.

"So melancholy!" repeated the Cupid man smilingly.

There was no doubt as to the sympathy in the tone, but for the life of him Carter could answer only with a gloomy frown.

"Get in and kick a ball," went on Cupid, but ceasing to smile.

Carter shook his head heavily and did not move.

"Come on. It will do you good."

But this time, even as he spoke, Peart had turned and was galloping away, leaving Carter to his morose isolation.

Happily a new shift was taking place. Other men now had come to a stand; his immobility was no longer singular. Blair had walked to the center of the field; he raised his hand; every one began to converge upon him. Carter, mingling with relief in the mass, followed.

He was on the outskirts of the ring formed about Blair. The latter was calling out names. When he was through a score of men, most of whom, like Carter, had stayed on the outside, detached themselves and trailed off toward the side line. Carter, understanding, went with them. By the movement a group was left in the center of the field which divided into two elevens. Carter watched them, nostrils a bit distended. In a moment they would be crashing against each other—the Varsity and the second eleven; and he would not be of them.

But Blair was coming toward the side line. His equivocal smile went swiftly from end to end of the men waiting there. Carter felt it pass him like the reflection of a mirror in a boy's hand; he flushed. "You fellows go off in a corner and fall on the ball," said Blair. And then, to a Varsity player in his big C sweater, who limped on a bound ankle: "You take them, Eddie."

Immediately, with a ball under his arm, "Eddie" trotted them off, away from the gridiron to a remote corner, grinning—all of them—outwardly, but snubbed within. Behind their backs a shrill whistle sounded, and looking over their shoulders they saw the widespread line of the Varsity charging down the field. The ball was far up in the air, a dot; and beneath it two fleet ends circled and whirled like sparrows beneath a hawk.

"Here, you Freshmen!" The call came from "Eddie." It was snarling and acid. Carter knew who he was now. He was Eddie Sharon, right end on the Varsity; a small, light, iron man; according to all theories too light for the job, but hanging on to it surely and brilliantly through a certain vixenish and inexhaustible energy.

He had them in a line, back to the field, and began making them fall on the ball. With a snappy movement he would send the ball rolling along the ground, and the man at the head of the line, pursuing it, hurled himself upon it, covering it with his body. He took his place, then, at the foot of the line, while the man now first imitated him.

It was an uninspired and grueling toil. The day was hot with lingering summer; the grass was powdered with white dust; and beneath it the ground, baked and cracked, was hard. The ball seemed possessed of the rabies—it sprang, it dodged, it zigzagged, it evaded. Sometimes you struck it with the pit of the stomach and it bounded away, leaving you there without breath and half senseless; sometimes you missed it altogether and you plowed the earth with your nose, an absurd and scandalous figure. Carter's unpadded knees were soon raw; his unpadded elbows were raw; the soles of his cleatless shoes were polished till he seemed on ice, and in his right shoulder was a hot electric tingle.

From behind came the thumps of punts, sudden drummings of concerted feet, and shouts of the bleachers heralding long get-aways. In spite of Sharon's spurring energy, the work drooped. A nostalgia was entering the souls of these boys. At times, Sharon, who lacked the gift of expression, ended abruptly a befuddled explanation by going himself after the ball. They watched his tense body zip through the air and, vibrant as a coiled spring, descend upon the ball with a snap vicious as the closing of a trap—and a weary admiration coupled with discouragement relaxed their faces.

After a long time a voice came from a sudden silence behind: "Hey there, Eddie, give me some men!"

It was Blair, calling to them from the field, where play had ceased. Sharon trotted his squad to the side line. The players were mingled now. They were being sponged by the trainers; standing with feet spread and muscles relaxed, they smoked like wet hay. Blair came toward the Freshmen. He was breathing very hard and his face was white. "Give me some of your Freshmen," he said again as he neared.

He began calling out names of men who, as called, went out of the steaming group and slowly up the hill toward the gym; and then from Sharon's contingent he chose with nods others to replace them. There was an interval of rest. The men, sponged, stood with feet apart like tired horses, the water running down from their hair along their necks in grimy lines. Blair lined them up again. "Varsity take the ball right here," he said. "White, take the Varsity."

A substitute quarter stepped behind the Varsity line and Blair stood aside; but he was gazing, dissatisfied, at the re-formed second eleven, now much weakened. He turned back toward the side lines; his eyes passed over the group massed there; they stopped on Carter. And Carter felt the look that already he had met in the physical director's office that morning; felt the smile—the smile that made one go hot with its subtle reservation; and then the slight blur, the veil of command, almost of menace, in the blue eyes. "Here, you Freshman!" said Blair sharply.

Carter stepped out, at once abashed and athrill. Blair led him behind the second eleven. "Here you are," he said, placing him. "You're extra man—understand? You play only on the defense—when the Varsity has the ball. Stand right here"—he rectified Carter's position, placing him by the side of the quarter, square behind a squatting guard. "Whenever something comes your way, slap into it!"

He hop-step-jumped out of the way and raised his hand. From the Varsity quarter came a series of barked numbers, and right away something came Carter's way.

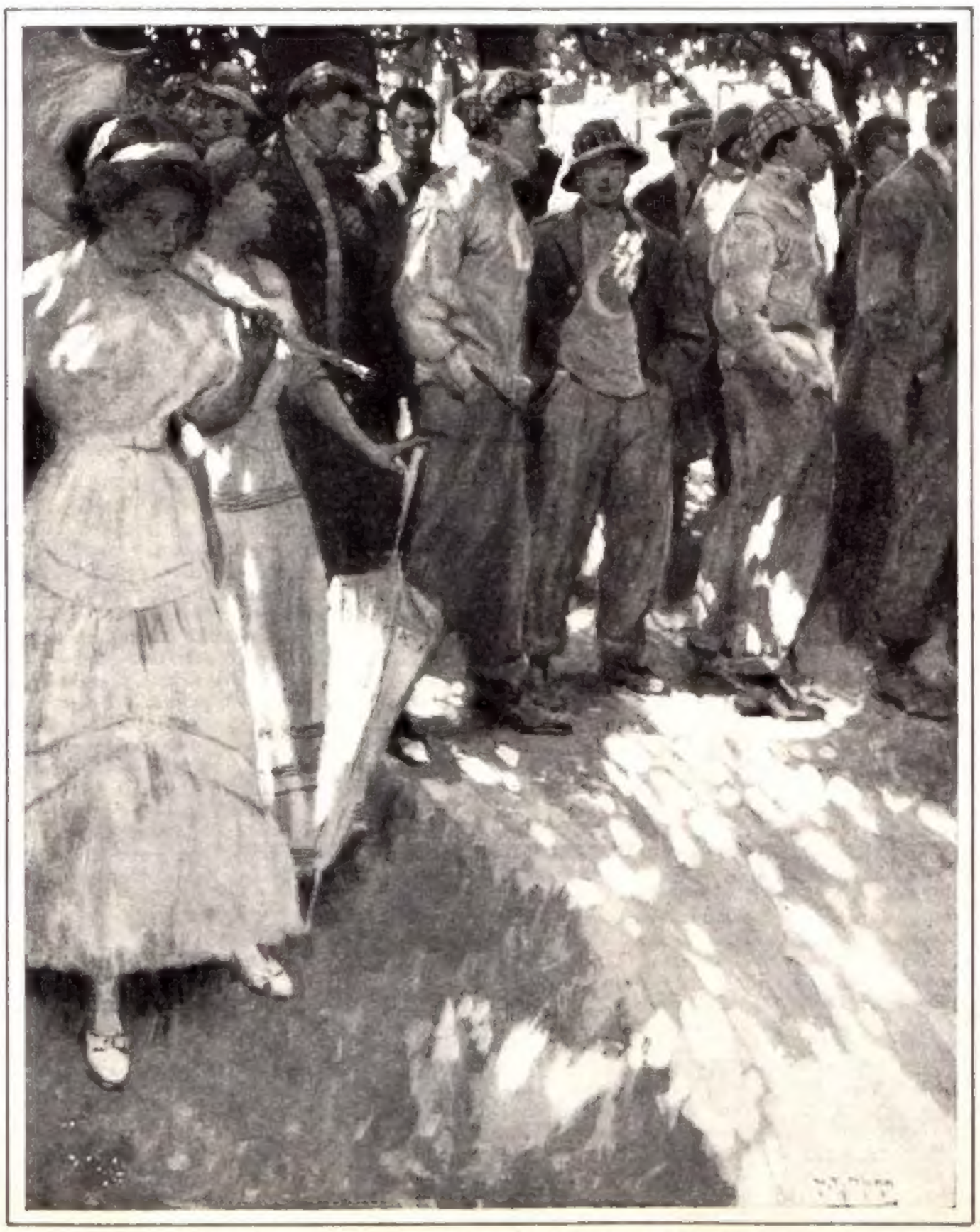
It was a very confused sort of thing. He was standing behind the scrub line, his left foot and right arm forward in an awkward posture of sprinter on the mark, and with craned neck he peered over the squatting men. The concentration of his mind decomposed motions into their separate elements, as of a cinematograph slowed up. To the signal behind there something obscure was taking place. Kingdon, the big fullback, seemed to be falling forward on his face; the two backs at his side were going through a similar and equally grotesque performance—they were falling also, but a little to one side, at once on their faces and toward Kingdon. Nearer in the line a smothered struggle was taking place. The line tensed; it bulged slowly toward Carter. Suddenly it broke, and through the break appeared three heads, lowered; and behind each the rise and fall of a horizontal and galloping back—and behind, more heads and more galloping backs. They were all coming toward Carter, the first three heads like the advance of a ram. He had already taken a step forward. Shutting his eyes, slinging out wide his arms, he left his feet and threw himself blindly forward.

Right away, sooner it seemed to him than it should—so soon that he was surprised—a shock met him; a tremendous shock, concentrated, it seemed, upon his nose, and then he was in a black maelstrom. In darkness he was being tossed here and there. His arms were around legs—legs that stamped and kicked. Two of them were like trees; three times he snapped them shut, and three times, with a slow, irresistible pressure, they opened again. Above him something tremendous was rolling like a chariot. Then there was a crunch, a bumping, as if the rolling thing above had leaped the track and was striking ties; and he was lying flat, beneath a still pressure, alone in the suffocating darkness, with one mad, red light—the pain of his skinned nose.

Gradually, above him, a disengagement took place; the weight decreased. The daylight filtered to him. But still, eyes closed, he clung desperately to the treelike legs. Some one was slapping his back. At last he heard. It was Kingdon's voice: "That's all right; let go! That's all right; let go!" It was Kingdon's legs he held! Again he felt upon his back the caressing slap. "Good tackle!" And Carter let go.

He rose, frowning. His nose seemed etched with acid; there was a shooting pain through his right leg and in his head was still the vibration of the shock; but beneath all this lay something deep and calm; a heavy, a profound satisfaction. In his shoulder, along his back, his legs, memories dwelt, tingling and vivid: the preserved sensations of the big shock, of the yielding quality of that shock, of the crunching above him and the bumping collapse—absolutely satisfying aftertastes of something difficult well done. And it was to hide this exultation that he frowned—that he frowned and looked displeased. Even as thus he rose, though, his eyes went out sideways toward Blair. The captain was standing near, feet apart, thumbs through his belt; upon his lips was a slight smile as of secret amusement, of a judgment reserving itself, of approbation withheld, waiting to see. And Carter ceased to frown; no facial disguise was a rampart before that smile.

(Continued on Page 69)



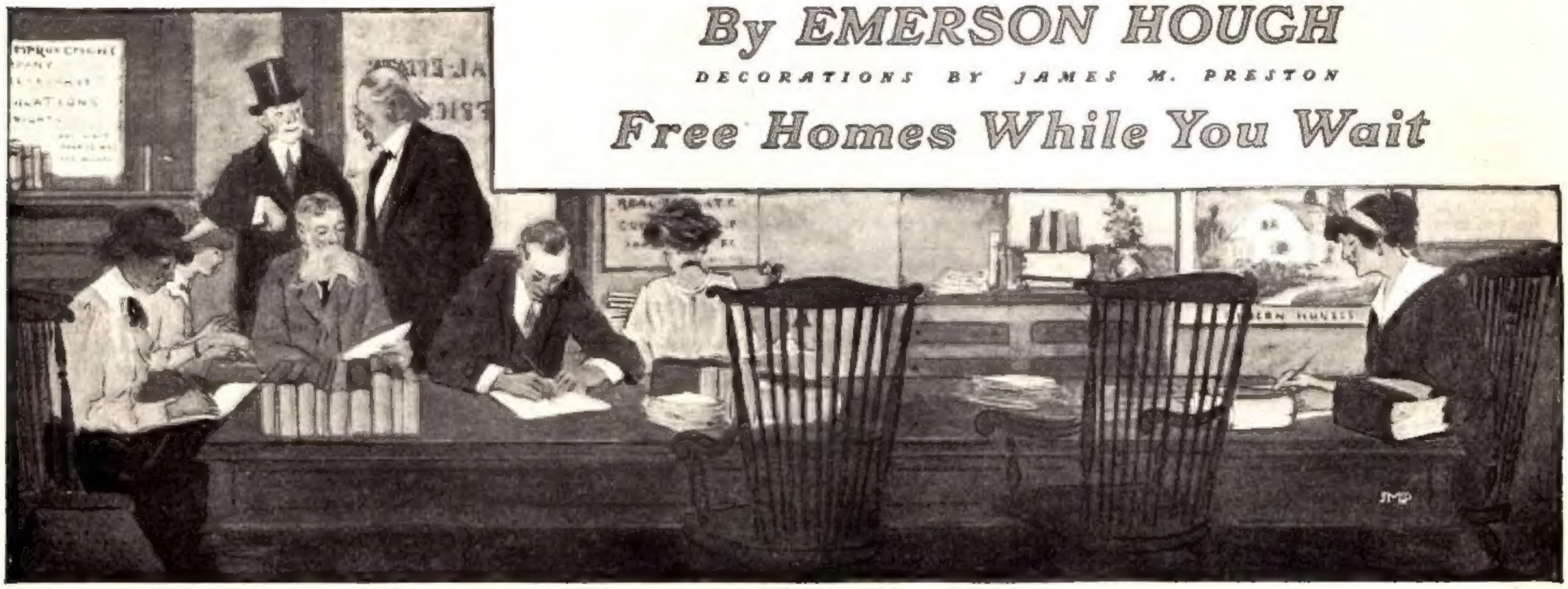
About Them a Rarefied Atmosphere of Admiration, Mystery and Awe

REAL ESTATE BY MAIL

By EMERSON HOUGH

DECORATIONS BY JAMES M. PRESTON

Free Homes While You Wait



IN THIS glorious Republic government is supposed to exist by consent of the governed and business by consent of the buncoed. In order to support the framework of our Government, our society and our business, we have established one very convenient maxim of the law, without which trade could not go on: "Let the buyer beware." The law has no care for idiots and children. Yet, should you look carefully about you, you would discover that the great proportion of the existing population of the earth is made up of idiots and children.

To succeed in business—or in some sorts of business—search out some great and enduring human craving, something for which there is no sufficient supply. Then fill that want or pretend to fill it. You will get rich. Now, what is the greatest human craving? What is the thing most desired of most men? It is, no doubt, a home. The desire for a home is something that comes down from the time when animals craved a protecting hole under the root of some tree, a cleft in some rock, so that their young might be protected; so that their females, helpless because of their young, might also be protected. The idea of the home is the core of the social system. Hence when you deal in homes you come close to the heart of humanity.

There exist, then, all over this country, thousands and millions of persons each of whom wants a home. A division of the powers that prey, men who hang on the flanks of the reputable real-estate dealers all over the country, know this, among other things. So, by schemes innumerable, a certain class of somewhat ghoulish men live through the process of offering to sell to others what very often they never have owned themselves; of setting values that never have existed. Of course no man really owns the land, for the created thing cannot own the creation or the creator. We only have the surface of the earth loaned to us, and the craving of the individual to have a little of it for himself is as ancient and as just a craving as any that may exist. But here at least is the frame-up for a game—a relatively easy game.

Prescott As a Prospectus Writer

I ONCE saw a Greaser down in New Mexico who made four dollars one day out of a bunch of tourists by a very simple process that the tourists had invented for him on the spot. He had one of those tall clay ovens out-of-doors, whose only opening was a round hole. There was nothing but blackness inside the oven, but these tourists kept on coming up and wondering what the oven was, and what the hole was for, and what there was inside. Seeing their eagerness, he established a charge of ten cents a head for looking into the hole and stood by with Castilian dignity listening to their exclamations of wonder and delight. The arrangement was mutually satisfactory. It was then for the first time that I discovered this peculiar human tendency to look down a hole in the ground and pay for the privilege. Other and abler men have learned that long ago.

On a bright, sunshiny morning some years ago there was discovered on a mountain in New Mexico a large and elegant hole in the ground; in fact, a natural cave. Cognizant of this tendency of tourists to gaze into a hole in the ground, a certain man bethought him of putting up a summer resort hotel near by and cashing in as had the ancient Greaser aforesaid. Another gentleman, however, who had a brother in Denver, assured him that they could cash in on the hole far better if they worked it as a mine than if they used it as an attraction. Presently there was organized in Denver a new company with the words security and investment in its name. There are no two better words in the dictionary than "security" and "investment," when offered in close juxtaposition to the alert consciousness of the man who has money for separation.

Can you guess it? How shrewd of you! Yes, it was going to be another Lost Spanish Mine. They paid some three hundred dollars a week to print a full-page advertisement of the company. As a suitable hat for the reception of coin, the company had a fiscal agent, as have most companies of the sort. The public does not know what a fiscal agent is, but it sounds plumb mysterious and arouses people's curiosity in somewhat the same way as did the hole in the side of a clay oven. In short, all the old familiar machinery of lost Spanish mines was set in motion; and it seemed almost too bad that eleven of the main participants were indicted for conspiracy and convicted in the United States courts. The cases are still in the upper courts.

It appeared that this company had an old Spanish gold mine of enormous proportions. This is how the company got it. One of the promoters had gained the confidence of an old Indian; and this old Indian had told him in strictest confidence a wild, romantic tale. In the old days, according to this story, the Spanish conquistadors had enslaved all the Indians in that vicinity and put them to work in this mine. At last the downtrodden slaves rose against their oppressors and slew them almost to a man. The remaining Spaniards, though uninjured, were scared. They hastily concealed in the ancient mine the bullion that they had extracted, sealed up the mine and fled to Mexico. Since that time, according to the story, no Indian had ever gone near the mine. Now it was the great-grandfather of the narrator who had been one of the downtrodden who arose and slew the oppressors. The tradition had come down in his family; hence it must be correct. For a consideration the old Indian showed him the whereabouts of the mine.

The company, as per advices of the said Indian, had all kinds of bullion located; but, instead of buying them a strong wheelbarrow for one dollar and twenty-five cents and going into the business of transporting clean ingots, they were just that philanthropic that they resolved to form a company to drive a tunnel through the vast honeycomb of veins, and unravel their enormous wealth. So much money came in that a United States inspector, an engineer of reputation, investigated the matter and reported the whole thing a fake.

This story is given simply to show the power of literature and to prove the general assertion as to the prevalence of idiots and children. The truth is that the company, doubtful of its ability to rise to this occasion, chartered a young newspaper man to write their prospectus. He, in turn, doubted his own ability and therefore consulted the pages of Prescott's Conquest of Mexico, from which, as he testified in court, he quoted very liberally and very literally. This thing is a classic! The public swallowed Prescott, believed the story and contributed liberally.

There are strange paradoxes in the land business. In most commercial transactions we want to see what we are buying before we pay for it; but of late we will buy almost anything—even a home—on another man's say-so. We spend millions of dollars in this way each month in the year, purchasing farms, suburban developments, mines, ranch lands, city lots—any kind of real estate, without seeing what we are buying or even investigating the character of the firm that is selling.

Let us look into the doings of a water and power company. For a term of years this water and power company has been selling to a few select and elect souls, all over the United States, water-rights covering a hundred and fifty thousand acres of land in a Western valley. "We are now offering the water-rights," says the literature of the company, "broadly to the Christian people of the country and hope to have them all sold at an early date. If after prayerful consideration you feel that the Lord would have you subscribe for a water-right, please fill out the inclosed informal subscription blank and send it in." This story is another of the classics. I know of no other instance in which religion and irrigation have been so successfully blended. Yet, like many irrigation enterprises of more profane sort, this one had its backsets, as witness a paragraph from one of the reports:

The Reclamation Service Speaks

"WE FEEL that the time has come when our friends should be again advised of the progress of the enterprise. . . . While the Lord has seen fit during the last few months to have our enterprise move more slowly than we had anticipated, we have been conscious of His abiding presence with us and have clearly seen His guiding hand. We feel deeply sure that God's hand is now going to crown the enterprise with full success for the glory of His name, and are happy to say that some of the most devoted friends of the work, who have been praying very earnestly for its success, have like assurance. . . . The large amount of expense money required in connection with our enterprise has been wonderfully supplied, in answer to prayer, as needed during the last six years. . . . After testing our faith and keeping us waiting for some time in much prayer, the Lord has just led one of the old friends of our enterprise to make a further large investment in our expense shares. We accept this as a sweet token of His love and care for the work and deeply feel that the money just received is an earnest of the millions for which we were asking and which are to be supplied in answer to prayer. We shall promptly notify all our friends when arrangements have been concluded for the money with which to develop our enterprise."

Now, whole congregations of Christian people have sent protests to the Washington Land Office regarding this enterprise. The Reclamation Service says that there has been a continuous cash drain of small sums for many years, "pending the completion of the project." Mr. F. H. Newell, director of reclamation, wrote to a water-users' association regarding this project: "This company bases its plans and claims on the assumption that it will have a permanent supply of eight hundred second-feet of water distributed from a reservoir of three hundred thousand acre-feet capacity. . . . It is extremely doubtful if this company has a right to the use of any water from the

Verde; but, if this right exists, the surplus water, as shown in this table, is all the water that the company can depend upon to fulfill its obligations. . . . It will be seen that in six of the years for which data are available the company would have had no water, and in three other years scarcely any would have been available. With storage, the required amount of water would have been available for three months in only seven of the last seventeen years; and in only one year would it have been available throughout the year. . . . The formulation of an irrigation enterprise based on the assumption of eight hundred second-feet of surplus water in the Verde is an absurdity, even if a storage reservoir of three hundred thousand acre-feet capacity were available to conserve the flood waters. Such a reservoir, however, is not available to the water and power company. The Horseshoe Reservoir tract has been reserved for the uses of the Reclamation Service since 1903 and is still so reserved, and cannot, therefore, be utilized by any private enterprise." It would seem, therefore, that in this particular appeal to Christian people all over the country, Paul did not plant, Apollos could not water and God gave no increase.

About all that Mr. Newell or anybody else in Government service could say to this company and its stockholders was: "Please don't!"

The Plain People to the Rescue

THOUGH in general the methods of doubtful mail-order real-estate schemes are similar, the operations classify under several different systems, each of which originally was designed by the genius of some independent thinker. A typical instance of one of these systems follows. The inspector's report says that this was a scheme to sell four thousand lot contracts at two hundred dollars each—ten dollars down and ten dollars monthly. It was stated that a lucky winner might draw a building worth eighty thousand dollars, for among the lots offered were a bank building, a hotel building, a three-story brick building and a dozen or two of residences. Photographs of all these buildings were shown. Idiots and children always like to look at the pictures. After all the lots had been sold, the buyers were to assemble, choose three trustees, and then bid at an auction sale held by these trustees—any surplus to be divided pro rata. This "trustee" scheme has been recurrent all over the country ever since that time.

The contraband in this particular woodpile was discovered by the inspector, who said that an insurance company had a mortgage of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars on the property. The entire town had been started as a boom venture by Eastern and English capital, and after the enterprise failed little was left but a factory intended to supply an industry that did not exist. The interest fell due on the loan and was not paid. Capital once more undertook to stand from under and let the plain people save the day. They would have saved it, all right, had it not been for the brutal inspector's report.

Not long ago there appeared in a city newspaper an advertisement asking for "men to work at home—wages twelve dollars a week." Presently some hundreds of letters began to show up at the address given. They were claimed by a painter who lived in a cheap lodging house. Thinking that this man was getting an unusual amount of mail, an inspector followed him and discovered some two thousand circulars ready for mailing. This circular went on to say that any persons who would pay twelve dollars for a ten-lesson course in the real-estate business would be putting themselves in the way of "swift and permanent advancement." The painter said that, as soon as any one of his correspondents had become a good and useful man, he would "in a few days" engage him at twelve dollars a week and allow him to remain at home in the bosom of his family. Asked how he happened to think of this, the painter naïvely replied that he didn't think of it. He got the idea, he said, by being himself stung for twenty-five dollars by a similar scheme. He only wanted to play even and had discovered that there was one more art that could be taught by correspondence.

It is very usual for the sucker to be asked to capitalize the company that buncoes him. Take the case of a company in the Middle West, regarding which the Government's report is full and explicit. This company charged forty dollars for each share and there was to be a "trustee" stunt as usual, to handle property said to be worth seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The Government report says that this land could be duplicated for three dollars an acre and that, moreover, it was not owned by the company, but only contracted for, the intent being to make good on the option when the money came in from the advertisements. This concern was closed out.

The word "ranch" has always had an attractive sound to the Eastern investor, especially the city man. There never was a college professor born who didn't naturally hone to have a chicken ranch. The literary man does not exist who does not hanker to raise waving fields of garden sass sometime and somewhere, on a ranch of his own. The society young man has not been born who does not picture himself mounted on a fiery steed and careering over the wide acres of his "rawnch." Knowing these things, a Western company undertook to reorganize a coöperative ranch company for three hundred and fifty thousand dollars—shares one dollar. They neglected the trifling precaution of acquiring the property of the old company. A great many persons who thought they were going to be partners in a Western ranch were obliged to nurse their personal disappointment. Enterprises of this sort frequently pay very well, although started on little or no capital. One St. Louis concern, operating in Oklahoma, took in ninety-six thousand dollars. When closed out its assets were eight thousand dollars, its liabilities ninety thousand dollars. The report concludes: "The officers of the company have left St. Louis, and their present whereabouts are unknown."

There is much in a good title in industry of this sort. One company with a hot title sold certificates for twenty dollars each for lots in a town-to-be, adjacent to a fifty-thousand-acre tract that was going to be purchased sometime. A shareholder got a lot and the privilege of purchasing a hundred and twenty acres "at cost." The prospectus said this was the "greatest opportunity in a lifetime to secure a cheap home. . . . There is absolutely no risk whatever. . . . You are bound to make one hundred to five hundred per cent profit, which the speculator otherwise makes." Yet the land to be distributed had not even been selected, according to the inspector. It was all simply a play on the cupidity and ignorance and hope of the American public.

The "sure-sale" real-estate agent is a familiar figure with most of us. He advertises that he can sell your property for you no matter what it is or where located, but always insisting that he must have a "deposit" in advance. After making the deposit, the sucker sometimes gets a follow-up letter offering some fake proposition. Sales are rarely, if ever, effected. Protests have grown so general that the Government has begun a campaign against this class of operators.

A variant of the same deadly idea was stopped by a fraud order issued against a man in Iowa. This man kept no books. His scheme was to get farmers to sign a pretended contract. The farmer thought he was paying one dollar an acre commission if his land was sold, but legally the contract bound him to pay it when his farm had only been listed for sale! This man was getting a hundred letters a day at the time he was closed out. He would advertise a farm two or three times, to show "due diligence" on his part; then he would assign the contract to his wife, who would put it in the hands of a lawyer for collection. After that the farmer sat up, rubbed his eyes and muttered: "Stung again!" There was another man who cut the price to twenty-five cents an acre on a similar scheme; and even he would have made money had he been left alone.

City folks smile at the ease with which farmers can be victimized, but there are just as many suckers in the city as anywhere else. If you believe what you see in the papers, perhaps you answered a certain advertisement of a young Napoleon of finance who started what purported to be a development "within twelve minutes' ride of Atlantic City, adjacent to bathing and served with some twenty trains daily." The Government report said this tract was difficult to find; but when found proved to be an hour and a half from Atlantic City, with no trains at all. The only sea-water bathing was ten miles away across the sandhills, and you had to go on foot—twenty miles before breakfast in your "bawthrobe" if you bathed.

Another concern offered lots in New York State absolutely free to any one who would send in a stamp. It was not even specified whether it should be a one-cent or a two-cent stamp. Even two cents ought to be cheap enough for a country home. Did the stamp senders get their lots? It was never framed up that they should do anything else but get their lots. Each one who did, however, was asked to buy adjoining land "just as good," but much higher priced. Some did so.

There is a fine flavor of solidity about some of these titles under which real estate is sold to city suckers. When closed up by the Post-Office Department it is not unusual for one of these concerns to invent another high-sounding title and take another office a trifle farther uptown. "This is but a continuance of the former fraud," wearily writes one inspector, who chased a notorious operator of this class from one point to another in New York.

Getting a Lot—of Experience—Free

MOST of these operators prey upon the eagerness of the average sucker to get something for nothing. What they really want is cash, but they disguise their scheme under one evasive term or another. A high-sounding real-estate title covered an operation in which prize contests for homes were offered. The winning guesser was asked to send in five dollars "to cover costs of drawing deeds." No guesser ever guessed wrong in one of these contests. Almost any man will pay five dollars for a deed to a piece of real estate. This is a very productive form of fraud. Another company was guilty of cutting the rates on free lots to two dollars and seventy-five cents, the fee for "recording the deed." "Adjoining lots" were offered as low as twenty-five dollars.

No metropolis has a monopoly on these enterprises. Staid old Boston had one of its promoting and trustee companies closed out by the Government. This company would look into any business enterprise and make an examination, but first had to have a fee to "cover expenses"—say, two hundred to five hundred dollars. Nor has Boston lacked her fly-by-night real-estate men, operating under one or another of the same old systems. Again, dear old Pittsburgh hangs out a sign of the same sort once in a while. "If you are one of the lucky ones," says a Pittsburgh advertisement, "you get a lot free." Did you get the lot free? You did. The offer was not quite "unparalleled," because the expenses of deeding the lot, and so forth, were two dollars and a half each.

They are not so slow out in Michigan either. Two gentlemen bought a morass and divided it up into eighteen thousand lots, one-half of which they were willing to give away. Weren't they the generous people? All they wanted was a dollar and thirty-five cents for "drafting papers and transferring title." An inspector tried to find bottom on some of these lots with a thirty-foot pole—and failed.

Why pay rent? Why not have a home, especially if you can get a home in a sweepstakes drawing where there isn't any entry fee? At a printers' ball a certain real-estate concern passed out coupons to any one who would sign a name and give an address. There was to be a drawing for "ten choice lots to be distributed free." A thousand names were turned in and the next day four hundred got the second degree, in the form of a postal card, which said: "*Dear sir:* The coupon filled out by you entitles you to a

(Concluded on Page 66)

The Vengeance of the Lord

By PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. ASHLEY

THIS is the story of Dan Bedford and the Terrible Swede, as told to me one night in Three-Fingered Jack's. It explains many things hitherto unpublished; for Dan Bedford has only told the story once, and that was upon the single occasion, after his conversion, when he fell from grace and the top of a card-table in Three-Fingered Jack's waterfront groggery. It explains, for instance, the loss of the sealing schooner Bonnie Doon, posted at Lloyd's as missing this many a year, and the reason why Dan Bedford beats the bass drum in the Salvation Army—an imposing figure at the head of the little band of devotees that nightly strives for the moral uplift of —— Street.

I know the story to be true, for I was present when Dan Bedford told it. He told it well too, for he was a gentleman once and he is still a grammarian. In the days when he was a bucko mate, men called him Dirty Dan.

Dirty Dan lay curled in a knot on top of one of Three-Fingered Jack's card-tables when I entered that urbane gentleman's emporium of liquid refreshment. It was a warm summer night and Three-Fingered Jack was alone with his victim. Jack was in his shirtsleeves, leaning across the bar, meditatively puffing a yellow meerschaum pipe the while he eyed the recumbent figure on the card-table. He held up the remnant of his index finger—I have forgotten which hand it was—enjoining silence.

"There's a story in that," said Three-Fingered Jack in a low voice. "Hang around a while. I been watchin' that man for twenty minutes. He's havin' bad dreams—twitchin an' grumblin' an' fightin' somethin'. He come in while I was at supper an' my relief man give him a drop too much. I think he's a religious bug. Listen!"

The man on the table stirred, clenched his hands and gritted his teeth. Then he spoke.

"'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord. I will repay.' Would you interfere with the vengeance of the Lord, Dan Bedford? Would you ——"

A shudder, then a convulsive twitch, and the man rolled off the table on to the floor, where he lay quietly looking up at us.

Three-Fingered Jack uttered an exclamation of surprise, ran from behind the bar and in a rough but sympathetic manner lifted the recumbent figure into a chair.

"Dirty Dan Bedford! Why, I thought you dead these five years gone. Is it really you, Dan'l?"

"Yes," replied Dirty Dan; "it is I."

I regarded him with new interest. He must have noticed it, for he glared at me and growled.

"Oh, you needn't look so surprised. I'm a grammatical good-for-nothing—I am."

This was my introduction to Dirty Dan Bedford, erstwhile mate of the schooner Bonnie Doon. I picked up his hat from the floor and brushed the dust from his heavy pea-jacket.

"Thank you kindly," he said in a changed voice, which had in it some echo of a lost refinement. "I thought for a minute I was back on Akutan, watching that fiend, Halvor Bjornsen, paying his debt to Paddy McCabe. It's my first slip since I saw the light; and, please God, it will be my last. I was a godless man once, but I'm doing better right along now. Thank you. I'll have a bottle of sweet soda."

He rubbed the back of his head in whimsical fashion. His fall had evidently sobered him.

"Wherever did you come from?" inquired Three-Fingered Jack as he set out the glasses. "You was mate on th' last voyage o' th' Bonnie Doon; an' she's listed as missin'. When did you leave her—and where?"

"Answering your questions in the order in which they are put, my dear Jack, I arrived on the William Bayliss yesterday from a cruise in the Arctic. I left the Bonnie Doon at three o'clock on the afternoon of August 27, 1901, in about longitude 155 west, latitude 52 north. It's a long story, Jack; but, if I may have a really good cigar and a drink of ice water, I'll try to forget that my head aches and tell you the story."

. . . . . .

They call me Dirty Dan Bedford. Literally the adjective does not apply. I used to be a dirty man in a fight and I've sailed in dirty ships with filthy crews in dirty weather; and I made the beggars do their work or I knew the reason why. Personally I am what I am. Once I was more than that—but no matter. I was first kicker of the sealing schooner Bonnie Doon, of San Francisco, and she was the best little craft of them all. As for her crew, by and large, I never sailed with a better lot of men. MacGregor, the captain—you remember old man MacGregor, Jack? Little chap with the brown beard and the gold-rimmed eyeglasses; looked like a minister—was a thorough Scotch gentleman until the day he died in his berth—of some heart complaint, I think. It was sudden enough for that.

We buried him at sea; and I, being next in command, took his cabin and moved Paddy McCabe, the second mate, into mine. Poor little Paddy! What a jolly, wholehearted, intelligent, game little "Harp" he was! Splendid seaman too. He had what so many men lack—initiative. I took Halvor Bjornsen, the bo'sun—he had a second mate's ticket—and shoved him into Paddy's place. That was a mistake. Dogs belong in kennels—and I didn't find it out until too late.

A remarkable man, in many respects, was this Swede, Halvor Bjornsen. Stood six feet two in his socks and weighed two hundred and twenty pounds in condition. He had been educated in Sweden far better than the average and to me he looked like a man of possibilities. I caught him one day in the fo'castle reading Plutarch's Lives—that's lost on you, old Three-Fingers, but your friend understands—which, I guess, was the real reason why I made him second kicker. He was a bit dish-faced, but he had a way of looking one fair in the eyes; and you knew instinctively that he was afraid of neither man nor devil, which was the kind of a second mate I needed. You see [here Dirty Dan grinned a little] we were poaching; and Kipling wasn't half wrong when he wrote: "There's never a law of God or man runs north of fifty-three." Men like Halvor Bjornsen have their uses inside the sixty-mile limit.

We had the schooner for poaching too. The Bonnie Doon was originally the Earl of Dufferin's yacht—the one in which he raced that German prince around the world in 1897 and established a record. Later she pounded a hole in her bottom during a typhoon at Saigon and MacGregor bought her in at a bargain. She could do better than sixteen knots and was a remarkable boat in a light breeze.

My Boots Wore Out and Dropped Off, and I Tramped Barefoot

Well, we buried the old man in the middle of Bering Sea at eleven o'clock of the morning that we found him dead, and at twelve o'clock I assembled the crew and announced my appointments. At one o'clock the brute came out in Halvor Bjornsen. He wasn't used to authority and he killed one of our best hunters. Gave the man an order and told him to jump lively; and I suppose the man wasn't lively enough. At any rate, Bjornsen punched him, knocking him half across the deck; and when he fell his head collided with the main-hatch coaming.

Inside of two minutes I almost had a mutiny on my hands. You know what Kipling says: "There's never a law ——" You see, the trouble was we had cleared from San Francisco for southern sealing around the Galapagos, and there we were snooping around the Pribilofs up north; so naturally I couldn't show up at an American port and deliver Halvor Bjornsen over to justice. Besides, we'd been chased around the Pribilofs until every cutter and gunboat knew us as far as they could see us. I simply had to hold my crew in line and it knew it. The dead man was popular and Bjornsen was not—and we were less than forty miles off the rookeries at the time. You may have three sets of bogus papers and change your vessel's name overnight, but you can't change her rigging; and we were marked anywhere they caught us in the open sea.

No, I couldn't afford it. I had to hold my crew together and work it as a unit; and when the men clamored for Bjornsen I gave him up. They tried him, found him guilty of murder and sentenced him to be hanged in the main rigging. I reduced the charge to manslaughter and commuted the sentence to banishment from the Bonnie Doon via a little extra boat that we had lashed on top of the house. We launched this boat and invited Bjornsen to step over the side into it; and then we sailed away. We forgot to leave Halvor Bjornsen any food or water or oars. I preferred it that way. It seemed more fitting to leave him in the hands of the Lord.

Well, we cruised around in those waters, picking up a few pelts, getting chased once in a while—and in general having enough excitement to keep up our spirits. In general, also, we had no luck. I can't recall a summer of worse luck. If we weathered a headland the first thing we sighted was a smudge of smoke, and that spelled gunboat. If we passed a little bay a revenue cutter came out and dropped a shot across our bows; and then it was the same old game of cram on sail and an all-day run and no profits.

We had to confine ourselves to pelagic sealing mostly—and you know what that is. All the

I Guess He Managed to Lick Enough Moisture Off That Dripping Tarpaulin to Keep Him Alive

boats out, trying to sneak up on them asleep, or waiting to plug them every time they "breached." Too much work for the number of skins involved. Give me a few days unmolested among the rookeries, and I'd sooner have it that way than a month of undisturbed pelagic sealing. Besides, in using a club on the beach the loss to the pelts is less than where you use buckshot.

It got so around the Pribilofs that it was really dangerous to hang about; and, as the men were all in on the lay and the chances for a prosperous season began to look slimmer and slimmer as the summer slipped by, we decided to cut across through Bousoule Channel into Okhotsk Sea and have a try at the St. Jona's Island rookeries.

We lifted the island on the afternoon of August twenty-first and hung off and on all night, scouting the coast. About daylight we worked in close to a little bight and the hunting crew went ashore in charge of Paddy McCabe. We had a bully morning's kill and I arranged with Paddy to fly a black burgee from the foretopmast as a signal in case a patrol was sighted. We were ratching on and off all day long, but never for a minute losing sight of the shore party.

Paddy and his crew clubbed three hundred seals and the skinning commenced at once. About three minutes to a skin and two hundred and ninety-odd skinned, when along about four o'clock in the afternoon the lookout in the forecrosstrees reported a smudge of smoke fifteen miles to the south. I knew it was a gunboat, for along about that time of the year they're passing up from Shantar Bay to Northeast Gulf and always make it a point to drop in at St. Jona's Island on the chance of confiscating a foreign poacher. I broke out the black burgee at once and stood in to the bight as close as I could.

What a scramble it was! Paddy McCabe came very nearly being our undoing. Good little Paddy! He was every inch a poacher. He'd have stripped the rookery if he had half a chance; and, as it was, not a foot would he stir from the beach until he saw the last pelt go into a boat.

As I brought the Bonnie Doon around on the port tack, all the boats were alongside and the pelts came flying over the rail—clapmatches, wigs and pups. We had the boats on board while you'd be saying Jack Robinson; but by that time the gunboat was hull up, racking along at about a fourteen-knot clip. She was a big brute of a gunboat too, painted a dirty gray; and the way the smoke was pouring out of her funnels showed that she had sighted us and was not sparing the coal.

"She's a Russian," says Paddy, "and she means business. New boat too, Dan. I was never chased by her before. Were you? She's burning that foul Japanese coal, thank the good Lord!—and that helps some. Dan, my boy, if we never showed a clean pair of heels before we'll have to do it this day."

We did. You remember the Bonnie Doon, Jack—a hundred and thirty tons net, with a good deep draught. Two masts, and, by the mercy of Heaven, MacGregor had her equipped with two topmasts and a spinnaker boom. It was sail against steam, but I knew the Bonnie Doon. Ah, sir, she was a love of a boat! Nevertheless, though a Russian may be sluggish in his movements, he's a mighty able seaman; and in Russian waters there is no sixty-mile limit. It was the wide Okhotsk Sea for ours, and Siberia if the wind failed. However, as a purely sporting proposition, I couldn't have had a better wind if I'd ordered it myself. Fresh and steady, two points aft the beam; and away we went, with the little Bonnie Doon breaching through the water like a dolphin chasing a flying-fish. I had been lying off the island under mains'l, forestays'l, fores'l and jib, and the minute we were under way I shook out the gafftops'ls and the inner and outer jib.

At the end of an hour Paddy McCabe came aft and took a look astern. He had been scraping blubber off the pelts on the main deck for'd and had a beaming-knife in his hand. He looked like a bloody little buccaneer.

"What do you make of it, Paddy?" I asked. "I think we're holding our own."

"Holding our own will never do, Dan," he replied. "That confounded vodka jug is too speedy for my peace of mind. We're doing thirteen knots and a half by the log, and it isn't enough."

It wasn't. I had Paddy go for'd and haul out the spinnaker boom; with the bull-driver on her she gathered headway at once and it was plain that we should have the Russian hull down in a few hours.

After rounding the weather end of the island, I hauled off until we were flying along on a course sou' by sou'east. The breeze held good, but we were a little off the wind on that course; so I took in the foregafftops'l and set a big fisherman's stays'l—and my mind was at peace again. Any time I'm chased, I prefer to run for home rather than into the enemy's country, where you're liable to meet more gunboats.

At eight o'clock that night—with the exception of about an hour and a half, it's twilight in those latitudes all night at that time of the year—the Russian was only a faint blur of smoke on the horizon astern; at ten o'clock even that had disappeared and we all breathed easier.

I decided to leave St. Jona's Island alone for a few days and continued right on my course. During the night the breeze slackened and shifted a few points, but we bowled along nicely, close-hauled, at about nine knots. I wasn't at all worried and neither was Paddy, on whose opinion I placed a great deal of weight. As often as we had both

I Set About, in the Gloom, Gathering Great Boulders and Piling Them at the Brink of the Gorge

been chased, we never knew a patrol to dog a man after he had been out of sight for an hour or two; so I didn't bother changing my course to throw him off. Nine out of every ten give up after they've chased you outside the sixty-mile limit.

The lad we struck was Number Ten, however; and, as I said before, in Russian waters there is no sixty-mile limit. The minute it was light enough to see, there was that Russian astern, hanging on for dear life. He was close, too—close enough to put a shot under our lee quarter; but I had the whole Okhotsk Sea to maneuver in and merely shifted my course to take full advantage of the wind—which, by-the-way, wasn't any better than it might have been. Even with every stitch of canvas drawing, we had all we could do to pull out of range of that six-inch bowchaser—and keep out.

We never lost sight of that Russian all day long—or all night either. How I prayed for a dark night or a fog, so I could haul off a point or two, douse my lights, lay-to under bare poles and let him go by on a fool's errand; but it was moonlight when it wasn't twilight, and it wasn't dark enough after the moon set to take a chance on losing the gunboat. There was nothing to it but pray for a fog or outrun him; and the breeze favoring us I laid a southeasterly course for Amphitrite Pass, down on the Kamchatka Peninsula. Once through the pass, we would be out on the broad Pacific, clear of Russian waters.

That fifteen-hundred-mile run across the Okhotsk Sea drew out of me every bit of seamanship I ever possessed. The wind never failed me entirely, though once the Russian got up within five miles; and the way those shots from her bowchaser ricochetted over the waves and kicked up little waterspouts around the Bonnie Doon was anything but enjoyable. One shot scored a plank under her weather quarter. Time and again I blessed old man MacGregor's judgment in selecting a schooner that could sail in a light breeze. She was a wonder.

On the afternoon of the seventh day of the pursuit we lifted Cape Kimberly on the northern end of Onekotan Island. I hauled off two points to weather the cape and then come about and scamper down through Amphitrite Pass.

I wish I could have met that Russian in command. I would have liked to have been able to shake his hand and wish him well, for he deserved it. Not a jot did he alter his course. He knew what I was up to and he ran in dangerously close to the cape, then swung off to port and came at me, traveling on the hypotenuse of a triangle. He succeeded in cutting me off from the pass, but I had the Okhotsk Sea to sail in; and we jibed and came about, headed nor' by nor'west. I made up my mind to circle back and dodge down through Shesto Strait, where I didn't think he'd dare to follow me.

I might have spared myself the trouble. That Russian would have dared anything. He was a devil. He guessed my intent almost as soon as Paddy McCabe and gained a mile on us so suddenly that the first news we had of it was a shot through the galley that wrecked the stove.

No need to bellow orders to Paddy McCabe. He was a jewel of a mate. He had the crew hauling on the sheets in a twinkling and I put the helm down and held her ramping full, and headed back to St. Jona's Island, with the wind abeam. Amphitrite Pass and Shesto Strait were out of the question and if I tried for Bousoule Channel he was bound to get me. I had to outrun him and pray for a fog. And at that moment, as if in answer to my prayer, three miles away on the starboard counter a solid wall of white vapor was rolling westward and the wind began to fail.

"Fog! Fog!" shrieks Paddy McCabe, dancing a hornpipe on the main hatch. "Now we'll see if that Russian bloodhound can follow the scent."

Sir, if you've ever prayed for a fog that's been delayed you can imagine how we raced to meet this one. Another shot from the gunboat clipped away a few feet of our stern railing and I looked back. The Russian was less than five miles astern.

And then, like pinching out a candle, the wind failed, with the fog a mile away. The sails were flapping and banging like pistol shots, sucking for the breeze that wasn't there; and the Russian was dropping shot all around us. One went through the mains'l. He knew that, once in the fog, the whole Russian navy couldn't hunt us down; so he altered his course to bring his starboard battery to bear and helped us to everything he had in stock.

That broadside played havoc with our rigging. The foretopmast came down to the deck with a clatter and blocks and loose ends were banging around everywhere. Then, as suddenly as it had failed us, the breeze sprang up again and away we ramped for that blessed fog. We were less than two hundred yards from it when they cut loose with that six-inch

gun again and broke the mainmast short at the deck. It went by the board, crippling two men as it fell. Paddy McCabe, with four men, fell on the wreck with axes and cut away the lanyards, and the wreckage floated astern. The projectile had continued on its way, tearing through the deck and coming out below the waterline just forward of the break of the poop. Three more shots from the same gun crashed into us below the waterline and another broadside raked us just as we limped into the fog and disappeared

We were shy six men when it came to counting noses, for that last broadside had been deadly. However, it wasn't a time for sentiment; so we hauled off and hove to. A man's as safe in a fog anywhere as he is somewhere; and in about six or seven minutes we felt ourselves lifting to the big swell from the bows of the gunboat as she surged by in the fog.

I went below with Paddy to investigate and found the water spurting in through half a dozen ragged holes.

"It's us to the boats, Paddy boy," I said. "The Bonnie Doon has poached once too often. Provision the boats and don't forget the boat compasses."

We had plenty of time to get clear of the schooner before she sank; and there we were drifting round forty miles from the nearest land. Paddy cried—half sentiment, half rage—as the Bonnie Doon went under.

I had a large boat with five men in it besides myself; and we had our blankets and two breakers of water and heaps of grub, such as it was—canned meats and biscuit. Paddy came in my boat and brought his sealing rifle and a lot of cartridges. Most men use a shotgun, with three or four buckshot, but Paddy preferred a rifle. As mate, Paddy was not supposed to hunt; but he was a deadly shot and rather enjoyed the sport. The second mate had charge of Number Two boat, with what was left of our crew, and we never saw each other again after the boats were launched. You will bear in mind that it was foggy.

We rigged a leg-of-mutton sail and, as I had saved most of the charts, the sextant and the chronometer, I laid a course for Amphitrite Pass and we loafed away. We were up to the pass at daylight next morning. We had a rocky passage down through Amphitrite, but made it without accident, passed out into the Pacific and headed up the Kamchatkan coast, looking for a place to land if we didn't run into a codfisher or a sealer.

A gale sprang up and blew us off shore and nineteen days later we landed—two thousand miles away. We had been blown almost due east down into Bering Sea and landed on a nice beach on the island of Akutan. We landed there because we were entirely out of water and had been for four days, and because—well, because it was land. Paddy was out of his head and I wasn't much better. Two of the men had died of exposure the first week out and there were four of us left—Paddy, Peters the cook, a hunter named Baptiste and myself.

Weak as we were, we managed to make a safe landing in a little cove; and after tying the boat painter around a large rock we unstepped the mast and took down the sail. While Paddy and Baptiste were busy with this—the cook was too weak to be of any assistance—I cruised inland a few hundred yards and found a splendid camping site in a sheltered little glade among some stunted spruce, which grew almost down to the beach. There was a good spring close by too.

I was the strongest of the party, so I took command of the spring. I swallowed a few mouthfuls and in a few minutes I took another nip, fighting with myself all the time to keep from wallowing in the spring, so bestial had I become in my desire for water. When I was certain I had myself in hand I called the rest of our party. I had quite a fight to make them behave respectably, but managed finally to stand guard over the spring and dole out the water a little at a time, until we all began to regain our strength and it was safe to drink as much as we pleased.

We broke down the branches of trees and wove them together, and in conjunction with the sail managed to make a rude sort of habitation. We brought up what was left of our canned beef and biscuit, which wasn't very much, and cached it inside the tent; after which we built a rousing fire, dried out our blankets, crawled inside the tent and slept the clock round.

Upon awakening, the first thing I did was to make an observation and figure out our latitude and longitude, with the result that I came to the conclusion that we were encamped on the Island of Akutan, off the Alaskan Peninsula. Very few of the Alaskan Islands are inhabited, except occasionally during the summer months, when roving parties of Indians visit them for the fishing. I was much relieved to discover our position, as it was still early enough in the season to hope to sight a vessel bound southward from the canneries or Nome: and as our boat was undamaged we could put off and intercept any vessel that might be sighted.

My three companions were still asleep in the improvised tent; so, having satisfied myself as to our position, I walked down to the spring for a drink.

I suppose, sir, when you were a boy you read Robinson Crusoe and can recall how disturbed Crusoe was upon discovering the imprint of a naked foot in the sand. I'm sure Crusoe didn't feel half so badly as I did when I discovered, in the moist earth by the side of the spring, the imprint of a human foot—shod. It was a gigantic footprint, made by a heavy sea-boot—fully a Number Twelve. I looked at my own feet, then went back to camp very soberly and looked at the feet of Paddy, Baptiste and the cook. I shook my head. None of my party had fathered that footprint. I awoke Paddy McCabe and told him about it.

"Swede," was Paddy's comment when he saw the footprint. "Biggest-footed race on earth. Worse than Patagonians." He looked at me hard and I knew he was thinking of many things We both wondered why the stranger should come to the spring and yet fail to call at the camp and introduce himself; and almost simultaneously the thought occurred to us both: "Suppose he has taken our boat and marooned us here!" And away we raced for the beach.

The boat was there all safe, but the oars were missing; and in the sand around the boat we saw the imprint of the same great feet. We were badly frightened, but Paddy was the first to think clearly. He laughed his short, amiable chuckle.

"I—I—we brought the oars up to camp, now that I think of it," he said.

"Thanks, Paddy," I replied. "I guess that's the only reason why the boat happens to be here still. We'll cast around for a look at this stranger and make him give an account of himself."

We were both puzzled to account for the actions of this stranger. There was something about that great, mysterious footprint that filled us with a vague apprehension; but we decided to refrain from communicating that feeling to our shipmates, at least for the present.

After our usual forlorn breakfast, Baptiste dug up a few fishhooks and a line which he had had the foresight to bring along and announced that he was going fishing—said he was tired of canned meat and wanted a change. Paddy and I helped him launch the boat and he pulled out into the cove, while we struck off along the beach on a tour of investigation. Paddy was for taking his rifle, but as we both wore beaming-knives he decided to leave the rifle with the cook. Before we left, I concluded to tell the cook about the footprint and warned him to keep a sharp lookout for himself and Baptiste.

We had proceeded along the beach for about a mile, when, in a little sheltered gully that ran down to the beach, we found the ashes of an old campfire and several well-gnawed bones. A half-charred board was lying among the ashes and I picked it up and turned it over. Painted on it, in two-inch black letters, were the words: "Schr. Bonnie Do——"

"Do you remember, Dan, just where we dropped that man Bjornsen?" asked Paddy, as cool as chipped ice.

"About forty or fifty miles sou'east of the Pribilofs," I answered. "This relic would incline a man to the belief that Halvor Bjornsen came down to our spring for a drink this morning."

"I suspected as much when I saw that footprint," said Paddy. "Must have been caught in the Japan current and swept down here—though if he did the age of miracles is not yet over."

We stood there for about five minutes, trying to figure it out. Poor Paddy never did find out, though Bjornsen told me after I had cornered him. When he went over the side into that small boat he was wearing a heavy tarpaulin overcoat; and as we cast him off one of the crew hurled a boathook at him. He saved the boathook and used it as a tiny mast, to which he bent the tarpaulin. Then he ripped out a thwart, which he used as a paddle; and when he drifted into the current, as Paddy surmised, he was enabled to make headway of about three miles an hour. He had several rainstorms during his trip and sailed through fog most of the time; and I guess he managed to lick enough moisture off that dripping tarpaulin to keep him alive. As for food, he was fortunate enough to pick up the carcass of a seal; and being a powerful man physically he was enabled to hang on to life for a week after most men would have given up. I

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Paddy Cried—Half Sentiment, Half Rage—as the Bonnie Doon Went Under

THE BIG IDEA

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE STOLEN OVEN

"THERE'S only one trouble with that oven," E. Addison Humphrey observed thoughtfully to his wife; "its cost is too great."

They were in the kitchen at the time and the article he mentioned stood on the gasoline stove before them—a neat, light box of ash lumber, lined with asbestos, furnished with a door that opened by sliding back. The exterior was painted a pleasant olive-green; there was a neat little china knob on the door, and in the center of the door was neatly stenciled in white letters, "The Humphrey Wooden Oven: Patent Applied For."

"It's a success," the inventor continued meditatively. "It holds in the heat, instead of roasting the whole kitchen as a sheet-iron oven does. It saves fuel. It bakes quicker. It keeps the kitchen cool. Every woman wants one. I can sell 'em like hot cakes." He turned more definitely to his wife, with a mildly fanatic glow in his eyes and a vague smile upon his lips, and concluded, with a little affirmative nod: "We're going to make a million dollars out of that oven; but it costs too much. I've got to get a lower cost of manufacture."

This fact had been gradually impressing itself upon the inventor ever since he started selling his patent ovens. Taking what the boxes cost him at the sash-and-door mill, the cost of the asbestos board, what he paid Lute Morrow and the carpenter for putting the asbestos lining in the boxes and the wages of the painter for decorating and stenciling the outside, the ovens stood him a dollar and sixteen cents apiece. So, after he deducted the cost of advertising in the Vale Vindicator and in the weekly papers of a dozen surrounding villages, what he paid young Little for drumming up trade among the farmers and the commissions to several agents in neighboring towns and something for his own time—why, there really wasn't anything left out of the dollar and a half that he got for the oven.

He must get a lower cost of manufacture. The first and greatest item was the boxes, which the sash-and-door mill made for him in lots of fifty. Leaving the house, therefore, he went directly to the sash-and-door mill, trusting to Lute Morrow to open the hardware store and attend to such trade as there might be. Since this tremendous business of the patent oven came up, indeed, the little hardware store had pretty largely fallen to Lute's amiably incompetent hands.

The mill was situated at the outskirts of Vale, half a mile from the post-office, on the bank of Vale Creek, whence its power was derived. It was a plain but substantial brick structure some sixty or seventy feet square, containing a good deal of machinery. The lumber-yard spread behind it, and the business was conducted from a tiny red box of an office that was always exceedingly dusty and belittered. The conducting was done in the main by Thomas Sterling, president and general manager of the Sterling Lumber and Mill Company - a middle-aged man of Scotch descent and of the big-boned, loose-jointed build that Lute Morrow called "ganglin."

On this particular morning—as not infrequently happened—Mr. Sterling was overflowing with a grievance, and Humphrey's genial, universal obligingness included the art of listening sympathetically to anybody and everybody. Before the business of the wooden ovens was even touched upon, therefore, the lumberman relieved himself of much more or less confidential conversation—having first closed the rear door to make sure that none of the mill-hands played eavesdropper, for he was an extremely cautious person.

"So You'll See That My Position Is Above Reproach and That I'll Want a Blamed Good Price for That Stock"

"Now here you are, Addy," said Mr. Sterling gloomily, "with a hardware business that you're trying to run on borrowed money. What show have you got? Not a show on earth, man! You go to the bank to make a loan. The old man asks you all sorts of questions and then charges you six or seven per cent for the money. But 'tain't his money at all, d'y' see? It's my money and Taylor's money - his depositors' money. And there you are, Addy! There's your banker for you! He comes into a town like Vale, d'y' see, and he gits all the money there is in the town—gits it all deposited in his bank—and then he lends that same money back to everybody in town and charges 'em six or seven per cent for it!" He emphasized the point by dropping a ponderous fist upon the young man's thin knee, and then folded his long lower lip so far over the upper one that it would easily have buttoned. Bending forward in the chair and slowly wagging a long forefinger in the inventor's face, he added in more confidential undertones: "I've calculated, Addy, that the average profits of business in this country is just about six and a half per cent, and the bankers charge, on an average, six per cent. The bankers git six per cent and the men that do the business of the country git the other half a per cent. And that's what this country has come to!" He dropped back in the chair dramatically, incidentally assaulting Addison's aching knee, and folded his lip. "It's in the grip of the money power, Addy. A banker is a curse to any community!"

Addison had punctuated the lumberman's long and gloomy discourse by many sympathetic little nods and murmurs of "Well, I guess that's so," "I wouldn't wonder if you was right, Tom," "I believe that's so." Not that he was in the least thinking about the theme of the lumberman's conversation. On the contrary, his mind was all the while engaged with the subject of wooden ovens.

In confidence Mr. Sterling had many times disclosed the same general grievance to him. As Addison was well aware, the lumber business at Vale had begun many years before as a simple partnership between Thomas Sterling and Doctor Wilkinson, who was president of the First National Bank and Vale's leading capitalist. But when the sash-and-door mill was built the business was incorporated, Sterling receiving ninety-nine shares of its capital stock and Doctor Wilkinson ninety-nine shares, while two shares were sold to Joshua Reimer, attorney, because neither of the principal owners was willing that the other should have a majority. There were, in fact, many little differences and clashes between them.

Now Thomas Sterling, quite naturally, was of opinion that the success of the business was due entirely to his own energy and ability. It grieved him deeply whenever Doctor Wilkinson and Lawyer Reimer - neither of whom was competent to run a lumber-yard—sided together and overruled him. This affliction, however, was only spasmodic. That Doctor Wilkinson continued to receive half the profits of the business, although he had already drawn out in profits four or five times the modest capital that he had originally advanced, was a chronic affliction. Brooding upon this, Mr. Sterling developed his sinister theory that bankers were a species of vampire sucking the life-blood of the nation.

Sympathetically, patiently and adroitly Addison presently drew the conversation around to the subject of ovens.

"You see, Tom," he explained in his friendliest manner, "that oven of mine is a big success already, but I've got to get a lower cost of manufacture; and the first thing, naturally, is the boxes that you're making for me. Of course," he hastened to add, as the lumberman's brow darkened with a pained expression, "I realize that you're doing the best you can on small lots. So you see, I've got to buy 'em in big lots. Now I want you to sit down and figure me out a rock-bottom price for one thousand of those boxes."

The lumberman looked surprised. "A thousand's a good many, Addy; it would run into quite a lot of money," he suggested cautiously—having in mind the dubious state of Addison's credit.

"Why, a thousand's only a drop in the bucket!" the inventor replied cheerfully. "I'm going to sell twenty thousand, fifty thousand. See here now." Nervously drawing up a pad of paper and a pencil, he plunged into a demonstration of the oven's possibilities. He leaned over the table toward Mr. Sterling, his thin face thrust forward, his eyes mildly shining, a vague, rapt smile upon his lips as he set forth the future of wooden ovens. "There's a million dollars in that oven," he concluded with a happy little nod. "Now of course I want you to have the box end of the business, Tom, and to make a good thing out of it. But you can afford to give me a rock-bottom price if I order 'em a thousand at a clip. As far as payment is concerned, you come up to the store and I'll show you how the orders are rolling in. Now give me the very best price you can on thousand lots." He hesitated a moment and added reluctantly: "I don't want to see the box business go away from Vale, and there's no reason why it should." He really hated to say that, for it sounded like a threat.

For a couple of minutes after Addison left the office Thomas Sterling stood by the grimy-paned window, thoughtfully watching the inventor's lean figure as it moved briskly up the dusty path beside the roadway. His long, red and leathery visage seemed longer than usual. Giving rock-bottom prices was an exercise that never afforded him any pleasure; yet Addison had intimated that he would have the boxes made somewhere else if the price were not to his liking. To the lumberman's oppressed mind it appeared that he would have to make the boxes practically for nothing and then take the dubious chance of getting his money, or else lose the business altogether. Naturally, since he made the boxes, Humphrey's

"I'll Lease the Mill to Myself and Sell You All the Rest of the Business for Five Thousand Dollars"

oven had been a subject of interest and speculation to him. But it had never occurred to him that the simple article possessed extraordinary possibilities of profit. Of course he took no stock in the addle-pated inventor's million dollars; but even fifty thousand—or five thousand for the matter of that—were not to be sneezed at. For some time he went about his business in an absent-minded, preoccupied manner. Then he put on his ancient, glazed brown-straw hat and went up the dusty path toward Main Street to consult Lawyer Reimer.

Four days later Addison's usually sunny temper showed signs of annoyance. He told his wife, with as near an approach to downright vexation as she had ever seen him exhibit, that Tom Sterling was getting away behindhand in the matter of delivering the boxes. It seemed something had gone wrong with a machine at the mill. For two or three days following he discussed this mishap with his wife almost fretfully. Then one night he came home to supper with no more conversation in him than there is in an oyster.

Mrs. Humphrey noticed with vague alarm that he not only looked downcast, but never once mentioned ovens during the meal. The supper dishes being done, she joined him on the porch. He had slipped far down in the willow rocker, his thin legs were crossed, his chin rested upon his breast and he was staring vacantly at the lawn. All his happy enthusiasm was gone, and he looked so much like a trusting child whose candy has been stolen that her heart ached. She swung a chair near him and sat down, her shoulder sympathetically inclined toward him.

"What is it, Addy? Isn't the oven all right?" she asked anxiously.

The inventor turned his forlorn face toward her, smiled wanly and slipped his hand into hers. "The oven's all right," he said; "only Tom Sterling has stolen it bodily."

While she sat speechless he explained that Mr. Sterling had come upon the market with a wooden oven like his, except that it was made of pine instead of ash, the outside was daubed over with cheap red paint, and the interior, instead of being lined with asbestos, was covered with an alleged fire-proof mixture. The door, also, opened by sliding to the front instead of to the back, and it was adorned with the legend, "Patent Applied For." Not only was Sterling selling this inferior imitation at a dollar and a quarter, but he had hired young Little, who was even then delivering Sterling ovens to those who had ordered Humphrey ovens.

The depth and breadth of this villainy dazed Mrs. Humphrey. She could only gasp: "But, Addy, how could he? But, Addy, you've got a patent!"

"I've got an application for a patent," Addison corrected glumly; "but what good will that do me? Sterling knows well enough I've got no money to carry on two or three years' litigation. There's the whole thing, Carrie. I don't know whether he consulted Doctor Wilkinson about this before he went into it or not—probably not. But Wilkinson is in it now, and nobody ever knew him to let go of a profit that he'd once got his fingers on. You see, they've got all the money and credit in town and I ain't got any of either. There's the whole thing. They know I can't fight 'em, so they can run over me as much as they please."

Mrs. Humphrey was a young woman of generous and ardent temper, as one might have guessed from her brown eyes, firm lips and rather pugnacious little nose. She clenched her hands tightly in her lap and made a faint sound by clicking her white teeth together; a perpendicular furrow came in the middle of her forehead and she bent her brown eyes menacingly upon the maple tree in front of the porch. "Oh, the thieves!" she said in a tense undertone. "The low-down, miserable sneak-thieves and robbers and scoundrels!" She turned upon her husband with puckered brow, sparkling eyes and set lips. "See here, Addison Humphrey, you're good-natured and sweet-tempered and trusting and easy-going. You'll let anybody walk over you that wants to. But that's played out now!" She shook her head at him vigorously. "That's played out! You've simply got to get after those infamous old scalawags and give 'em what's coming to 'em, and I don't care a rap if it busts you higher'n Gilderoy's kite!" Whereupon she smote the arm of her chair with a capable fist and softly clicked her teeth together.

Addison sighed heavily and moved uneasily in his chair, looking thoroughly miserable, for he loathed a row. It got his mind all mussed up and sweaty, precluding that inner

"I Won't Stand for It. I'm a Stockholder in This Company, I'll Have You Know, and You Ain't—Yet!"

occupation in speculative thought that was his chief delight. "It ain't right," he admitted gloomily, staring at the lawn. "No, it ain't right," he repeated absently, and sighed again. "I suppose I really oughtn't to stand it," he added after a minute; "I suppose—I really oughtn't to stand it."

Mrs. Humphrey knew he slept little that night, and next morning at the breakfast table he was preoccupied. It was not a happy preoccupation, like that over the oven. So downcast was he, indeed, that when Mrs. Humphrey announced her opinion that their first child was about to cut its first tooth he only stared at her with a solemn face, as though it were another blow from fate.

"How little do you suppose we could live on for the next six months?" he inquired half absently.

"We can live on nothing at all!" his wife replied promptly. "We've got our own home and we can eat the chickens and the stuff in the garden. They can't keep baby from his dinner, the precious chick!" she added in a voice that trembled with tenderness and indignation—as though Thomas Sterling and Doctor Wilkinson were actually striving to perform that villainous feat. "And you know I've got six hundred dollars of my own. You go right ahead, Addy!" she concluded firmly. "I'd rather see you without a penny to your name than see you submit to those pickpockets."

In the next four days, however, Addison seemed to be doing nothing. About all he did, in fact, was to send off to the state capital for a copy of the charter and by-laws of the Sterling Lumber and Mill Company. But on the afternoon of the fifth day he sat down at the customers' side of the old-fashioned black walnut table in the prim little parlor of the First National Bank, and Doctor Wilkinson, president of the bank—as old-fashioned as the table, with his neat white side whiskers and precise black bow tie—sat opposite, listening.

When Addison left the bank an hour later he had agreed to sell his hardware business—lock, stock and barrel—to Doctor Wilkinson for three thousand dollars cash. He had been more or less in debt to the bank for five or six years—almost ever since he had inherited the hardware trade from his father. His unfortunate investment in an atmospheric electrical generator that failed to generate had increased the debt, and he confessed to the banker that, quite aside from the liabilities incident to the hardware business, he owed a large amount of personal debts that he was anxious to pay. They marked down the stock and accounts receivable to sixty cents on the dollar, deducted the debts to the bank and to the wholesale trade, knocked off the odd hundreds of dollars from the remainder and thus arrived at the net price of three thousand dollars. No doubt it was a very good bargain for Doctor Wilkinson, yet Addison was quite satisfied.

Next day Vale was agreeably surprised to learn that Addison's long-predicted bankruptcy had happened and that Doctor Wilkinson was in complete possession of the hardware store—his first act of proprietorship being to discharge Lute Morrow, Addison's tinsmith, plumber and general handy man, whom he had inherited from his father and whose general aversion to bodily exertion was one of Vale's standing jokes.

Citizens with spare time on their hands speculated pleasantly upon the fact that crackbrained Addy Humphrey was cleaned out at last—hadn't a dollar left to bless himself with; in fact, couldn't even pay his debts. To such of them as could not forego hearing the details from his own lips Addison frankly confessed that he was "plumb busted." He was going to look up some new business, he said, and he hoped to be able within a year or so to pay off his remaining debts.

The first of the week following he left town. Mrs. Humphrey explained that he had gone to Chicago to look up a new business. As days passed and he did not return it was freely predicted that Vale would see him no more. But at the end of four weeks he furnished Vale another mild sensation by reappearing. It was noticed and duly commented upon that he seemed strangely grave and self-contained. He passed people on the street with a mere nod instead of with his old-time, beaming affability; answered questions in a dry and non-committal manner instead of with his former bubbling loquacity. For two days he seemed to have no business with anybody except President Titus of the State Bank a rival to Doctor Wilkinson's older and more flourishing institution. But on the afternoon of the third day a number of citizens plainly saw him climb the steps to Lawyer Reimer's office above Bane's feed store.

The portly lawyer was seated in his shirt-sleeves at a littered table, drawing a brief. He glanced up, nodded, said very casually "How are you, Addison?" and went on copying a notation from the open law-book at his left. He was celebrated for a fine impartiality. Upon one occasion, when a former client bitterly accused him of taking the opposite side of a case, he declared his position in this way: "If a man wants law of me I sell him as many yards as he asks for, hand him the goods, take his money, and there's an end of it. You never paid me anything, did you, not to take a case against you?"

Addison sat down at the table and began, without waiting for the lawyer to suspend his labors upon the brief: "There's one thing I'd like you to tell me if you can. Did Tom Sterling get advice from you about my oven?"

Mr. Reimer suspended his pen, regarded the young man soberly for a moment and replied: "Tom got advice from me, for which he paid nothing. I suppose you don't intend to pay anything either, so as far as I can see you stand on an equal footing. Tom wanted to know whether he'd be safe in stealing your oven. That ain't just the way he put it, but that's what he wanted to know. I told him that in my opinion it would be like taking candy from an infant. You might holler some, but you really couldn't do anything."

Addison nodded brightly and even smiled, as though this information were highly agreeable to him. It was, in fact, what he had expected. He knew very well, in spite of certain superficial appearances to the contrary, that Mr. Reimer was quite fond of him.

"I thought so!" said Addison with satisfaction. "Now you've got two shares of stock in the Sterling Lumber and Mill Company. I want to buy that stock."

Mr. Reimer's two shares of stock carried a balance of power in the company, as Doctor Wilkinson and Thomas Sterling each held ninety-nine shares. It was very clear to him that Addison did not wish the stock merely as an investment. He laid down his pen and regarded the young man thoughtfully for a full half minute, revolving various possibilities in his mind. Then he leaned far back in the chair, thrust his fat legs far under the table and stuck his hands in his trousers pockets—which opened at the top, in the manner of our grandfathers', instead of at the sides like other people's pockets.

"I have a theory or a suspicion," he began very deliberately, "that my friend Doctor Wilkinson and my friend Tom Sterling regard me as their lawyer. This theory of ownership arises from the fact that they use me all they please and pay me what they please. When they have work of a certain kind to do, such as appearing in court and drawing legal papers, they employ me and pay me for my services. When they have work of another kind, such as giving advice, acting as umpire in the lumber company, running errands and so on, they merely employ me. When they turned their partnership into a corporation I did the legal work. As they couldn't agree, each of them took ninety-nine shares and they gave me two shares, of a par value of two hundred dollars, for my legal services. As I've given 'em since then something like a hundred thousand dollars' worth of time, for which I have received no pay, I conclude that the stock is really mine and that

I can do as I please with it. I make this general statement, Addison," he concluded, "so you'll see that my position is above reproach and that I'll want a blamed good price for that stock."

"I'll give you two thousand dollars for it," said Addison promptly.

"You're a sucker. I'd have taken a thousand," Mr. Reimer replied.

Addison laughed happily. "All right," he said. "I want to retain your legal services for the next six months at least. I was going to offer you a retainer fee of five hundred dollars; but I'll make it two dollars and a half."

"Your price is all right," the lawyer commented soberly; "but as to accepting a retainer now——" He broke off, thoughtfully fingering his gray chin whisker.

"Why, it's just this way," Addison urged. "If you're retained at all at present—which you ain't—but if anybody's retaining you now it ain't Doctor Wilkinson or Tom Sterling—it's the Sterling Lumber and Mill Company. Now I'm going to be the Sterling Lumber and Mill Company; I'm going to take over that company, you see. So in working for me you'll really be working for the company right along."

As he contemplated the inventor, Mr. Reimer's look of surprise gave place to a smile. When Mr. Reimer's round and ruddy face lighted with a smile he looked like a cherub with a gray chin whisker. The smile warmed the inventor's heart and he burst out eagerly:

"Those two rascals stole my oven and I'm going —— "

But the lawyer at once frowned and interrupted: "Tut, tut! Tut, tut, now! For the present, Addy, you and I will stick to the legal aspects of the case. If you've got any other kind of aspects in your mind, just keep 'em there."

"I guess you're right," Addison murmured, in some confusion under this rebuff. "Well, for legal aspects, I understand an option on stock ain't legal and binding in this state."

"Not legal and binding in this state," Mr. Reimer replied.

"Very well," said Addison. "Instead of taking an option on your stock, then, I'll buy it outright and pay you five hundred dollars cash down and give you my note for fifteen hundred, due in sixty days. You pin the stock to the note and deposit 'em in the State Bank. If I don't pay the note when it's due the stock goes back to you. That's legal, ain't it?"

"That's so legal, Addison," the lawyer replied, "that I'm blessed if I'd do it if I wasn't interested in you personally and didn't think you'd got the hot end of the poker."

"And there's one other thing," said the inventor. "I believe you're secretary of the company."

Once more Mr. Reimer looked mildly surprised. To have ascertained that, he concluded Addison must have been making some investigation among the records of corporations at the state capital. "I was secretary the last I heard anything about it," he replied. "As a matter of fact, while the business is incorporated it's been run just as though it were still a partnership. Personally, I consider that a loose and improper method; but as nobody ever asked me for my opinion I've been modest enough to keep it to myself."

From the lawyer's office Addison went directly to the First National Bank, and was soon sitting on the customers' side of the old-fashioned black-walnut table, regarding Doctor Wilkinson's neat side whiskers with an unsmiling and misanthropic eye.

"I've been at work in Chicago a month," he explained gloomily, "and I've got thirty thousand dollars of capital subscribed to go into the wooden-oven business. I'm going into it for keeps too. I'll have fifty thousand dollars paid into the bank in cash by the time we're ready to open up here. People in Vale don't begin to suspect what there is in that oven. Now I can buy the old grist mill, with its water-power, and convert that into a plant for making the ovens. But I'd rather buy out the Sterling Lumber and Mill Company. I can double the size of that mill and make it just what I want, and there's a good yard for handling the lumber we'll use. And then I've got a personal reason. Between you and me, Tom Sterling treated me like a dog. He stole my oven and I'm going to get even with him."

At this sinister statement Doctor Wilkinson pursed his mouth and nervously fingered the tip of his right whisker. There was something about this morose, bloodthirsty transformation of the easy-going young hardware merchant that astonished and vaguely alarmed him.

"I suppose that outfit—with the mill and the grounds and the stock of lumber and coal and so on—is worth about twenty-five thousand dollars," the inventor continued, as though the outfit were an insignificant and contemptible object. "I'm willing to pay about what it's worth; but it don't follow that all the stockholders will get the same price, by a long shot. Now you carried me a long while, Doctor Wilkinson. I appreciate that. Besides, we're going to do business on a big scale here in Vale. We want you to cooperate with us."

At that statement the purse of Doctor Wilkinson's mouth perceptibly tightened; but the inventor added: "Not in the way of furnishing capital, you understand. We'll have all the capital of our own that we can use. But we want to do our business with the leading bank, and we want you, as you might say, on our side. Next to the First National, you see, we'll be the leading concern in Vale, and there ought to be a friendly footing and good understanding between the two."

All this naturally suggested an ample deposit account, and Doctor Wilkinson nodded twice quite graciously.

"I confess," Addison went on with a slight smile, "that I felt angry at you at first because Tom Sterling stole my oven. But, of course, I know you had nothing to do with it personally and I remembered how long you carried me. And when I came to think it over I saw it wouldn't do for a concern like ours to be tied up with Titus and the State Bank. People would think it queer."

"Mr. Titus," said Doctor Wilkinson acidly, "has done things that no banker should do."

"Sure," Addison assented readily. "I see it wouldn't do. I'm sorry I told my people that we'd do our business with the State Bank. But I'll explain it to 'em and they'll see quick enough that we must transfer it to you. Now about your stock in the lumber company, Doctor Wilkinson. I think fifteen thousand dollars would be a good, full price for it." He made the statement as though it were practically settled.

Doctor Wilkinson gently cleared his throat and softly tapped the ends of his thumbs and fingers together in a slow rhythm as he explained that the lumber stock was an exceedingly good investment, paying ten per cent dividends with pleasing regularity. He hadn't thought of parting with it on any terms. He considered fifteen thousand dollars entirely too low; he might possibly consider two hundred dollars a share, or, say, twenty thousand dollars to make it even money. After much dickering Doctor Wilkinson consented—with a view to the welfare of Vale, which would profit by having so important an industry located there, and out of personal consideration for his young friend—to say seventeen thousand five hundred.

"I couldn't afford to give that," said Addison darkly, "if I had to pay at the same rate for the rest of the stock. But Tom Sterling will find that I'll deal with him on different terms. Of course it won't be necessary," he added meaningly, "to say anything about this deal with you at present."

Doctor Wilkinson saw no necessity for saying anything. As to what might happen to Thomas Sterling he took merely an impartial sporting interest.

"There's quite a lot of preliminary work to be done, such as incorporating the company, and drawing up plans to enlarge the mill, and letting contracts, and buying machinery and all that," Addison explained, "so I told my people there'd be no need of paying in any money to speak of until October fifteenth. I'll pay you two thousand dollars down on the stock and give you my note for the balance, due October fifteenth. You can pin the stock to the note and deposit it in the State Bank. Of course, if the note isn't paid when it's due the stock will go back to you. Two or three of my people will be on here pretty soon and then I'll arrange to have our business transferred to this bank."

Except that he disliked having any dealings whatever with Mr. Titus' institution, Doctor Wilkinson could find no fault with this businesslike arrangement. Leaving the bank with an elated heart and a grave face, Addison proceeded to the lumber-yard.

"I'm going to get even with Wilkinson," he informed Mr. Sterling vengefully. "He took my store away from me and turned me into the street without a cent. He's used me like a dog. He runs over everybody. He's been running over you for twenty years, Tom."

The lumberman was about to assent, but checked himself. This gloomy young man breathing savage threats rather alarmed him.

"You built up this business," Addison continued morosely. "What money Wilkinson put into it he's got back four or five times over. The business'd belong to you if you had your rights."

This time the lumberman nodded.

"I've got some money behind me now," Addison went on—"a good bunch of it. I'm going into the wooden-oven business. There's a lot of money in that business, Tom. Nobody here realizes what can be made of it. When I showed it to those people in Chicago they jumped at it. You've got a wooden-oven business too. You and I ought to go in together on it. We could clean up a fortune. You see, I'd need a practical lumber man anyway, so you'd fit right in; and you'd need a man to look after sales, advertising and so forth, so I'd fit right in. There's a fortune in it, but I don't propose to turn over half the profits to old Wilkinson by a long shot. He's got no right to it."

Mr. Sterling, in a high state of suppressed excitement, was staring at the young man with all his might. "What was you proposing now, Addy?" he inquired earnestly.

"I was proposing this," Addison replied darkly: "Here's this mill that's just what we want to manufacture the ovens when we enlarge it. I suppose it's worth about eight thousand dollars. Then here's the lumber-yard, with the stock of lumber and coal. I figure that's worth about seventeen thousand dollars. Now I'll take the mill and you'll take the lumber-yard and Wilkinson'll take a swift kick; and then you and I'll get together and fix up an arrangement for the future. Except that kick, Wilkinson's already got three times what's really due him."

The lumberman's voice sank to a hoarse whisper and his eyes protruded. "But, Addy—how could you do it?" he breathed.

"It's simple as A, B, C," the inventor assured him. "You've got ninety-nine shares, Wilkinson's got ninety-nine shares and Reimer did have two shares. But I've already bought his stock. Come up to the State Bank and I'll show it to you," he added, in response to the lumberman's incredulous stare. "I'll buy your stock for five thousand dollars, say. That will give me a majority; and with a majority, you know, I can do whatever I please. So I'll lease

(Continued on Page 57)

Prim Little Doctor Wilkinson at His Heels, Running Like a Decorous Spinster

The Trade We are Scolded About

Our Latin-American Cousin—By James H. Collins

DECORATIONS BY JAMES M. PRESTON

ONE of the staple products of our fiction-writing industry is the Latin-American story. Its scene is set in some comic-opera republic, supposed to be in South or Central America, where various bands of insurgents are forever fighting to oust the government. Its hero is a breezy Yankee journalist, on the Barnes-of-New-York order, who settles a revolution every morning before breakfast by way of an appetizer. Its heroine is a beautiful New York heiress, who happens to be cruising in those parts on her father's palatial yacht. The rest of the characters are usually Latin-Americans, represented as treacherous little yellow people, who carry stilettos and furnish all the villains, adventuresses and complications of the story. They are called "greasers" by the hero, and the only tolerable figure among them is bewitching Dolores, daughter of Don Perfecto Gonzales, whose father wants her to marry the president of the comic-opera republic and who ultimately elopes with the steward on the yacht.

Our fictionists have been turning out this sort of stuff "since 'way before the Spanish War already." It has become thoroughly standardized. Editors understand it and put it in their magazines every month. Public libraries are filled with the bound accumulations. Even the messenger boy can get it in paper covers for a nickel.

It may be good fiction, but it is rather bad for Latin-American business—not that the people in the southern half of our hemisphere ever see enough of this stuff to have their feelings hurt, for they don't. It is right at home here in the United States that the damage is done; for this style of fiction at once reflects our limited understanding of Latin-America and keeps us more or less ignorant of the real people and conditions there.

A Neglected Customer

AN EMINENT Brazilian scholar says he finds Americans and Europeans not much better informed about Latin-America than about Mars, as a rule; and the one subject that interests them first of all is revolutions. They are astonished to learn that the disturbances reported as "South American revolutions" are often simply local riots, in no way affecting national order and not nearly so serious as one of our own strikes. In the past ten years Europe has had far more revolutions than all Latin-America. Four-fifths of the latter are comprised in the orderly, peaceful countries of Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Peru, Uruguay, Paraguay and Bolivia. Three or four smaller and less accessible countries are hampered by political unrest; but the romantic, bloodthirsty worship of fighting courage is over forever on the continent to the south of us, and work and progress are now the order of the day.

The world at a distance still pictures the Latin-American as an indolent fellow—half Spaniard, half Indian—whose chief pursuits are bullfighting, chicken fancying, gambling, lovemaking and dueling. Instead, however, he is one of the best possible customers for manufactured goods, with rapidly developing tastes and an extremely long pocketbook; and the world must soon revise its notions about him and get down to realities.

The length and contents of the Latin-American pocketbook are succinctly summed up by a New York investigator of export trade:

The chief income is from rubber, chocolate, coffee, beef, grain and nitrates. Rubber and chocolate are peculiar. Their price has almost no relation to the cost of growing, because demand is always far ahead of supply. They do not exhaust the soil, need no fertilizer, machinery or skilled labor. Latin-America has a monopoly in coffee, raises the cheapest beef in the world, produces cheap mutton and wool, and grows grain on virgin soil, cultivated with ease. Nitrates are a source of natural wealth, with no costs to be reckoned. Back of these are minerals and hardwoods.

Some day our Latin-American cousin may have to figure on costs and manage on smaller margins of profit as population grows and his natural resources diminish; but today he enjoys a foreign commerce of above two billion dollars a year, with a balance in his favor of nearly a quarter billion. On one hand, he sells natural products at long prices and, on the other, he buys the best that manufacturing nations have to offer. Some attempts have been made, it is true, to establish manufactories in South America, but so far with little success. The general character of the country and people seems to be against any marked industrial development in the immediate future.

Now, with this promising customer to the south of us and our growing need for export trade in manufactured goods, many of our statesmen and economists are urging that treaties be negotiated, commercial agencies established, banking and shipping facilities promoted and so forth.

What is really needed, however, is a general revision of our ideas about the Latin-American cousin and efforts on the part of individual American business houses to get acquainted with him, understand him, talk to him in his own language and cultivate the beginnings of trade, each for itself. Then the banks, ships and all the rest of it will follow—they do not create trade, but merely serve it.

Politeness a Good Investment

SEVERAL years ago a New York musical house began to get acquainted with the Latin-American cousin—or, rather, he began to get acquainted with it, dropping in at its salesrooms.

New York is becoming more and more a center for visitors from South and Central American countries. Certain of the hotels are headquarters for them and they visit our metropolis on their way to Europe, or come to it to see the sights, or bring their children to schools in the United States. An American business man who wanted to meet the Latin-American cousin might, with a little guidance, do so right in New York.

This musical house had been selling some of its instruments in Latin-America through roundabout export channels and had distributed printed matter in Spanish. The Latin-American cousin, who had bought one of the instruments and read the advertising, was naturally interested in the house and visited its salesroom when he came to New York. It was quite an event to him. He felt that he would be welcome and expected somebody to make a bit of fuss about him—a customer coming from so far.

However, he found nobody to speak his language, or, if he knew English, probably fell into the hands of a salesman who asked briskly what could be done for him today and diplomatically dropped him as soon as he found that the Latin-American cousin only wanted to be entertained and shown around. Still, people from the South and Central American countries kept coming to the store; and finally it was necessary to arrange some way of dealing with them.

In the private office of one of the officers was a keen young woman, his secretary, who spoke good Spanish and made this situation an opportunity. Salesmen were instructed to turn over to her every Spanish-speaking visitor as soon as he came in the front door. She welcomed them in their own language, understood their partiality for leisurely conversation and somewhat ceremonious manners, took them in charge, had the pipe-organ played,

showed the building from top to bottom, and gave them a reception in keeping with their expectations and their ideas of the house. Soon little groups of these Southern visitors could be seen going about with this young woman, talking and gesticulating vivaciously, feeling thoroughly at home, bowing to the ground as they left their guide at the front door, and bothering nobody. Several years of this attention have made that house a center for Latin-Americans. The young woman has a wide acquaintance with the good families in the countries they come from, and people there who have never been in New York know her. The house has extended its sales in South and Central America to a degree that makes a regular department necessary to handle the trade.

The Latin-American cousin likes a polite fuss and it is the thing that he misses most when he deals with Americans.

One of our consuls tells a story that illustrates this point. A Central-American merchant bought a bill of goods from a New York house. In paying for them he sent a draft, with a letter full of suave felicitations, trusting that their business relations would continue and be agreeable—and so forth. What the Latin-American expects when he pays his bill is a letter just as gracious and complimentary—he wants somebody to make a fuss. This particular house, however, has nobody in its employ who understands that trade. After the draft had been sent to the bank a subordinate returned the polite letter, with the word "Paid" stamped across its face as a receipt!

American Customs That Jar

ONE of the progressive manufacturing houses in the East has a young Porto Rican in charge of its Latin-American sales. He entertains many visitors from South and Central America and the West Indies and takes them about New York in search of all kinds of goods. On every hand, he says, they meet with American customs that jar. The visiting merchant inspects goods and asks prices. The salesman gives quotations and adds "Net cash" because the customer is a foreigner. Now at home this visiting merchant is a man of substance. He obtains long credit on goods and runs his business by the same plan—even his clerks are paid only once or twice a year, or, perhaps, leave their earnings in the business. He is able to pay cash—and even willing if there is somebody to explain, as an aside, that this is a custom of that house. Then he would probably pay net cash without objection. It is not the demand that shocks him so much as the bluntness of the announcement.

An American business man went to South America with a project in which he believed one of the governments would be interested. For several weeks he called at an official bureau, but could never get an audience with its

chief. Day after day the chief was busy and he made no headway. By-and-by he met an American living there and thoroughly familiar with the people.

"Why, I know that official," said the latter when the difficulty was explained. "He ought to be interested in your proposition. I'll take you round and introduce you."

There was no trouble in gaining access to the bureau chief. When told of the American's efforts to see him he expressed surprise; and an investigation showed about two dozen of the visitor's business cards heaped up and forgotten in the secretary's basket. In dealing with the secretary he had simply exhibited bad manners, treating him as an underling, coming into his office with his hat on and totally neglecting those polite amenities that grace the commonest transactions in Latin-America—even a telephone talk. The secretary had, therefore, set him down for a boor and made it his business to keep him out of the chief's private office.

When it comes to the conventions and the formalities our Latin-American cousin is, if anything, a trifle more stiff than the British. Many an American has gone to his first South American dinner dressed in cool flannels, expecting to meet a lot of Indians, and found the company in evening clothes—starched shirt and all. This has happened often enough to give our Southern neighbors the impression that we are Indians.

The Latin-American is rather roundabout in business matters. Even when he comes to New York to buy goods he thoroughly dislikes being urged or subjected to sales tactics, but wants plenty of time to look around and make his own decisions. He demands that business be tempered with conversation and entertainment. Many a sale has been lost by the Yankee's well-meant effort to wind up the deal with a Latin-American customer, while just as many good sales have been made and a lasting business connection established by letting the customer have his head.

At home, the Latin-American cousin may insist upon entertaining the American business man at his residence a day or two before he even consents to discuss goods. That frequently happens when the American speaks the language of the country and is liked on his own account, or where the visitor is a Latin-American in the employ of a concern in the United States. After a day or two, if the merchant is not disposed to buy goods, he has a delicate way of getting rid of his visitor—he gives him a warm letter of introduction to a relative in some other town. Men familiar with this trade say it is not unusual to visit some merchants three and four years before any sales are made. When business does begin, however, it is enduring.

Latin-American hospitality is princely. When Secretary Root went through the Southern continent several years ago, families moved out of the finest residences in the places where he stopped and they were refurnished with new fittings specially ordered from Paris, so that the guest might have an appropriate place to stay for a few days.

Americans who hold the notion that the Latin-American cousin is a sort of Indian are always anxious to revise their views after some first-hand acquaintance with him, either in his own country or here. To think of him as a wasspy little revolutionist is altogether out of date and an impertinence.

He is decidedly keen and lively, for one thing. Living on an ample continent, sparsely populated, with plenty of natural wealth but not so many conveniences as are found in the older countries, he is thrown on his own resources. The Latin-American carpenter will take an American catalog and duplicate articles of furniture shown in its pages with hand tools and in native woods. When his interest in cabinetwork wanes a bit, perhaps he will turn blacksmith for a change and make tools. Later, he tries his hand at painting; and when he tires of that he may return to carpentering. Being far from factories and shops, the people have to make many of the things they need.

Latin-American youngsters coming to the United States to school may have had few educational advantages at home, but their natural brightness puts them at the heads of their classes in short order, it is said. The Latin-American woman may arrive in New York or Paris without ever having been out of a provincial community in her life; yet her natural intelligence and bearing are such that no hostess ever hesitates about presenting her in the most worldly company.

A man came up from Bogota to New York and was shown around by a New Yorker who is familiar with Latin-America and had been his guest at home. This was the first time in his life that the Bogotanian had ever been outside his native city. Colombia, with an area greater than all the states along our Atlantic seaboard, has less than five hundred miles of railway and its inland capital is several days' journey from the ocean. The ocean was at once a marvel and a terror to the man from Bogota, like most Latin-Americans—something to look forward to with apprehension and back upon with awe; but when he got to New York, and was taken around to see the sights, he seemed thoroughly at home. His host showed him subways, bridges, tunnels, trolleys, skyscrapers, stations and parks. The man from Bogota never lost his aplomb in the slightest degree.

"Do none of these things astonish you?" the New Yorker asked finally. "You have no trolley cars in Bogota."

"That is true," admitted the man from Bogota placidly. "But then, you see, the country there is not suited to them."

Americans dealing with Latin-Americans sometimes complain about the "*mañana* habit"—or tendency to put off action until tomorrow. This has been somewhat exaggerated, however. The Yankee who goes to those countries will probably try to do business in the middle of the day, as at home. The hot climate leads the Latin-American merchant to do much of his work early in the morning and during the cooler hours of the afternoon. At eleven in the morning he has a hearty "breakfast" and then a nap. He is so accustomed to this *siesta* that he will go to sleep talking to a visitor, in spite of himself. If the Yankee salesman drops in at that time of day, naturally he finds the Don a bit slow. In his regular business hours,

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John Chinaman as a Crop-Coaxer

By FORREST CRISSEY

A REPRESENTATIVE convention of California farmers and growers would resemble a family reunion of Tower of Babel survivors with respect to the confusion of tongues spoken. The agricultural population of the Golden State is a veritable olla podrida of Old World races, assembled from the four corners of the earth. An hour's trip in a touring car through many a farming section will flash before the eye of the Eastern visitor a panorama of field labor, set with Chinamen, Japs, Italians, Portuguese, Swiss, Hindus, Danes and Germans—with a possible sprinkling of Armenians, Frenchmen, Slavs, Koreans and Mexicans—all tilling the soil and most of them operating on their own account.

No other state possesses so polyglot a population engaged in actual production from the soil. On the lands of no other commonwealth are so many kinds, colors and races of farmers working out their peculiar traditions of soil cultivation, in crops of such marvelous diversity, as in the state toward which the old Argonauts set their determined faces in the days when gold—and not agriculture—was the lodestone that drew pioneers in prairie schooners across the "great American desert." The majority of these alien farmers are notably prosperous and successful. It is hard to find many real failures among them. There is no disputing the fact that many a Jap, Italian, Chinaman and Portuguese is making more net profit from a small holding of twenty to forty acres than the representative native American farmer of the free-handed Middle West type is making from his one hundred and sixty or his three hundred and twenty acres.

Consequently few questions of more practical moment to the whole body of American farmers can be proposed than this: "What have we to learn from the methods and results of these Old World farmers, who are today beating us at our own game of crop-raising on our own soil?"

To answer this requires not one article, but several. Each race must be separately considered, because each has its distinctive methods of coaxing crops from the soil almost as characteristic as its speech. Not only has each race brought to America its own traditions of intensive cultivation inherited from generations of hand-working ancestors, but each has brought a special knowledge of special crops. From no other alien worker in the soil can the native American farmer learn more than from the despised and "excluded" Chinese. And the lessons taught by the humble and heathen John are peculiarly modern and progressive, in that they apply as much to the business operation of the farm as to the art of securing a heavy yield from a small acreage.

Sorting and Cutting Asparagus to Length

Opportunity for the field coolie, the common Chinese laborer, to become an independent farmer and ultimately a capitalist is so integral a part of the Chinese company system that its operation is almost automatic. This system is a marvel of simplicity. It is at once the poor man's corporation and a close-communion cooperative organization of growers that coöperate.

Another notable feature of the company farming system, which the Chinese have brought to such a flower of perfection, is the accounting end of the business. Every Chinese "camp" shack, no matter how dilapidated it may look to the Caucasian visitor, has a set of farm books kept with an accuracy and a wealth of detail that would shame the records of three-fourths of the farms operated by native Americans. The brush pencil of the camp scribe is as busy a farm implement in the Chinese camp as the hoe or the cultivator. It misses nothing. As a result, the follower of Confucius always knows exactly where he "gets off" with his enterprise as a whole, or with any one of his individual crops. He may not tell, but he knows. It is down in the book in characters that look like decorations on a piece of oriental bric-à-brac.

Again, the China-boy has a market sense that is next to miraculous and is the marvel of buyers who handle thousands of tons of John's truck every year. It amounts to a sixth sense in the opinion of experienced market men. One other trait is conspicuous in the business methods of the Chinese farmers. They are quick to take a loss and to get something else going in the place of the crop that has encountered disaster in the market. Your farmer with the braided queue spends no time fussing with a sick market. He plows under the unprofitable crop at the moment of its unprofitableness and puts a paying product into the ground in its stead. More than this, he never fails to figure how long a certain vegetable will occupy the ground. Any one crop must yield a fancy return in order to claim the ground of a Chinese farmer for a period that would produce two crops of another kind.

Coming to the cultural side of John's farming, his distinctive characteristic is his wonderful ability as a hand-worker. He does things by hand, and his plants respond sensitively to this intimacy of treatment. He knows how to force or to retard his crops at will—and this is a knack that pulls in double harness with his amazing market sense. As one leading produce man puts it: "The Chinese have almost an uncanny foreknowledge of market movements; they seem to set their crops by an alarm clock that brings them into the market at the psychological moment—only they are able to change the crop clock to meet changing conditions. When you see a Chinaman out in the field putting high pressure on a stand of head lettuce you may know that it's going to ruin head lettuce in the big centers

of consumption. If he's applying the brakes to it then it's the one best bet that he is shrewdly calculating to get his crop into the market after the big rush instead of before it."

The average American farmer, living in the unorientalized interior, thinks of the Chinaman as only a half-human lay figure in a laundry. He can hardly imagine the slant-eyed John in country surroundings. Because of this inability to make the Chinaman fit into the rural landscape as he knows it, he is naturally bound to raise the question right at the start: "What has the Chinaman done to entitle him to rank as a farmer?" Perhaps the methods by which the Chinese grower gets his results will seem more vital and convincing if this demand for proof that he makes his farming pay is satisfied at the outset.

Here are a few haphazard examples of what Chinese farmers have done in the way of net results. Each Oriental named in this connection is a type of a class—not an isolated pigtailed prodigy whose success is the exception. Undoubtedly there are many men from the Flowery Kingdom who have failed with the hoe where they would have succeeded with the flatiron, but they are about as hard to find as Chinese beauties on the light opera stage.

About seven years ago a stoic-faced Chinaman of some fifty or sixty years of age drifted into the Chinese colony at Stockton, California, made his kotow to the head man of his own particular tong and intimated that he desired work as a fieldhand. He needed work too; for at the end of twenty years of patient labor up in the mining camps he had found himself three hundred dollars in debt at the store where the big games were always going. It had finally dawned upon him that twenty years of solid backache over the tailings of the mines ought to bring a better result than this, and that it might be well to exchange the fevered atmosphere of the mining camp for the torrid air of the vegetable fields of the delta district.

The Rise of a Potato King

HE found work—as a Chinaman almost always can—and there was no gambling game at the peat lands! Also he found that his trenchmates in the celery and asparagus and vegetable fields were eternally chattering of the time when they would be able to buy a share in a company and have enough to secure ease and plenty back in China. Being in a penitential mood, the Chinaman was susceptible to this atmosphere of ambition and began to put away his wages in the hands of the head man. True, his wages were small, but so were his living costs, and having decided to turn over a new leaf he made a thorough job of it and spent almost nothing.

When about two years had passed he had saved enough to buy one share in a thirty-share company operating about three hundred acres of land. It paid so well that he was able to buy two shares in another company, as a starter on his next year.

His profits that year were close to one hundred per cent, and at New Year's he found himself able to strike out, organize a company of his own, and rent the particular tract of land on which his dreams had long centered. His judgment of the soil was verified by the fact that a bumper crop was produced; but it was a year of monotonously low prices and the enterprise paid a dividend closely resembling that of a twenty-year Government bond. But, anyhow, it was better than the Pi Gou game. Besides, he had learned several things about the intensive truck game as played in California that he didn't know before. He felt that this was worth something.

Next year he had his own company again and rented a much larger tract—two hundred and twenty acres. From this he cleaned up four thousand dollars. The year following he moved his camp to the sand land and his profits were fully five thousand dollars. This brings his farming operations up to 1910, which was a large year in the history of the former Pi Gou player. His net profits for the twelve months were more than nineteen thousand dollars, and today he is on the road to the realization of that goal of coolie ambition expressed in the words "A Boss Chinaman." Another good year like the last and he will be able to go back to China and live a life that, for luxury, opulence and power would make a common American millionaire in New York look like small potatoes.

And speaking of potatoes—there is Sing Kee, the real potato king of the Stockton District. His bona-fide Chinese name is Chin Lung, but he is Sing Kee to his American friends. It is passing strange that the publicity men of the railroads and big land companies, who are so eager to prove that the city business farmer is a success when transplanted from the pavement to the soil, should have overlooked Sing Kee, of San Francisco Chinatown. This remarkable Mongolian first slapped his sandals on the pavements of San Francisco about thirty years ago. He slipped quietly into the ranks of the loose-frocked toilers and plodded along for several noiseless years. Then there was a store-opening in Chinatown in which Sing Kee was the central figure. He had saved until he was able to promote himself into the merchant class.

Chinese Washing Asparagus, Middle River, Near Stockton, California

Sing Kee drove a good trade among his countrymen and built up a respectable following among the Chinese farmers and gardeners that came into the San Francisco market with their truck. Having the same inquisitive tendencies as the great Li Hung Chang, he plied his farmer friends with questions and came to know almost as much about their business as he did about his own. One year trade in Chinatown was depressingly poor. His thoughts then recurred to the tales of farming profits that his customers had brought him, and he was not long in deciding that he could make more money on the soil than he could over the counter.

Consequently Sing Kee struck out for the soil and carried all his business instincts with him. He made his first big hit in 1889 on twelve hundred acres in potatoes. White men had repeatedly gone broke on this very tract of land, owing to their inability to cope with the overflow. But the clever Oriental watched the water with shrewd eyes, and at just the right moment after it had receded he put in his plows. The result was an average of one hundred and sixty sacks to the acre. At the outset of the harvest season that year the prevailing price of spuds was fifty cents. But his land rental was cheap—only seven dollars an acre—and so was his labor. Even at fifty cents there was a fair profit in the enterprise. But Sing Kee, the merchant, studied the market in his stoical way and looked far ahead. All of his experienced field neighbors were selling their whole crop at this price, but the buyers could get nothing more out of Sing Kee than a shake of the head. Prices went up to sixty-five cents and from that they eventually climbed to a dollar and sixty-five. Between these two points the slant-eyed oriental merchant-farmer unloaded his bumper crop and made a tremendous profit.

In spite of the fortune that he realized from his single crop of potatoes, Sing Kee is too shrewd a farmer to put all of his eggs into one basket, although he still makes spuds his main crop. An American who is his close business confidant makes this statement of Sing Kee's present farming operations: He has four thousand acres in potatoes; one hundred acres in onions; four hundred to six hundred acres in beans; five hundred and sixty acres in asparagus; and three hundred to four hundred acres in seeds. It will be hard to beat that combination.

No part of his farming operations indicates to the uninitiated the skill and daring of Sing Kee as a crop-maker so much as the simple fact that he has two hundred to four hundred acres devoted to the production of seeds. Seed-raising may be said to be the supreme test of farming skill. The seed for this part of his operations is sent to him by a seed house, the head of which makes this statement in comparing the average American farmer with the alien, and particularly with the Oriental:

"I should not think of letting a seed contract to many American farmers. Experience has taught me that failure would be the almost certain result. But the men who have been raised in the Old World traditions of intensive cultivation are able to qualify in this highest refinement of field husbandry. I wish that it were otherwise, but it isn't. The average American farmer has more to learn from the alien farmers of every race now represented on our own soil than he can possibly realize or appreciate. The first step toward assimilating the skill and the knowledge that these alien and intensive tillers of the soil have brought to his door is a realization of his lack of their marvelous mastery of plant life, their intimate and almost intuitive understanding of the secrets of plant production." But Sing Kee isn't afraid to put four hundred acres into the growing of seeds; and the seed house is not afraid to back this shrewd merchant-farmer in so extensive and difficult an undertaking.

If Jim Kai had been born in Kalamazoo, Michigan, instead of in Canton, China, the local paper of his town would, on a certain occasion, undoubtedly have carried a headline something like this:

"FROM COOLIE TO CAPITALIST IN SIX YEARS"

According to the traditions of the Los Angeles markets Jim Kai came to California in 1887. When he landed he had no money, but he knew enough of what some of his countrymen had accomplished in American truck gardens to have his mind already made up that he would lose no time in going on the soil. Consequently he at once sought and found employment in the vegetable fields. He toiled early and late; but as he worked he observed and reflected. There was not a kink or a quirk in the whole gardening game that got past Jim Kai without being flagged. He studied the soil carefully, he watched the weather and he observed every change in the plant life about him.

In a surprisingly short time this penniless Chinaman acquired a share interest in a Chinese gardening company. This put him on his feet and in a position to organize a company of his own. Sixty acres of the old Cudahy ranch at Florence were rented and put into cabbages, from which a large profit was made. Leaving his gardening interests in the hands of relatives, he paid a visit to China. But he soon returned and again began gardening operations, this time at Englewood. Here he put one hundred and twenty acres into fall potatoes, planting them in September and harvesting them in January. At two dollars a sack his crop brought him twelve thousand dollars. Remarking on this a California buyer of vegetables said:

"That means twenty-four thousand dollars in Chinese money; and over in China a man who is worth twenty-four thousand dollars is a millionaire. He has the same relative standing and power that a millionaire has here, and his income from his capital will buy him as elaborate a line of luxuries in China as the income of the average American millionaire will buy him in Los Angeles or New York."

The Return of Jim Kai, Millionaire

HAVING extracted a fortune from the trucking fields about Los Angeles that would make him a rich man for life in China, Jim Kai naturally decided that he would return to Canton, build himself a splendid home and otherwise expend his income in a manner calculated to make his most remote relative proud of him. He built the home as he had planned and made it a model of elegance. For a time he basked contentedly in the envy and admiration of his relatives and friends, but gradually a longing for the activities of the truck fields overcame him. He was hungry for the game in which his fortune had been made. One day this feeling was so strong that he made a hurried departure from Canton and took the first steamer on which he could secure passage for California. But when he landed inside the Golden Gate he found that he had acted too impulsively in his leavetaking, with the result that certain details of his papers were imperfect. Instead of celebrating his return with his friends and former associates in America, he was taken in hand by a United States marshal. At this writing the chances seem to be that Jim Kai is numbered among the excluded and that he will be obliged to go back to his sumptuous home in Canton to make the best

of it, all of which makes him the more eager to be playing the rôle of Boss Chinaman on a bigger acreage than ever before.

Yep Hong Lee—familiarly known in the delta district of Stockton as "Big Jim"—entered the list of company organizers in 1908. There were eleven members of his little organization, and at the close of that year they divided among themselves, according to their holdings, a very large net profit, after allowing each working member five hundred dollars for his labor. But Big Jim believes in expansion—particularly after a period of inactivity in China—and he has rented seventeen hundred acres, at twenty-six dollars an acre, and will next year operate on a scale suited to his stature. A very fair farm rental, that!

Ah Pock is a Chinese of no great stature, but he will undoubtedly sometime be a "big potato man." At present he is a good representative of a fairly numerous class of Chinese scattered over California, in that he has shortly emerged from the coolie ranks and has climbed to the middle rank of being a leading shareholder in a company organized by himself. There are fifteen partners in the company, and those owning only one share have received large dividends on last year's operations.

How the Dwarf Sweet Pea Was Developed

EXAMPLES of this kind might be greatly multiplied, as they are typical rather than phenomenal. But they are enough to indicate that John is a farmer whose results are not of the little-garden-patch caliber, and that he is a much more commanding figure on the soil than in the laundry.

In China farming is a manual operation. It has been such for hundreds and thousands of years. Farm machinery there is a modern innovation and horse power is a comparative novelty—as the big power tractor engine is today a novelty in the average American farming community. For all these centuries the human hand has come into close and constant contact with the plants of the garden and the field. The lessons of this intimate manual contact with plant life have been transmitted from generation to generation in a deposit of cumulative experience like the rich alluvial leavings of a great river. Again, the pressure of a dense population has been behind the tillage of the farmer and the gardener in the land of "the Chinese hordes." The lash of necessity, the gnawings of a multiplied hunger, have driven him to make every inch of ground give its utmost of production and to repeat the operation as often as possible. Waste is a word unknown to the ancestors of the Chinese who have pioneered the gardening and trucking industry in California.

That many a plant wizard is concealed under a braided queue and a loose blouse is suggested by the career of Henry Ohn, who has by common consent been given the title of "The Chinese Burbank."

In the early days of the seed-growing business in California the Exclusion Act was unthought of and Chinese labor was plentiful; in fact, the coolies were about the only fieldhands that the veteran seedmen could then obtain for their difficult and painstaking work. This was a kinder stroke of fortune than they probably then realized. But an appreciation of the skill, the deftness and the patience of the Chinese was soon forced upon them. They were not slow to promote the most efficient of the Celestial laborers to positions of responsibility. As business grew they made constant requisitions upon the old country for raw recruits. The men already employed were always eager to send for brothers or cousins. Among these importations, some twenty-two years ago, was a first cousin of the Chinese superintendent—a youth of about twenty-five, who had been commended to a certain seedman as being an "extra good China-boy." One look at the lad convinced the employer that his superintendent's recommendation had not been overdrawn, and the newcomer was soon given a position as sub-boss on the seed farm. One of the tasks that fell to his lot was that of making the selections for new varieties and improved types of vegetables and flowers. The farm had then been growing sweet peas for some five years and the head of the business had decided that it was about time to develop a new and improved variety of sweet pea by cross fertilization. Here was a task that stirred the blood of Henry Ohn! He seemed suddenly to awaken from his stoical acceptance of life as he found it and to feel the throbbings of ambition. From the moment that this problem was put up to him he almost literally lived with his breeding plants.

His eyes were as incessantly and as eagerly roving over the beds of sweet-pea blooms as if he were searching the faces of a crowded city street for a lost friend. And one day his sphinxlike countenance glowed with a new light. He had found the faces for which he had been searching. Deftly he withdrew from their rows a dwarfish plant with pure white blossoms and a plant of ordinary height bearing a delicate rose-pink bloom. These were isolated for breeding purposes, and the long process of cross fertilization and the fixing of a new variety was begun. From these materials, under his skillful manipulation, were produced about one hundred and fifty colors and tints in dwarf sweet peas. It is not too much to say that Henry Ohn, the "extra good China-boy," has had more to do with the development of the dwarf type of sweet pea than anybody else in the world—and this notwithstanding the fact that the English experts had been at work upon this problem for many years.

The skill of this Chinese manipulator of plant life has not, however, been confined to the production of new types of sweet peas, although it is claimed that he has produced more of these than any other man in the world. He has also developed a fine new onion and he has done much to improve the types of head lettuce. His mind is immensely practical, and his eyes are quick to see where old strains may be improved as well as to detect an opportunity for development of a new type of anything grown on the seed farm. He is a hand-worker and himself a type embodying the racial characteristics that belong to most of his countrymen who are plodding patiently between plant rows with their bare feet pressing into the mellow soil.

"It sounds a little harsh," declares a vegetable buyer who has long been associated with big produce houses on the Coast, "to say that the average truck farmer doesn't know anything about what he raises; but that is just about the way it looks to a man whose daily routine, year in and year out, has brought him into intimate contact with Chinese growers. The American studies books; the Chinaman studies his plants. Of course the ideal grower is one that does both of these things thoroughly and intelligently. But in a choice between the two I will take the one that studies his plants. And John Chinaman is that man every time! This matter of close, constant and almost microscopic observation of individual plants at every stage of their growth is a thing that cannot be drilled too hard into the American grower. He is acquainted with his field rather than his plants; he looks over his plants rather than at, under and through them. His characteristic attitude is that he hasn't time to fuss with separate plants. He looks upon the Chinaman as a slow, stoical heathen, who hasn't any hurry in him.

"Now John doesn't hurry in the mistaken sense of the term. He doesn't rush about and make a lot of false motions—he is too deft a hand-worker to do that. With John every motion counts for a hundred per cent. He can transplant a row of young plants from the seed-bed with just about half the number of motions that the so-called hustlers would make. Besides, John almost never has to do anything over again. He doesn't break or bruise the tender plants and he knows how to coddle them.

"All this deftness gives John plenty of time in which to use his eyes and his mind as he goes along—and he certainly carries a sharp pair of eyes in his head; they are about as good as a laboratory microscope! He may appear to be as stupid as a mammoth squash, but his mind is busy turning over every fact that his shrewd eyes report to him. The degree of acuteness to which the eye of a Chinese gardener becomes trained is almost beyond belief. I am continually surprised in this respect, and I have dealt with them so long that I can talk their lingo.

"One year the concern I am connected with decided that there was urgent need of a new variety of cauliflower—one that could be landed in the markets of the East considerably earlier than the kinds then grown. I found a seed importer who claimed he was able to furnish a strain that would mature from the seed in ninety to one hundred days and would be ready for market a fortnight earlier than the prevailing varieties. Eighty dollars a pound was the price he demanded for this seed, but I bought a pound and put some of it into the hands of an old Chinaman for testing out. A short time afterward, when I was passing his shack, I asked him if the cauliflower seed had sprouted.

"'Him up all right, but him no good,' was the answer. 'Come see!'

"I followed him to the seed-bed back of the shack. The tiny plants were thick in the bed and were an inch to an inch and a half high. It would have taken an uncommonly wise American farmer to have told what kind of plants they were.

"'Why,' I exclaimed, 'do you mean to tell me that you know from the looks of those measly little things that they are not going to mature and make heads?'

"His only answer was: 'I plant him—you see!'"

The Second Generation Makes Good

"HE DID plant them, and I was so interested that I kept close tab upon them. When they were two weeks old they looked like tiny buttons growing on tiny threadlike stems. But at sixty-five days of age I saw that the old Chinese fox was right, for those plants refused to start a head. I told him to dig them up and offered to pay him for the use of the ground they had occupied, but again he shook his head and would not take any money.

"'Maybe he make all right next time,' was the comment.

"Later I noticed that he left one long row standing and allowed the plants to go to seed, but I was disgusted with the experiment and paid no more attention to it. Months after it had been dismissed from my mind this Chinaman took me out to the field and showed me a patch of cauliflower that was wonderfully developed—away ahead of anything in the whole district.

"'Him come this time—make good!' was the Celestial gardener's remark, and he was right. The second generation of that eighty-dollar-a-pound seed performed strictly in accordance with the claims made for it. There was hardly a Chinaman in that whole region that was not instantly aware of the wonderful success of this seed, and they were all clamoring for it. The result was that the old Chinaman, who had a large quantity of seed left over from the row of plants that he had failed to destroy in accordance with instructions, sold it at thirty dollars a pound and made a big clean-up. That, however, was only a starter for him, for he allowed a large number of heading plants to run to seed, and it does not require much seed in quantity to count up into big money at thirty dollars a pound. Through his marvelous knowledge of the behavior of plants, this old Chinaman not only established this desirable variety of cauliflower throughout our entire vegetable district, but at the same time won a distinct advantage for the following season or two for our company."

While Loi Gwan is a big Boss Chinaman, a high man and a leading merchant in

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Chinese "Company" Farmhouses Near Los Angeles, California

Chinese Cutting Asparagus, Middle River, Near Stockton, California

Chinese Irrigating Potatoes Near Los Angeles, California

THE BARGAIN-COUNTER SALE

By ROBERT BARR

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND FREDERICK

A TRADING firm is rarely wrecked by lack of appreciation on the part of the public. Disaster comes from the inside and not from without. That terse old phrase, "Know thyself!" represents a valuable quality in a merchant if he can acquire the knowledge accurately; and perhaps equally important is the injunction: "Know thy partner!" If a man knows himself he must be aware of his defects as of his good qualities, and in selecting a partner he should choose a man who possesses those qualities in which he himself is lacking; and then their combined persistence makes success almost certain.

The company of Reid & Quintock contained but two stockholders, John Reid and George Robertson Quintock, and was admirably equipped for the march to great prosperity. John Reid, the senior partner, was a cautious, thoughtful, silent man; a master of detail, dogged and persistent in carrying through any plan to its logical conclusion. The ready-made clothing business in which the company was engaged had been established by Reid's father and inherited by his son, who faithfully followed the methods by which his father had become moderately well off. Times changed, however, and Reid did not. Competition in New York became more and more fierce, and at last it was evident to the slow-minded Reid that something must be done. He then deliberately chose a partner—a man considerably younger than himself, with habits of mind as different as possible from his own.

Quintock had been a successful salesman on a good salary with a competing firm in the same line of business. He was alert and persuasive, an admirable writer of advertisements that, like a well-known patent medicine, touched the spot. Almost immediately the affairs of the company began to look up. Quintock's line of talk usually convinced any man he endeavored to influence—a most valuable talent where the bank balance is not large and where a line of credit is necessary.

At first he had charge of the selling, and later the whole financial arrangements fell naturally into his capable hands—but so exuberant was his imagination, so far-reaching and speculative were his schemes, there is little doubt he might have bankrupted the firm had it not been for the conservatism of his partner; yet, with equal certainty, by a slower method that partner would have allowed the firm to die of dry rot through lack of enterprise. Together, the two were like the dull blade and the sharp blade of a jackplane, whose perfect working depended on their combination.

Quintock, however, thought his partner a dead weight whom he had to drag along; and Reid considered his partner a reckless man who, if not restrained, might involve them in mutual disaster. Quintock quite honestly believed that he should be the leading partner, especially after one of his pet schemes had been turned down by the caution of Reid, and he endeavored in one way or another to acquire more and more power—sometimes partially succeeding, oftener failing. Here surely was a case where an impartial mediator would have been useful in acting the part of the steel screw that binds dull blade and sharp blade together in the jackplane. There is a firm in New York, with a branch establishment in London, that has grown even more important in the old country than in the new, where this problem was solved by the partners never speaking to one another; and the business has increased in these last twenty years of silence beyond all belief.

The goddess in the machine of Reid & Quintock was the wife of the senior partner. Naturally she sympathized with her silent husband, who quarreled with nobody. She thought on several occasions that her husband, holding the majority of stock, should have put G. R. Q. in his place; but she said nothing, and interfered actively only when she found her husband weakening and beginning to think that, for the sake of peace, he should part with some of his stock and give the truculent man at least an equal share with himself. This she vetoed without argument, merely saying that if her husband relinquished control to pacify Get-Rich-Quick, as she called Quintock, she would resign; whereupon her taciturn partner always yielded to her wishes, knowing well her value—for in his absence and even during his presence she ran the factory with discipline and economy, though she held no stock and received no salary. She studied G. R. Q. constantly and intently, and jumped to the feminine conclusion of underestimating his good points and probably endowing him with motives that had never occurred to him.

Mrs. Reid believed that Quintock was unscrupulous—and possibly dishonest. He was a bachelor who fared sumptuously every day and was in constant need of money. Mrs. Reid ruled her household as she did the factory, with a complete elimination of extravagance. Every disagreement he had with her husband increased her animosity against G. R. Q.; but, like her husband, she said nothing.

Quick at the uptake though Quintock undoubtedly was it was a long time before he understood that the real obstacle to his acquiring more stock was not the glum Reid, but the almost equally silent Mrs. Reid; and when that knowledge was borne in upon him he changed his tactics completely. No longer did he indulge in eager argument with the senior partner. He became as genial as if Reid were a prospective customer to whom he wished to sell ready-made clothes. He was most ingratiating to Mrs. Reid whenever he met her, and fell into the habit of dropping into the factory every now and then to consult her about this or that. He proposed that she should be present during their conferences and that she, as well as her husband, should listen to his schemes for the advancement of the firm.

He laid before them several plans and did not, as usual, press for an immediate decision, but gave husband and wife an opportunity for talking them over together; and, though his plans were all rejected, he seemed to take his discomfiture with the greatest good humor, and sometimes said that, on thinking the matter over more carefully, he had come to agree with their decision.

At last Quintock called a conference and in his note to the senior partner made a special request that Mrs. Reid should be present. Never had he been so polite and ingratiating. To outward appearance he was the most satisfied man in the world, yet in reality he had come to the end of his tether and had resolved to break finally with the combination. He had grasped the fact that if it were not for the woman he could, by exercising patience, have dealt with her husband; but now he comprehended the hopelessness of the odds against him.

"I confess," he began, "that I have been disappointed of late because none of my schemes has commended itself to you; but, on thinking it over, I saw that in most cases your decision was right and in the others at least safe. This naturally caused me to reflect, and I saw that I was not giving enough thought to the plans I proposed, especially with regard to details, of which you, Reid, are a master. So I determined that the next plan I submitted should be as perfect as I could make it. We are working along in a circumscribed area and, considering the competition, doing as well as we have a right to expect. We give good value for the money we receive, and we please a certain limited section of critical and sophisticated customers. Now, has it ever occurred to you that it is easier to satisfy a man in Kalamazoo than a metropolitan citizen? The case is on all fours with that of a woman who will dote upon a frock that comes from Paris, though she would turn up her nose at the same thing when issued from even a Fifth Avenue firm. A man out West who can say 'I have my clothes made in New York' thinks he has the pull over a citizen who depends on the local output. I propose, then, that we begin to cater for all America."

She Had Insisted on Seeing All the Letters Sent Out and the Answers That Come In

"How are we to afford travelers over such an area?" objected Reid.

"I should have no travelers. The advertising columns of the best papers and magazines cost us no more than anybody else pays. The return is immediate."

"A number of firms are already doing that," said Reid; "but advertising is expensive, and I'm not at all sure they're making money by it."

"Well, you may depend upon it they are, otherwise they wouldn't keep on, for, as you pointed out quite rightly, advertising costs. Those announcements you see in the papers and magazines week after week and month after month are not of the firms that fail. It's the hole-and-corner concerns that are going under—increasingly so day by day."

"But the money," protested Reid again—"we have not the capital."

"I can arrange that," said Quintock with confidence, "if I get your consent to the general project."

"How can I give my consent to a project I don't understand? All that seems certain so far is that we become responsible for the payment of a large and unknown sum of money."

"Well, I shall speedily explain the project so that you may understand it, and before I finish the sum of money we shall be responsible for will no longer be unknown. I propose that we purchase in large quantities and deal directly with the manufacturers, getting rock-bottom prices. I can make excellent terms for cloth, of which to construct spring and summer suits, from the manufacturing firm of Higgins, Jones & Company. Perhaps you know that in my younger days I traveled all over America selling their goods direct to the tailors of our principal towns; so I know all about the cost of manufacture and thus can secure bargains in material such as probably no other man in America could accomplish. We will have the cloth delivered to the people who do our wholesale cutting—you know them better than I do and could attend to that part of the business—and have stamped out the stuff for making a hundred thousand suits of clothes."

"A hundred thousand!" ejaculated Reid in dismay.

Quintock went on, not noticing the interruption, at a white heat of enthusiasm over his plan.

"As I said a moment ago, I have traveled for the cloth-makers and thus I am personally acquainted with the chief tailors all over the United States. Of course there will have been changes since I left the road; nevertheless I can get enough men to serve our purpose. In every place of over five thousand inhabitants I shall have one or more agents, every one a practical tailor. The fierce New York competition of which you spoke the other day is hurting others even more than it is us; so I shall have no difficulty in getting as many agents as I want."

"But how will you pay them?" demanded Reid.

"I Propose in the First Place to Tear Up This Sheet That Bears My Husband's Signature"

"I shall not pay them at all. The orders they send in to us will pay them. The vital point in my scheme, which I shall make much of in the advertisements, is the fact that our local agent will do the measuring of the customer and that we will guarantee the suit to fit. All self-measurement is eliminated, and if by any chance the clothes forwarded are not satisfactory our local agent will make whatever changes are necessary. I, on my part, if allowed to advertise as I like, will guarantee the sale of the hundred thousand suits at which you gasped when I mentioned the figures. You'll find yourself busy in the factory, putting in new machinery and engaging many more workmen than you ever gave employment to before. The material, the manufacture, the cost of commission and all outgoings will average fifteen dollars a suit, and we will sell a New-York-manufactured article, made to measure by the most artistic workmen, for twenty dollars. Now do you understand my plan?"

Reid pondered for a few minutes, then slowly shook his head.

"I'd agree to try it first on a small scale, and if that were successful we could gradually build up on those lines."

"My dear Reid," said Quintock earnestly, "it cannot be done on a small scale. My local measurement plan is original and will be copied by other firms as soon as it is announced; but, in spite of piracy, we'll be one clear season ahead, and then if we don't keep ahead it will be our own fault. If you advertise timorously you will not sell a thousand suits extra. I have outlined a campaign that will add half a million dollars to our bank account."

"It is speculation," insisted Reid, "and if I want to indulge in that I can go down to Wall Street. Any flaw in your plan ——"

"There is no flaw in it," interrupted Quintock.

"I am sure you think there isn't, but one never knows what adverse circumstances we may meet. If anything goes wrong we are ruined and in the bankruptcy court; whereas, by going cautiously, we may in time score a success."

Quintock leaned back in his chair, relaxing his tense attitude. He drew a deep sigh. During all this time Mrs. Reid had not spoken, but had watched the enthusiastic talker very narrowly since the beginning.

"Is that your last word, Reid?" asked Quintock in a tired voice.

"Yes, it is."

Quintock rose to depart.

"Wait one moment," said Mrs. Reid. The discouraged man sat down again. "You said you had this all worked out. Do you mean that you have committed it to paper?"

"Yes, madam."

"Are your advertisements written?"

"Yes, madam."

"Are your plans set out in such detail that a person like myself could understand them?"

"I think so, Mrs. Reid."

"Very good. We will not take what my husband has said as the last word. If you will give to me all your calculations, copies of your advertisements and the names and prices of those periodicals in which you intend to advertise, I will study this data for a day or two; and perhaps, if there is anything I do not quite comprehend, you would not mind enlightening me?"

"Not in the least, Mrs. Reid."

"Very well; after I have thoroughly mastered the proposal in all its details I shall consult with my husband and let you know the result. I confess to you that I am rather taken with this scheme and, though the risk is undoubtedly great, it seems to me founded on correct business principles."

A week later Quintock was amazed and delighted to learn that his plan had been accepted by the Reids without even a suggested amendment, and all that remained now was to discuss whether or not he would be successful in securing the backing of his bank for a period not exceeding six months.

When Reid gave way at his wife's insistence he made no pretense of having changed his mind on the merits of the scheme. However, as was his nature, he coöperated with his partner as cheerfully and completely as if he had been equally enthusiastic regarding an ultimate reward. It was a constant wonder to G. R. Q. that his banker appeared to attach greater importance to the taciturn Reid than to the convincing Quintock. Reid's very manner and quiet demeanor seemed to make an impression on the man who handled the money; to germinate a sort of subtle confidence, which the cleverer partner found it quite impossible to produce.

Quintock unfolded to the banker his proposition with great frankness and was very shrewdly cross-questioned about details by the financier, who then turned sharply on John Reid and said:

"Have you equal confidence in the success of this new line of business?"

"Frankly, I have not," said the elder partner. "There is too much speculation in it to suit my taste."

Quintock threw a brief, black look at him and compressed his lips. The banker's imperturbable face showed no emotion whatever.

"Then why," he demanded, "do you come here, asking the bank to risk money where you would not risk it yourself?"

"I might risk the money myself if I possessed it," said John Reid deliberately. "The reason I am here is that my wife believes in the business outlined. I am not a good business man, but she is a good business woman. She listened to all you have already heard from Mr. Quintock and then got from him the details as he had written them out. She studied these for several days and finally strongly advised me to withdraw my objection."

"Well, gentlemen," said the banker, "this is rather too important a matter for me to settle alone. There is a directors' meeting on Thursday and I shall place the proposal fully before them; and after I receive their decision I shall at once let you know the result. Good morning, gentlemen."

"We Will Not Take What My Husband Has Said as the Last Word"

The fact that this result proved favorable to the firm of Reid & Quintock was due much more to the record for honest dealing enjoyed, first by Reid's father and secondly by himself, than to the cleverness of Quintock, if the latter had only known it.

Though Reid had been antagonistic to the plan, he now buckled in with all his stolid perseverance and attention to detail, determined that if the scheme failed it should not be through his neglect. The factory was practically reorganized and new machinery installed, driven by electricity. In all this he was ably seconded by his wife, while Quintock worked like a Trojan with half a dozen typewriter girls, arranging terms with agents north and south, from the Gulf to the Great Lakes, and west far beyond the Mississippi. If he was disturbed by the close watch Mrs. Reid kept upon him he showed no trace of annoyance. She had insisted on seeing all the letters sent out and the answers that came in, constituting herself the chief of his secretaries, and filing away copies of communications and the replies. She had suggested that he should sign these documents in the name of the firm, but he pointed out that all the applications he made were to men of his own personal acquaintance, that the name of the firm was printed in full at the head of each sheet, and that he was endeavoring to urge a proposal which, though primarily one of business, yet also possessed the advantage of being of a friendly nature; so she did not insist on her point.

Indeed, Quintock was so deferential and yielding, so polite to the woman, that he found little difficulty in getting his own way; yet more and more he realized under what sort of a tyranny he was compelled to carry on his work, and more and more resolved to acquire control. He knew that the woman did not trust him—probably never would trust him; and, though he was well supplied with the suavity of a salesman, the present conditions were irksome.

Thus the work went on until within a week of the time the first advertisements were to appear. Everything was ready to fill the demand—if the demand came. If it did not come that, of course, meant ruin for the clothing firm of Reid & Quintock.

The blow fell, as the novelist says, like a bolt from the blue, and not at all in the manner John Reid had expected, even in his most gloomy forebodings. The peculiar weakness of Quintock's genius was that, once he had convinced others of the feasibility of a plan, he himself began to doubt. It seemed as if all the persuasive power he had been compelled to use exhausted his stock of confidence; and, as the supreme moment approached, Quintock's faith vanished completely.

Between the closing time of a bank in New York and the opening hour of a bank in Montreal there is but an easy journey in a sleeping car. One morning the senior partner received a letter postmarked Montreal and decorated with a Canadian postage stamp.

"*My dear John,*" it began. "The weather being extremely warm for this early springtime season, and as our strenuous campaign on which so much depends begins within a few days, I thought I should be better for a week's rest in the bracing climate of this northern city. I am stopping, as you see by this letter-head, at the Windsor. I should like to enjoy a talk with you regarding our future arrangements and should be very glad if you would visit me here with the least possible delay. Time is short and our conference need not be long, and on its outcome will depend whether I shall return with you to New York or set up in business for myself here in Canada, which seems a much more enterprising, go-ahead country than I anticipated before I saw it.

"Yours faithfully,
"G. R. Q."

When John Reid read this letter he collapsed at his desk and his head slowly sank upon outstretched arms. He remained thus for a few minutes, trying to think and not succeeding. Curiously enough, though he knew his wife was primarily responsible for the position of things that made Quintock able to draw the firm's money, he was afraid to face her, for he had never told her he had signed away to Quintock the unquestioned right to draw money from the bank. He pulled himself together at last and looked at his watch. The bank would not be open for half an hour. He gave a few instructions to those at work in his factory and thanked Heaven that his wife had not come with him that morning.

He entered the bank shortly after it was opened and found the manager at his desk.

"Has my partner, Mr. Quintock, drawn any money from our account during the last few days?"

"He has drawn it all," said the banker curtly. "Is there anything wrong?"

"I have just received this letter from him," said Reid, placing the communication before the banker. "What do you make of it?"

The man of money read it slowly, then pondered for a few moments.

"There seems to me only one thing to make of it. Your partner has taken fifty thousand dollars that belongs to the firm and has gone to a spot where you cannot touch him."

"Isn't there a law that can bring back a thief from Canada?"

"The extradition enactments between us and the Dominion are in a somewhat unsatisfactory condition.

You can proceed against a man who takes stolen property into Canada, but you have no right to say that the fifty thousand dollars is stolen."

"I understood that was what you thought."

"Oh, I think it, but I wouldn't have the courage to say it; neither would I venture to call Mr. Quintock a thief in the presence of witnesses. The money belonged to you and to him in differing proportions, and you signed away your rights in the matter, giving him full power to draw. Therefore, so far as I can see, he has not attempted to exceed his legal authority. It was not the bank who trusted him; it was you."

"Then he did not get the remaining fifty thousand?"

"He tried to; but to that, of course, I could not consent. It was the understanding, you remember, that the other fifty thousand might not be required; and, at any rate, it was not to be put to your credit until three months after the first fifty thousand dollars had been exhausted."

"What do you advise me to do?"

"Are you able personally to pay in fifty thousand to take the place of the amount that has been withdrawn?"

"No; I am not."

"Very well; then I advise you to sign a document I shall prepare, releasing the bank from its obligation to pay the second fifty thousand dollars. If we are to lose money by the default of your firm we wish to lose as little as possible. Will you sign such a document as that voluntarily?"

The banker drew a form from a pigeonhole, filled it in rapidly, rang for a witness and John Reid signed it without even reading what the banker had written—at which an expression almost of contempt came over the banker's face; and yet it was mitigated by pity.

"Now," said the banker, "I'll give you my advice. Take tonight's train to Montreal. During the journey clear from your mind all thought that this is stolen money and all belief that Mr. Quintock is a criminal, either in Canada or the United States. He seems to be a very clever man, and I think he wishes to effect a compromise. He will have some proposal to offer and he has struck while the iron is hot. You have very little time in which to make up your mind. He has got you, as it were, in a cleft stick. I don't know what he wants, but you'll find that out before you are in Montreal very long. Though I tell you he is no criminal, I surmise that Quintock has not been able to risk the taking of legal advice, and at the present moment he is wondering whether his precipitate dash for Canada has been a wise move or not. This will tell in your favor. I should almost advise taking a shrewd legal man with you; for with regard to this letter, I should not look upon everything as lost. Still, a third person might make Quintock more cautious in what he said—would undoubtedly do so. If, however, he has an adviser at his elbow I should, if I were you, insist that he withdraw; and if this is refused I should telegraph for my own legal adviser, here in New York. If you have no one in mind whom you can trust implicitly telegraph to me, and I'll send you one of my men. Meantime I should say nothing to anybody about this bolting of Quintock."

"I must tell my wife," said Reid with a shuddering sigh.

"Oh, your wife! Yes; that's all right. You said your wife favored Quintock?"

"No; she always distrusted him, but she persuaded me to adopt his latest plan."

"Very well; tell her about it—but I should rather mistrust a woman's judgment in the matter. You have ample time to think it over from now until the night train leaves for Montreal, but I regard it as emphatically a case for compromise."

"Doesn't the bank intend to do anything to recover the money?"

"Why, no! The bank can do nothing. The bank has obeyed your order and honored the draft of your partner. The money belongs to you two; and the bank has not a leg to stand on if it attempted to take legal proceedings."

"I see. Well, sir, I am very much obliged to you for what you have told me. Good morning."

"Good morning, and good luck to you."

John Reid walked slowly to the flat that he and his wife occupied, pondering deeply all the way. Slow as was his mind in grasping the potentialities of the situation, he nevertheless saw with great clarity exactly what his partner was likely to do. With money that belonged not to himself, but to the firm, he intended to acquire a majority of stock and thus manage the clothing company to his own liking. John Reid, acutely recognizing his own helplessness, determined to follow the advice of the banker and compromise, even if by doing so he were compelled to part with most of his holdings. Indeed, had it been proposed to him that he should become merely an employee in the firm his father had bequeathed to him, he would have accepted the humiliation rather than that the bank or any other creditor should lose a penny through his default. If he lacked business acumen he did not lack honesty.

He meant to break the disastrous news as diplomatically as possible to his wife, and in their discussion of the crisis he resolved that no word of blame for her part in the affair should escape his lips. When he read the letter to her, and then allowed her to read it over for herself, she made no comment. He related to her the gist of his conversation with the banker, adding that he was going to follow the advice given and leave that night for Montreal. When Mrs. Reid spoke, at last, what she said was not on the subject of Quintock's chicanery.

"You say you signed this document the banker presented to you. Why did you do that?"

"Because he asked me to. I would do anything to make amends to the bank. Do you think I should not have signed?"

"I think that, as the signing of the document Quintock presented led to a result so unexpected by you, you should not have placed your signature to the next instrument offered without at least consulting me. However, we will say nothing more about that. Your business manager has

He Was Most Ingratiating to Mrs. Reid, and Fell Into the Habit of Dropping In to Consult Her

deserted you at a very critical time. I want you now to accept me as your business partner in his place. Will you do so?"

"Willingly, my dear."

"Very well. Then, in spite of what I have said about reckless signing, just sit down at your desk and write me a letter of introduction to your banker, stating that I am empowered to look after the financial affairs of the firm in lieu of Mr. Quintock."

The husband obediently did as he was told; but, before handing the missive over to his wife, he warned her:

"The banker can say to you only what he has already said to me."

"We will see about that," said the lady firmly. "I disagree with everything he has said to you. His advice is the worst you could have received. He gave no thought to your ruin, which is perfectly right and proper—his duty being to the bank. You should have been equally shrewd and looked after your own position as keenly as he looked after his."

She held out her hand for the letter he had written and he meekly gave it to her.

"Then am I not to go to Montreal tonight?"

"Certainly not. You will get back to the factory and prepare to begin executing the orders a week sooner than you expected. Banish from your mind all thought of Get-Rich-Quintock."

As she spoke she took the receiver of the telephone from its hook and in a quiet voice gave a number to the central office.

"Is that the Leonard & Jones Advertising Company?"

"Yes."

"Is Mr. Leonard there?"

"He is in his room. What name, please?"

"Reid & Quintock."

"Oh, yes. I'll put you through to him."

"Is that Mr. Leonard?"

"Yes."

"The proofs of those illustrated advertisements you sent in to us are all right and require no correction. Please begin their insertion tomorrow. A written order to that effect will be sent you by special messenger within an hour. The present unexpected spell of warm weather is likely to continue, the weather bureau says; so we must rush this business."

"Very good," Leonard replied as she hung up the receiver.

For the first time that morning John Reid smiled.

"Well, I agree with that, business manager," he said.

"Yes," she replied dryly; "but I doubt whether you will agree with my next message. You may sit there, however, and listen to it; and then you must get back to the factory as quickly as possible and receive a caller or two."

She gave another number to Central and, when she received an answer, asked:

"Is that the office of the Associated Press?"

"Yes."

"Will you send to the 'phone the manager or some one in authority?"

"Who shall I say is speaking?"

"Oh, he wouldn't know if you told him; still, it is the Reid & Quintock Company, Clothiers."

"Hello!" came a curt voice. "What do you wish with the Associated Press?"

"To give you an interesting and exclusive item of news, which you can corroborate by applying to Mr. Reid, the senior partner, at 59 Blank Street."

"What are you doing?" gasped Mr. Reid, springing to his feet.

"All right. What's the item?" asked the voice on the 'phone.

"George Robertson Quintock—Q-u-i-n-t-o-c-k—have you got that?"

"Yes."

"——junior partner of Reid & Quintock, has withdrawn from the West National Bank the sum of fifty thousand dollars, belonging to the firm, and arrived yesterday in Montreal."

"Thank you very much," said the voice at the 'phone—all its curtness departed. "I shall myself go up and see Mr. Reid at once; and perhaps it would be as well if I saw the manager of the bank also."

"I doubt if he will talk," answered Mrs. Reid.

"Oh, he'll talk when he knows I have the facts!"

"I suppose," gasped John Reid, "that the next message will be to police headquarters! I tell you we have not a leg to stand on if we attempt criminal proceedings."

"I should be more sure of that," said Mrs. Reid calmly, "if the opinion were corroborated by a good criminal lawyer. However, I shall not telephone to headquarters. Your banker will do that after I have seen him. Now get to the factory as soon as you can and receive the Associated Press man when he sends in his card. Don't say too much and make no surmises, but tell him the facts as you know them."

"But the bank will be down on us at once, and this publicity will kill our credit instantly!"

"My dear John, there isn't a creditor we ever had believes you held fifty thousand dollars; and the fact that, though so much has been made away with, there is yet fifty thousand in the bank will enhance your credit. The bank will find it has something better to do than come down on you. You might just say, before you talk with the Associated Press man, that he must promise not to mention you as the authority. Ask him how he found out about this embezzling partner. He won't be foolish enough to tell you he doesn't know or that it was merely a telephone message, which you can assure him did not come from your office. Besides, I shall have seen and made arrangements with the banker before the newspaper man gets there."

"But, my dear, you are entirely wrong in saying that our creditors will know there is a second fifty thousand dollars at the banker's. I told you I had signed that away this morning."

"I know; but you might have remembered that such a release would be useless without Quintock's signature as well as your own, when he has equal power with yourself

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THE FORTUNES OF THE SUN

An Experiment In Printing All the News

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

IT WAS while the Greater St. James Committee was busily engaged in a campaign for "A Bigger, Broader, Better St. James"—a campaign, by-the-way, that the other papers eventually had to take cognizance of, because their readers became interested in it—that I had my most serious conflict with the big advertisers. One Sunday afternoon, about the middle of the summer, I again took a trip to Riverside Park. This time there were no drunkards on the car coming home, but I was impressed by another condition. Going down, the conductor collected one fare for the ride from the city to South St. James and another for the ride from South St. James to the park. Coming back he collected but one fare. I had known for some time that the street-railway company charged ten cents to go to the park and five cents to come back, but the absurdity of the arrangement had never before struck me. The next day I got out the reports of the company and studied them carefully. It was in a highly prosperous condition. It paid taxes on a ridiculously low assessment. It kept up the pavement between its tracks, but it paid nothing whatever for the use of the streets—no franchise tax, no car tax, no license of any character. It had been granted an exclusive, perpetual franchise free of cost, and it was making big returns on a vast amount of excess capital. Therefore I began a campaign for five-cent fares to Riverside Park.

The Monkey, the Cat and the Chestnuts

I HAD been publishing editorials every day for a week, explaining the capitalization, assessment, taxes and earnings of the railway company, when I was waited upon by a committee from the Retail Merchants' Association. My old friend, Harry Street, was chairman of the delegation, and his Honor, the mayor, was one of the party.

"We want to know what's the matter with you fellows up here anyway," said the mayor, by way of introduction.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Why are you always raising sand with something or somebody?"

"Though I don't accept that as a definition of what we are doing," I replied, "if you want to call it that I don't mind saying it's because we think something and somebody needs it."

"Well, we came up to tell you it's got to stop."

"That sounds interesting," I said. "Have seats, gentlemen; let's talk it over."

"We're a Different Town Now. We've Turned Over a New Leaf"

I managed to find chairs for most of them and the rest sat on my reporters' desks.

"Now," I said, "what have you on your minds?"

"It's like this," said Mayor Schneider, hitching his chair forward and taking command of the affirmative side of the debate. "We represent the Retail Merchants' Association, which is composed of the fifty leading retail establishments in town. We've been watching The Sun ever since you've been here and we don't like the kind of newspaper you're running. St. James hasn't ever had that kind of a newspaper ——"

"That's one thing that's the matter with St. James," I put in.

"——and St. James ain't going to stand for it now." He ignored my truism. "Things have always run along smooth and quiet here, in business and in politics. The people have never bothered much about commercial and political affairs, but have sort of let the better classes look after their interests. They were never dissatisfied till you fellows came along with The Sun and started finding fault with everything. Now you've got the people all stirred up until they begin to think they ought to have a hand in running the town. Take this initiative, referendum and recall you're advocating. If you ever let the people loose with any such thing they'd take the city and go straight to the dogs with it."

"Maybe they would," I again interpolated, "but they'd have a return ticket."

"No, they wouldn't. You can't trust the people with settling business and government questions; they ain't intelligent enough."

"You didn't say anything like that in your campaign speeches."

"Of course I didn't. You have to jolly 'em in politics, but at the same time the better element has to do the real work."

"Surely you gentlemen didn't come up here to discuss political economy, did you?" I asked.

"No, we didn't," said Schneider. "We came up here to serve notice on you that you've got to let up on this talk about five-cent fares to the park."

"So the rest of you gentlemen, as well as Mr. Street here, have some of that million dollars of common stock, have you?" I demanded.

"Some of them have," replied Street, "but that hasn't anything to do with what we came to see you about. You know the street-car company has agreed to build an interurban line to Mitchellville. Well, Van Dyke says they won't do it if they are forced to make a five-cent fare to the park. We want that line, because it means thousands of dollars a year to us from the people between here and Mitchellville."

"Will you please tell me," I asked, "what earthly or unearthly connection there is between a five-cent fare to the park and an interurban line to Mitchellville, which is in exactly the opposite direction?"

"Van Dyke says that if the legislature passes a bill regulating the fare to the park it will establish a precedent of state regulation of rates on interurban lines, and that if that's done the company won't be able to raise capital to build the Mitchellville line."

"Van Dyke told you that, did he?"

"Yes, and it's true too. Capital won't be harassed. It's timid."

"And Van Dyke ordered you to come up here and call The Sun off its fight for five-cent fares?"

"No, he didn't order us; he couldn't order us to do anything; but Mr. Van Dyke is interested in the prosperity of St. James and he asked our cooperation to get The Sun to quit this senseless agitation about park fares. It's worth fifteen cents to go to the park and back on a Sunday afternoon, and nobody would kick about it if you didn't encourage them. Nobody ever kicked before you started all this row."

"Doesn't it strike you gentlemen as peculiar that Van Dyke should get you to do this for him?" I asked.

Austin and I Debated That Letter From Three o'Clock in the Afternoon Until Nearly Seven in the Evening

"Why didn't he come up here himself and put the case squarely to me? If his argument is as legitimate as you gentlemen seem to think, why didn't he present it personally?"

"Why," explained Street in surprise, "he knew we were advertisers and would have more influence."

"In other words, Van Dyke comes and gives you a cock-and-bull story about the interurban to Mitchellville, and then proposes that you attack us in the pocketbook for the purpose of forcing us to let him continue to extort excessive profits from the working people of St. James; and you fall for it. That's the situation, as clear as if Van Dyke himself told it."

"That's just your sensational way of looking at it—impugning men's motives, as The Sun always does. I tell you Van Dyke is a fine man. He was raised here and we've all known him since he was a boy. He wants to see St. James grow, just as we do, and we agree with him in everything. He's one of us, and we're all working together. I don't know what it is you fellows want, but it must be something awful big, the way you're raising Cain. What are you after?"

"Readers."

"Humph! it's a fine way to get 'em to attack honest men."

"Now look here, gentlemen," I said, "you are all wrong about us, just as we are all right about you—only we know it and you don't. Some day you'll thank me and The St. James Sun for 'raising Cain.' Van Dyke is merely using you, playing the old, old game of drawing chestnuts by the aid of a pussy-cat, with you for the pussy. The interurban will be built to Mitchellville when the street-car company is convinced that the business in that territory demands it, and not one minute before. All the legislating you can do from now till doomsday couldn't stop it if the company thought it was a good proposition. Capital is not timid, as Mr. Street says. Capital is bold. It is the boldest thing in the world, next to man. Capital will climb mountains, ford torrents, dig tunnels, swim floods and split icebergs, if there's a reasonable chance of profit beyond. You might go to the Capitol tomorrow and have a law passed making it a penitentiary offense for the street-railway company to run a survey to Mitchellville; but if the company believed there was money to be made by building the line the survey would be run. That's how timid capital is."

The Blundering Boycott

"VAN DYKE has twisted you round his fingers and is laughing at your stupidity this very minute. The farther you go for him the harder he will chuckle. I know, because I have seen a lot of men like Van Dyke. They're clever and they're nice and amiable and they're patriotic, but they're always looking out for themselves and their corporations, and using men of less intelligence, like yourselves, to accomplish their desires.

"I want to tell you another thing: The advertising you are doing with us now or the advertising you might do if we quit this fight can't shut our mouth. We are trying to help the people of St. James—just the plain, ordinary people who work for wages—to get a fair, decent rate to the only place they can go for recreation, and we're going to keep right on. That's final."

"All right," said Street, as the committee rose, "you'll hear from us, and hear from us aplenty. We've stood as much as we're going to."

"No, you haven't," I retorted. "You're going to stand a lot more. We've only started."

"Well, you're near your finish, even if you don't know it."

Three days later I received a very dignified, very formidable document on the stationery of the Retail Merchants' Association. It was signed by the president, who informed us that he had been instructed by the board of directors of the Retail Merchants' Association to notify us that in future the members of the association would withhold patronage from any St. James newspaper or newspapers that attacked the street-railway company for not making a five-cent fare to Riverside Park.

Austin and I debated that letter from three o'clock in the afternoon until nearly seven in the evening. It didn't require all this time for us to discover that the men responsible for the letter had made a stupendous blunder, which would react on them if we took it up; but it did require time to decide just what to do. Here was a serious situation. Manifestly we could not operate a newspaper in a town where the association of retail merchants, comprising nearly all the mercantile establishments, had boycotted us. We realized, and had always realized, that by the time our sixty thousand dollars was spent we must have procured sufficient advertising to keep us going, and we had always believed that we would procure it. But already half of our money was gone, and if we went into an open, knock-down-and-drag-out fight with the merchants' association we feared we wouldn't be able to win it before our reserve was exhausted. Austin finally put it up to me on the ground that it was purely an editorial question.

I backed off so that I could look at the problem from a distance, and applied my journalistic principle to it: Here was the question of five-cent fares to the park. Here was Van Dyke using the flimsy excuse of the Mitchellville Interurban to control us. Here were fifty retail dealers trying to direct the editorial policy of The Sun through control of its advertising. Here were the people of St. James—our readers. What were their rights? Were they entitled to know what the street-railway company and the advertisers were doing?

When He Walked Out of the Office Eleven Thousand Dollars of Our Annual Advertising Receipts Went With Him, Never to Return

An Eleven-Thousand Dollar Fly

LOOKED at that way, there was but one answer—and I made it. Austin agreed to it, and the next afternoon we used the three middle columns of the first page of the paper to present it to the public. We published the letter from the Retail Merchants' Association in three-column measure in ten-point black-faced type. Below it, in the same form, we printed what we had to say. It was this:

The foregoing, received yesterday, speaks for itself. We are publishing it for the benefit of the people of St. James and for the purpose of making clear what we have to say for ourselves.

We are peaceably inclined to all the world. We seek no fight with the Retail Merchants' Association, but the foregoing cannot be accepted in any light save a declaration of war. As such we accept it, and we here and now declare that we are prepared for war.

The Retail Merchants' Association has attempted to dictate the editorial policy of this newspaper, first by offering us advertising if we would do what it wanted done, and afterward by threatening to withdraw advertising if we failed to yield to its demands.

We cannot be controlled by either method, and we hereby announce that any member of the Retail Merchants' Association who is now advertising with us and wants to quit may have his contract by calling at our office. We do not want his business if he thinks he can use it as a bribe. The same principle applies to those who may consider advertising with us in the future.

The obligation of the St. James Sun is to the people of St. James. We believe the people are entitled to five-cent fares to the park and we shall work for five-cent fares until we get them.

Whatever this be, make the most of it.

Austin and I signed this statement, sent the paper to press and sat down and held our breath. We felt we had either made or wrecked the paper and naturally we were something more than curious to see what would happen.

It began to happen mighty fast. The paper had not been on the street more than twenty minutes before the telephone began to ring. It rang every few minutes from three-fifteen until Austin and I went home at six o'clock, and it was sweet music. Thirty-two of the individual members of the Retail Merchants' Association called up one or the other of us and emphatically repudiated the action of the board of directors. They declared they had never heard of the boycott until they read the directors' letter in The Sun, and that they wouldn't think of attempting to control our editorial policy by giving or denying advertising.

There was one fly in the ointment, and it was a monstrous big fly. Gorman & Rudge, the second largest department store in the city, took us up on our offer to cancel the contracts of any advertisers that desired them canceled. The manager of the store called at the office, produced a copy of the paper, curtly demanded his contract, declined to talk with Austin, pocketed his agreement which had been signed but a few weeks before, and departed. When he walked out of the office eleven thousand dollars of our annual advertising receipts went with him, never to return. This was the only big advertiser we lost as a result of our stand. Mills Brothers, the Streets, the Longmans and the Tuttles, the foremost influences in the Retail Merchants' Association, we had already lost, and they were no more determined to control us or force us out of business now than they had been before, so we had not hurt ourselves by antagonizing them.

The next day we followed up our declaration by printing interviews with all but about a dozen members of the association, in which they disavowed any connection with the boycott. We discovered that only seven of the fifteen directors were present at the meeting at which the letter to us was drafted, and we published this fact, with the names of the seven—five of them constituted the committee that had previously called on me. We explained that the whole thing had been cooked up by Van Dyke, who had used a little handful of merchants to try to stop our campaign for five-cent fares to the park.

In an editorial I thanked the individual members of the association for their confidence in The Sun, commended them for refusing to be used by Van Dyke, declared that the seven directors had been faithless to their trust and called upon them to resign. I told of the cancellation of the Gorman & Rudge contract and reiterated our offer to give up any other contract upon demand.

Except for the loss of the Gorman & Rudge advertising the effect of our ultimatum was magnificent. Scores of readers telephoned to us to congratulate us on our courage and to thank us for fighting for them, and we received hundreds of letters expressing this same sentiment. We published a page of the letters and took advantage of the aroused public interest to get in some good hard blows for an honest, progressive delegation to the state legislature to work for a new charter and primary election law.

Though we felt pleased over the general results and had the satisfaction of realizing that we had won a victory in a holy cause that had, incidentally, attracted a great deal of attention to us and to the work we were trying to do in St. James, Austin and I did not underestimate the significance of the loss of the Gorman & Rudge business. That was serious, for we knew it meant a heavy draft on our diminishing reserve. We realized that unless some miracle brought into the paper advertising that we could not reasonably expect to get in the immediate future, it wouldn't be long before our money would be gone and we would be facing a deficit of three thousand or four thousand dollars a month. We saw that we should simply have to win that legislative election in the fall. We felt sure that if we won it the prestige we would gain and the new charter that would probably result therefrom would give us the public recognition and the circulation necessary to force our ex-advertisers to use The Sun in self-defense. So we plunged into the most vigorous campaign we could make on the new charter issue.

In that fight I had the satisfaction of feeling and seeing the evidences of the work we had been doing for more than a year. The business men I had discovered when I was hunting for independent candidates for mayor and assessor—the potential insurgents of the community—were rapidly breaking away from the old Tuttle-Van Dyke influence. I had been pounding so long and so hard on the proposition that the people and not a few professional politicians, public-service corporations and business men ought to run the town, that the idea had begun to take hold. The masses had grasped it early in the fight, but now a great many of the so-called "better element" were beginning to understand and believe it. Merchants, lawyers, doctors, architects, builders came to the support of the Greater St. James Committee; in fact, I think if one had gone up one side of the street and down the other in the business section he would have found a majority of the men he encountered in hearty sympathy with The Sun's fight, for The Sun's reasons. Furthermore, he would have found a decided inclination on the part of the men of St. James to say so openly and plainly. The old combination was breaking up; evidences of it were plenty. The city was stirring, was on the verge of turning over, getting its eyes open and waking up with a start.

The Greater St. James Committee was working along general lines, advocating a new charter for the civic, commercial and social betterment of the community. It was not a political organization and could not pick out candidates or make a campaign for any party or ticket. I found twenty-five members of the committee, however, who were willing to come out into the open with an organization that we called the "Progressive Municipal League" and to make an open fight for individual candidates. The city was normally Democratic, and the Democratic organization didn't seem to be quite so corrupt as the Republican, so we decided to seek the nomination of four good men for Representatives and one good man for Senator on the Democratic ticket. I should have preferred to make the league strictly non-partisan, but party lines were still pretty closely drawn and the others thought our best chance lay with the Democrats.

We decided on two lawyers, a retail clothier and a doctor, all under forty-five years of age, as the league's candidates for the House, and upon a former circuit judge, an exceptionally strong, courageous man of advanced ideas, for the Senate. The primaries were to be held September nineteenth, and the Tuttle and Van Dyke people had their candidates out and were working day and night with their precinct organizations to head off the defeat that they now realized was almost certain to be their portion. The Progressive Municipal League was able to muster enough workers to assign three men to every polling place, and they were not the ordinary riff-raff that work on election day either. They were well-known citizens of good standing and reputation, men who had never before taken an active part in an election, but had considered that sort of thing rather sordid and had left it to the rougher element. Now they were ready to take off their coats, shelve business for the day and stand watch that their city might be regenerated.

The Remedy in Sight

THE day of the primary elections finally arrived—too soon, I feared, as I crept into bed at half-past two, after a day and night of nerve-tearing work in final preparations, with the prospect of rising at six and spending as much time as possible at headquarters and at the polls. I was still haunted by what had happened to us in the city primaries; in spite of the better organization, the better campaign of publicity, the heightened public interest and the benefit of experience, I felt we had left undone many things that we ought to have done.

Sixteen hours later I cursed myself for my stupidity and timidity. We nominated our whole ticket, with almost enough votes over to nominate it a second time. The five candidates of the Progressive Municipal League carried every ward by overwhelming majorities in the Democratic primaries; they lost only two precincts out of fifty-three.

Never in the history of St. James had such a vote been cast, and I doubt if such a vote has been cast since. The whole town simply walked to the ballot boxes and voted for the men pledged to get a new charter and fair elections. No matter what the intentions of Van Dyke and the Democratic organization might have been, they made no attempt to defeat the will of the rank and file after it was expressed. They did not dare. It was too stupendous, too terrorizing. They were forced to yield to the inevitable. They ground their teeth, but the returns from every precinct were the true record of what the public had spoken.

The next day The Sun committed that one unforgivable crime in the decalogue of the newspaper that has any metropolitan pretensions whatever. It got out its old rooster cuts and sprinkled them over every page in the paper. It crowed. The roosters went in red ink, and the editorial on the election went in three-column measure on the first page, also in red. For the one and only time in my two years in St. James I was openly, flagrantly and intentionally sensational. I was deliberately and maliciously yellow, but I didn't feel a flicker in the neighborhood of my conscience. The St. James Sun had done it, and I proposed that the people of St. James should have that fact driven home to them so hard they would never forget it. We had put brain and muscle and nerve and heart and soul and money into an honest fight; we had won a glorious victory; we were entitled to the credit. If I had it to do over again I should do it exactly the same way—and there's no truer test than that.

When Success Seems a Losing Game

AN EASY victory in the election was assured after the indorsement given The Sun, the Greater St. James Committee, the Municipal League and their candidates in the primaries. Van Dyke kept out of it altogether. Tuttle and his friends made only a perfunctory effort to elect the Republican ticket, and the Democrats were chosen by almost as large a vote as they received for the nominations. The legislature did not meet until January, but we filled in the intervening time working out the details of the new charter and the primary law. The five new members of the legislature and a committee of five from the Greater St. James Committee got busy immediately, and by January first they had drafted a bill embodying substantially the features I advocated the day after my defeat in the municipal primaries eight months before. A week before the legislature opened the committee called a mass meeting at the auditorium for the purpose of reading the bill and explaining it. Seven thousand citizens attended and approved the bill unanimously, section by section. The legislators went to the Capitol with a solid front, backed by the indorsement of the mass meeting and by the big majorities by which they were nominated and elected. The Greater St. James Committee sent a delegation of twenty-five that camped at the Capitol until the bill became law. Neither Tuttle nor Van Dyke attempted to defeat it, although I watched them closely every day, confident that they would try to prevent its passage. For once, however, I did them an injustice.

Before the new charter became operative it had to be approved by the people at a special election. This election was set for April seventeenth. If the charter was adopted, the first primary under it thoroughly legalized—would be held May seventeenth, with the first election June seventeenth. There was no question that the charter would carry, but the Greater St. James Committee organized a campaign for it anyway, and the Progressive Municipal League began casting about for candidates for the offices it created. By this time I had found others to bear much of the responsibility and do much of the work of this character, so I had a chance to confer with Austin over our own affairs.

We were losing about four thousand dollars a month, and we had less than twenty thousand dollars of our original sixty thousand dollars left. Two of the three big department stores were out of the paper; so was the biggest furniture store, the biggest clothing store and all the Tuttle companies. We still had the third department store and most of the small merchants in our advertising columns, and we had almost caught up to the circulation of The Star, which had remained stationary ever since we had been in the field.

It was pretty hard to see the page and double-page advertising of the big stores in the other newspapers during the holiday shopping season, but when I reflected on why they had it, and why we didn't have it, I did not feel so badly.

When compared with the previous year our November and December business showed a loss and our expenses showed an increase. That was one of the particularly bad features of losing advertising. We not only lost the revenue, but incurred extra expenses in connection with the material used to fill the space that the advertising had occupied. In January the clearance sales were held, to clear the track for early spring and Easter trade, and again we showed a loss in business as against January of the year before. Editorially we were making a fine newspaper. The news and discussion of the new charter bill and the beginning of the campaign for its adoption furnished plenty of interesting reading. Our circulation thrived, and everywhere people talked about The Sun's victory and the new charter. But from an advertising standpoint the paper was sad to behold. Austin renewed solicitation of the men who had quit advertising with us because they couldn't control us, but he found them just as determined as ever not to give us another line. He talked circulation and civic progress from morning until night, but he brought no new copy back to the office, and it became more and more evident every day that we should soon have to call upon Mell, Butler and Ashman for help.

We agreed, however, to wait until April first before informing them how things were going. In the mean time Austin was to make a desperate effort to get Mills Brothers, the Streets, the Longmans, Gorman & Rudge and the Tuttle companies back into the paper. If we won the charter—which was certain—and made a new contract with even one of the big advertisers, we felt sure that our associates would provide more cash and that by the time the election was over and the new government established we would have sufficient prestige and circulation to get back all or nearly all of our lost business.

The next three months were backbreakers and headsplitters for Austin and me. I kept up a lively, ceaseless campaign for the new charter, and spent my afternoons out with Austin, interviewing merchants. We classified and tabulated our circulation in every conceivable form, showing how many readers we had in every block in the city and how many in every town in the territory that traded in St. James. We made sworn statements; we invited advertising managers and store proprietors to visit our circulation rooms and watch the boys get their papers and follow them on their routes in an automobile. We gave them route lists and asked them to trail the boys when we didn't know it. We offered to let them interview the carriers, and agreed to give them, in confidence, the name of every person who took The Sun and let them visit the homes where we claimed our paper was going.

I talked social and civic betterment, political economy, municipal government and honest journalism until I dreamed it when I tried to sleep. After each afternoon's labor I stayed at the office until midnight, writing editorials and editing copy for the next day. The next morning I would rise at half-past six and get to my desk again at half-past seven. Austin and I didn't make a poverty plea. Nobody could suspect, from our arguments or manner, that we were desperate. We talked straight business in a straight business way. We gave no hint of any purpose to back down from our position of honest independence; we reiterated our purposes when occasion demanded, but in our hearts we were sick with fear.

"Why Are You Always Raising Sand With Something or Somebody?"

The Last Big Advertiser Goes

OUR efforts, though undoubtedly of value as a foundation for future business, brought hardly a dollar that we wouldn't have received anyway. We made a few new contracts with small dealers, but the big fellows were as determined as ever not to give us another inch. They listened to us; they received us respectfully, almost cordially; but they positively declined to be moved by any argument we could advance. They acknowledged we had the circulation shown by our figures; they admitted our rate was reasonable; but they would make no contracts. They told us frankly that they didn't ever propose to do business with a newspaper run as The Sun was run. Our independence, the effects of which they had felt when we found it necessary to tell the public what they were trying to do to us, was still offensive. They would break that independence—or they would ruin us.

Our circulation continued to climb during those three months, and on April first it had reached a daily average of a little more than twenty-seven thousand. On this date we lost the advertising of our remaining department store. Lisner, the manager of this store, was connected with a certain shoe factory concerning which I had published some unpleasant facts. On April second I again told the people of St. James that our news columns could not be controlled by any interest but theirs. I published a first page editorial, showing just what had occurred between Lisner and The Sun and what Lisner's connection with the shoe factory was, and stating that he had discontinued his advertising because we had insisted on printing the truth about the factory.

The paper containing that editorial reached Mell the next morning. Two days later he, Butler and Ashman walked into the office, and I knew that the hour for the great show-down had arrived.

"Well, we're ready to see what you've done with our sixty thousand," said Mell, as we sat down at Austin's desk that afternoon to go over our records and decide whether The Sun should continue to shine, or set forever.

"That's easily answered," I replied. "We've spent it, as you told us to."

"Not all of it," put in Austin. "We still have a balance of two hundred and thirty-seven dollars."

"Is that all there is left?" asked Ashman.

"That's all," said Austin; "but I'd like to have you take a look at our circulation statement."

"We'd rather see your statement of advertising receipts first," said Butler.

Austin had prepared a balance sheet of our advertising, circulation and cash, and he silently passed it over the table to Butler. Butler glanced at it and passed it to Ashman, who in turn contemplated it briefly and passed it to Mell. It didn't require much time to read it and understand it. We had only two hundred and thirty-seven dollars left out of the original sixty thousand dollars. Our circulation had risen from 8148, the record of the day prior to our assumption of the management of The Sun, to 27,389, the record of the day previous to this meeting. Our advertising receipts had fallen steadily from $12,245.48 for May, 1906, to $4422.67 for March, 1907.

"All the big advertisers are out of the paper, aren't they?" asked Mell.

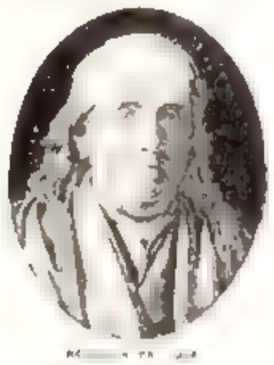
"Every one," replied Austin.

"And all because they wouldn't stand for something that I printed because I believed the reader was entitled to the information," I said.

"Boys, we've given this thing an honest trial," said Mell. "Our editor has done

(Concluded on Page 73)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 16, 1911

A Continuous Show

DO YOU remember what you were much exercised about four years ago this fall? There was a panic, you know, and you couldn't get money at the bank except for some special occasion.

For a year thereafter you couldn't reasonably expect anything worth mentioning would be done about those disturbing happenings because a Presidential campaign was on and the tariff was about the only thing discussed. Then came a long extra session of Congress which was altogether about the tariff; then a regular session of Congress which was mostly about the tariff and the appropriation bills; then another long extra session of Congress which was almost wholly occupied with the tariff.

Soon there is to be another regular session of Congress; and it, too, will be occupied with the tariff. President Taft insured that by vetoing all the tariff legislation of the extra session except the reciprocity bill. Thanks to those vetoes, the whole show will be reënacted. All the host of threadbare statistics about wool and cotton will once more parade through the Record, and members on both sides will say over again what they said at the first extra session and the regular session and the second extra session.

At the close of the second extra session Senator Cummins made a brief speech about the Monetary Commission, thereby bringing up in a most incidental way the subject of banking and currency reform and prevention of the untoward happenings of 1907; but we can hardly expect to get anything actually done under that head. We must be forever and ever occupied with the tariff.

The New New England

FROM one point of view the great corn states are in New England. Year in and year out the yield to the acre is about forty per cent above the average for the United States. And the corn is worth more. The farm value on July first last, as reported by the Department of Agriculture, averaged about seventy cents a bushel in New England against fifty cents in Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas.

It was a Connecticut youth, N. H. Brewer, who won the highest prize at the national corn show three years ago by producing a hundred and thirty-three bushels to the acre; and at the New England corn show last fall this record was probably exceeded by P. P. Davis, of Massachusetts, who produced a hundred and three bushels of crib-dry corn, containing more protein than four tons of good clover hay, on an acre. This acre of corn was worth a hundred and thirteen dollars for the grain and fifteen dollars for the fodder. Where in the "corn belt," demands a Yankee enthusiast, is the acre planted to that cereal that will yield one hundred and twenty-eight dollars? He adds that the young prize-winners have performed invaluable service by demonstrating how waste land can be made productive, farms doubled in value, a revised edition of the old-time New England farm life brought about, and "fifty-dollar land in the East made to earn a greater profit at growing corn than hundred-and-fifty-dollar Western land!"

The Department of Agriculture shows, in a recent report, that Vermont makes twenty dollars an acre net on wheat, or four times as much as the Mississippi Valley makes; while New Hampshire clears over eleven dollars an acre on oats against two dollars and thirty-six cents an acre in a group of Central-Western grain states.

Already agriculture in New England is looking up. The value of farmlands in Maine increased seventy-four per cent in the last decade. Agriculture is to be a big feature of the New England exposition given by the Boston Chamber of Commerce next month. An announcement of the exposition says: "It has been a fault of New England people that they have been keenly alive to the development of all sections of the country except their own"; but "we are beginning to realize that there is here at home as much opportunity as anywhere in the country."

An Asiatic Invasion

IN ONE part of the United States—namely, Hawaii—wages of skilled labor have not advanced in the last nine years, but declined. Back in 1853, natives comprised ninety-six per cent of the population of the islands, and Japanese and Chinese one-half of one per cent. The native folk have dwindled decade by decade until, in 1910, they were less than fourteen per cent of the total population, while foreign-born Japanese and Chinese were fifty-three per cent. Industrially the predominance of Asiatics is even more overwhelming. Of males twenty-one years of age and over they comprise seventy per cent, and of males above nine years of age who are engaged in gainful occupations they constitute seventy-six per cent. Out of five hundred principal manufacturing establishments, three hundred and four are owned by Chinese or Japanese.

Nine years ago the skilled white workman on sugar plantations got four dollars and a quarter a day; last year the average was three dollars and eighty-five cents—the proportion of skilled Asiatic labor having risen meanwhile.

Nevertheless, in five years, wages of unskilled plantation labor have risen. The lowest time-rate is now eighteen dollars a month for green hands or those past their prime, and a system of bonuses enables any thrifty laborer to increase his nominal wage. "The Japanese and Chinese plantation hands," says a recent departmental report, "manage to travel about a good deal from plantation to plantation; they support various purveyors of amusement and luxury, as well as of vice, and yearly remit large sums to Asia." Eighteen dollars a month, without board, for farm labor is only two dollars below the average in our South Atlantic states.

When Wages Stand Pat

BRITISH Board-of-Trade investigations extending over four years show that, where the British workman earns a dollar, the German workman earns eighty-three cents, the French workman seventy-five cents, the Belgian workman sixty-three cents and the American workman two dollars and thirty-two cents; also, that the food for which the British workman pays a dollar at home would cost him a dollar and seventeen cents in Germany, ninety-nine cents in France or Belgium, and a dollar and forty-three cents in the United States—where, by-the-way, the hours of labor are four per cent shorter than in England.

Such is the gist of a rather celebrated report; but in this report the only workmen considered were those employed in the building, engineering and printing trades in the larger cities. Thus the American schedule starts off with city bricklayers and stonemasons, working eight hours a day and earning four to five dollars a day, and winds up with city printers getting three dollars a day for eight hours' work. It is virtually limited, in short, to our best-organized, highest-priced labor.

As it happens, that labor is engaged in industries which have no direct interest whatever in the tariff. What protection, for example, could the tariff give a carpenter or a printer? The Bureau of Labor recently reported upon an industry that is directly interested in the tariff—namely, the steel industry. It finds that one-quarter of all the employees embraced in its investigation work eighty-four hours a week, or twelve hours daily, including Sunday; and one-half of them earn less than eighteen cents an hour, or two dollars and sixteen cents for a twelve-hour day. Highly skilled employees, comprising four per cent of the total, receive fifty cents or upward an hour. These are the ones that figure exclusively in standpat oratory.

Our Bargain Sales in Land

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE is rather passionately committed to the horrid, Socialistic, undemocratic and un-American expedient of Government ownership of railroads in Alaska. He says, very truly, that whoever controls transportation will control the coal and other coarser minerals.

The public domain in Alaska comprises over three hundred and fifty million acres, containing much mineral wealth. In continental United States, the Senator points out, we have already disposed of nearly five hundred million acres of public domain as follows: Given to homesteaders, one hundred and fifteen million acres; granted to railroad and other corporations by Congress, and by several states to which the Federal Government had previously transferred title, one hundred and ninety million acres; sold by the Government at nominal prices, one hundred and eighty million acres.

A statute of 1873 provided that public lands bearing coal might be sold at "not less than ten dollars an acre" if more than fifteen miles from a railroad, or "not less than twenty dollars an acre" if near a railroad. For thirty-three years, under that statute, the Government blithely sold coal lands at never more than ten or twenty dollars an acre—that is, at the very lowest possible price which the law permitted, though the lands were often worth much more.

In continental United States such important natural resources formerly belonging to the public—as timber, iron, hard coal—are now pretty thoroughly monopolized. Of course there is nothing horrid, Socialistic, undemocratic and un-American about that. On the contrary, it is strictly in accordance with our most cherished traditions; but would Government ownership of railroads in Alaska really be worse?

Up to Uncle Sam

FOR rural mail delivery and star routes the Post-Office Department uses about a million miles of public highways—largely dirt roads, little improved. At the extra session of Congress Senator Swanson introduced a bill to expend twenty million dollars annually for five years in permanently improving roads used in the postal service, the states or other local authorities to defray one-half the cost of every improvement. Representative Linthicum introduced a bill appropriating twenty-five million dollars to be expended in three years on the same general plan. A third bill proposed an expenditure of only one million dollars.

This shows a wide difference of opinion as to how much Uncle Sam ought to contribute; but there should be no difference of opinion regarding the Federal Government's duty to lend a powerful hand in good-road making. All experience here and abroad shows that local authority cannot cope successfully with the road problem. It is hardly too much to say that every really important and permanent improvement of the highways has come about through state aid, and in this respect the Federal Government bears a good deal the same relation to the states that the latter bear to the counties and townships. It not only uses a million miles of highway for postal service, but main-traveled roads are more and more used for interstate travel. It is a rare automobile, for example, that does not pass a state boundary. Experience shows also that good roads are catching. One mile of fine highway breeds two or three other miles. The Federal Government should lead instead of lagging behind.

The Foreign Folk

WE ALL know statistically that the Slavs, Italians and Russian Jews have supplanted older streams of immigration, five millions of them having arrived in the last census period. We figure out their ratio to the native-born population, discuss their influence upon the labor market and perform various other interesting arithmetical and economic feats with them—from the point of view of their probable effect upon us. A view, now and then, of our effect upon them is worth while.

For one thing the children frequently become the family interpreters, upon whom the parents must depend for necessary business transactions and for knowledge of laws and customs—thus introducing a fresh complication into the naturally difficult problem of family government. Imagine your own painful doubts if your son informed you that the police in the strange land where you had settled required him to play baseball every Sunday!

In innumerable cases job-hunting compels the separation of heads of families for long periods. The Italians and Slavs are mainly peasants, taken from the soil in a warm climate and thrust into mills and crowded tenements of Northern cities. Ignorance of language and laws makes the immigrant an easy dupe of rascals speaking his own tongue.

There is also the crowding of the newer foreign folk upon the older, often radically changing the character of an industrial neighborhood. Thus, in a city ward, five churches of one denomination were abandoned in three years owing to the shift of population. One who was himself an immigrant complains: "The longer I live in this neighborhood, the more of a stranger I am." His own people had moved on. Folk more alien to him than the Americans originally were have swarmed in.

To the native-born, for whom English is the mother-tongue and Anglo-Saxon ways are instinctive, earning a living and bringing up a family in the United States present difficulties. To strange-tongued foreign folk the difficulties must be vastly greater.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Big Noise

AFTER gazing raptly at the portrait somewhat conspicuously displayed on this page, one's natural assumption would be that the person depicted thereby—the same being Henry D. Clayton, of Eufaula, Alabama it has a pleasant sound, Eufaula, musical to the ear—is a cherubic, not to say cherubical or cherrubby, statesman. One certainly gets that indelible impression, as one says when one spills a huckleberry pie on one's immaculate linen. And if so be one might see our beaming hero on Pennsylvania Avenue returning from his arduous labors at the Capitol, wearing the while his little, round straw hat, the impression would be intensified, or, as one might say after a manner of speaking, made entirely cherubimific.

However—and this is a point that should be borne in mind—natural assumptions and indelible impressions are oftentimes distressingly shy when it comes to the eternal verities. It matters not how cherubic Henry D. Clayton, of Eufaula, may seem, I am here to say that that designation does not go; and herewith I set forth the reason: No cherub that ever chirped, not even the two-hundred-pound ones that our esteemed co-laborer in the field of art, Mr. Raphael, used to paint, ever had a deep bass voice. No, sir! Hence Henry D. Clayton, so far as the cherubic part of it is concerned, is an open-faced deceiver. He's no cherub. He's the Human Cave of the Riproaring Winds, the Mastodonic Megaphone of the Militant Majority, the Animated Sounding Board of the Unterrified Democracy. He is the Big Noise.

When Henry D. Clayton arises to speak—which is frequently—the pages in the House of Representatives scurry about with bundles of cotton wadding for use in the ears of the statesmen assembled beneath the stained-glass ceiling. When he speaks the rumble and reverberations of his voraginous voice can be heard as far down the street as Ben Mades', where they are drowned in the jealous roars of General William Henry Harrison, the largest, most ferocious and loudest bullfrog in captivity.

Although Henry D. is a sizable man, his colleagues are consumed with wonder, each time he performs, as to where he stores the tremendous volume of sound that issues, without apparent effort on his part, from his interior. His merest whisper rattles the chandeliers and his full chest tone sets the bronze lady, Justice, on the dome to quivering like an aspen leaf. Frequently on hot days, when Henry D. is elucidating some point wherein the Democracy puts it all over the jactitatious Grand Old Party, members of the House retire to the ambrosial shade on the lawn of the Capitol, fanning themselves while reposing on the sward and hearing with distinctness all Henry says within the hall of the House two blocks away. Should his effort be inspired—as it usually is—there is no necessity for leaving the julep factories that stretch along the avenue. Statesmen can entrance their olfactory senses with the mint and at the same time gather all of instruction and wisdom that Henry is presenting a mile or so away.

The Voice That Failed

NEVER but once has that voice failed him—never but once—oh, sad remembrance fraught with bitter woe! All of us who were present on that heartrending occasion find tears bedewing our eagle eyes when we think on that terrible night. None can forget it, none who has sat beneath the matchless and megaphonic eloquence of Henry and listened with bursting ear-drums to his orotund outbursts of oratory. We had planned so much on him, staked our last sesterces on his vocal brawn, only to lose. Hank and his helicon voice threw us down, but none holds it against him. It was fate. It was Nemesis. We had boasted too loudly. We had told without knocking wood of the resounding glories of that voice.

This is what happened: The Democrats of this country were about to assemble in convention for the purpose of ratifying the choice of the People's Choice, that that choice should be named for President for the third weary time. They had selected Denver for their rallying place, and rallied there. Certain preliminaries were to be observed. One was the selection of a permanent chairman to register the convention's will. The wise men of the Democracy—if so there be—were unanimous in their choice. Henry D. Clayton was the man. He had the voice. He could make all that vast assemblage hear. So they chose Henry.

Henry Is Not All Voice

He keynoted in a manner that reminded you of a salute of one hundred and one guns. He made such other speeches as were necessary—a few hundred now and then—and that matchless voice remained true to all advance notices. The vast assemblage heard him, heard him to the consequent earache of scores of patriots and hundreds of observers. Then came the night of nights. The nomination was to be made. Pardon me if I say night of nights. It was the night of nights and the morning of mornings, for so many speechmakers desired to second the nomination of the Peerless Leader that the obsequies ran along until the sun rose above Pike's Peak, if the sun does rise above Pike's Peak, a matter of which I have no record. Anyhow it should rise there

Gus Thomas tore up a pine tree and wrote the name of William Jennings Bryan on the burning sky in letters of fire. Ollie James traced the progress of Mr. Bryan round the world until he got him in Buckingham Palace, where the King took off his jeweled diadem and cast it at his—Bryan's—peerless feet. Two hundred and forty-seven other orators, more or less, performed similar stunts, and then came the crucial moment. All the orators had talked themselves and the convention to frazzles. The vote! What said the convention? How had it recorded the will of the Democracy? Well, you can search anybody who was there, for at that exact moment the voice of Henry D. Clayton failed, petered out, vanished, vamoosed. He had no voice. He had no whisper. All he could do was to stand there, gasp and make signs. How about that for a tragedy? Can you beat it? You cannot, you positively cannot. You cannot even tie it, in all the histories of the tragic moments of this world, from the time Eve ate the apple to the day when John D. Rockefeller discovered that the Supreme Court did not consider him a benevolent old party, but did consider him a combination in restraint of trade.

Let us forget it. It is too sad to recall. Let us pass on to that other time when they selected Henry D. as toastmaster for the Jefferson Day banquet in Washington, after this campaign that Henry keynoted at Denver. All the heroes were on hand, including the Peerless Leader. It was a grand affair. When time came to begin the remarks Henry, as toastmaster, began them by talking an hour and ten minutes by the clock on what had happened and what was going to happen, being in full voice and eloquence. Remindful of his Denver experience he had his voice trained to the minute. It did not fail him. After the first speaker had responded to the toast, "The Day We Celebrate," Henry spoke for another thirty minutes in introducing the next one. There were plenty of speakers and Henry gave each one a good send-off, half an hour of introduction being the usual allotment, but, in the case of an especially distinguished guest, forty-five minutes being considered none too much.

It was three o'clock in the morning when blind Senator Gore was introduced, and the winter sun had gilded the dome of the library before Henry turned them loose. At the close he was going strong. His voice was as resonant and as powerful as it was when he began. Denver was forgotten. The voice was again supreme.

But Henry is not all voice. Perish that thought! That marvelous organ is backed by a heap of brains. He is now chairman of the Judiciary Committee, where he was for many years the ranking Democrat when the Republicans were in control. He is now serving his eighth term in Congress and has a solid reputation for legal ability, courage and simon-pure Democracy. He was born in his district in 1857, had a term in the Alabama legislature, and was United States district attorney from 1893 to 1896

He is a nice round man, with a round face, a round paunch and a calm and cheerful smile. As I said, you would pick him out for a cherub any day. But be not misled. Within Henry, somewhere behind that bland and cherubic face, there reposes The Voice. Reposes, did I say? A lapse, a palpable lapse. It does not repose. It comes forth in all its majesty, and roars until the foundations of the very ramparts of the universe itself quake and quiver when assaulted by its vast outcry.

Climbing Under Difficulties

BUNSEN'S PEAK, in the Yellowstone Park, has a sheer wall of rock on one side. There had been much speculation as to whether it was possible to climb this side of the mountain. One day Hentley Child, treasurer of the park companies, came in and announced that he had made the climb.

"Did you have any trouble?" he was asked.

"Not much, but it made my hands pretty sore."

"Made your hands sore?"

"Sure; I kept stepping on them all the time."

A Bellowing Blanco

A BIG, brawny, red-faced sagebrush lawyer lived in one of the Indian reservations back in the seventies. He wore a drooping mustache and the Mexicans called him El Toro Blanco, because of his habit of bellowing in court.

He was playing poker with the Indian agent and his clerk one day when a dusty and frightened man came in.

"Be you Mr. Toro Blanco?" asked the visitor.

"Yes," replied the lawyer pompously, "I am the man. What can I do for you?"

"I just killed a man over there on the white sands and I want to consult a lawyer before I surrender."

"That's a good idea," said El Toro Blanco; "always resort to the law. How much money you got?"

"Three hundred dollars."

"Gimme it," shouted El Toro Blanco, thrusting out a hairy paw. "That'll be enough if you furnish the witnesses, but it will cost you seven hundred cash if I furnish them."

The Hall of Fame

¶ W. J. Burns, the detective, used to be a cutter in his father's tailor shop.

¶ C. M. Hays, president of the Grand Trunk Railway, is the only American who ever declined knighthood and a directorship in the Bank of Montreal in the same week.

¶ Robert C. Morris, the New York lawyer and former chairman of the New York County Republican Committee, takes a pack train and goes into the Rocky Mountains in Montana for his vacations.

In our issue of August 19th there appeared on the Who's Who—and Why page the reproduction of a photograph that the editors had every reason to believe was that of the subject of the article, Mr. Ebenezer J. Hill. The editors desire to explain that an error was made and that it was not Mr. Hill's photograph that was reproduced.

How Austria Promotes Her Small Industries—By Edwin G. Cooley

Model Class of Shoemakers in Department for Promoting Crafts Fairly Well Equipped With Machinery

IT IS commonly taken for granted that the industrial middle class will finally be swallowed up by capitalistic production and its members forced to become parts of some huge factory or to join the ranks of unskilled labor. The invention of labor-saving machinery from the steam engine down to the modern electric motor has not benefited all members of society to the same degree. Capitalistic production has profited most, frequently at the expense of the smaller industries. The tendency is worldwide and is deplored by all thinking men who are interested in the progress of democracy. The efforts made to check this tendency have usually shared the fate of Mrs. Partington's attempt to check the Atlantic Ocean with her mop. We have been amused but not surprised at the failure to counteract what seemed like a law of Nature. Still, it seems reasonably possible that the same agency—invention—which set this tendency free may supply us with a means of counteracting some of its baneful effects on society. The effect of the invention of the steam engine was to substitute for the independent worker in his little shop a worker who was simply a part of a machine—a connecting link between a machine and a piece of work. His work or time became a commodity as truly as the piece of work with which he was connected. The invention freed production at the expense of the workmen and led to the decline of the industrial middle class—a decline that was sometimes rapid, sometimes very slow.

An Aid to Self-Help

THE modern inventions of machine tools of various sorts and of gas, benzine and electric motors have, however, furnished sources of motive power that make possible less highly centralized methods of production. For example, a small steam engine uses about four kilograms of coal an hour to one horse-power, while a great steam engine of one thousand horse-power consumes only 0.5 of a kilogram of coal an hour to one horse-power. Economy in production, under these circumstances, of course compels the union of workers in great organizations, with the purchase of materials and sale of product by wholesale methods. The small gas, benzine and electric motors, however, work almost as economically as the greater ones; and, thanks to the divisibility of the electric current, they furnish a cheap and convenient source of power for the smaller industries. Then, too, a large number of tool machines are now available for the small shops and are suited to their needs. These machine tools do not destroy the rich treasures of skill in handwork, but conserve it by freeing it from unnecessary drudgery and by furnishing opportunities for new forms of skill. A way thus seems to open for assisting these smaller producers, an opportunity which has been utilized by the Department for the Promotion of Crafts, in Austria. A consistent and systematic effort has been made during the past eighteen years to furnish the smaller industries means of production that will give them a fair opportunity of competing with the factory. This, of course, is possible only where there are natural resources of power and skill that can be drawn upon.

It has been said that "Austria is a museum of obsolete forms of production." This is true in some portions of the empire. In the Bohemian forest and in the Alpine lands you can find forms of hand labor that date back to the Middle Ages. You can, of course, find different conditions in other places. The Austrian census of those employed in the industries for the year 1902 showed 1,317,116 persons employed in small industries: less than ten persons in 587,677 shops or plants; 11,704 plants of middle size employing from eleven to twenty persons; 30,428 large plants employing more than twenty persons. Germany, with about twice the population, has 35,774 plants of middle size, a much better showing than Austria makes with its 11,704 plants. There is a general feeling in Austria that something should be done to build up this middle-class industry; and the creation of the Department for the Promotion of Crafts is one of the direct results of this feeling.

The feeling of the necessity of a better mental and material equipment for those engaged in the industries has led to the founding of numerous industrial schools in Austria, to the devoting of greater care to the management of the continuation schools for apprentices, and finally to state action in the organization of the present department, which is at once a source of educational and of material aid to those engaged in the smaller industries.

In 1891 the Ministry of Commerce provided an appropriation of twenty thousand kronen for the promotion of the smaller industries or crafts. In the following year a commission appointed by the ministry discussed the best ways of spending this appropriation. They finally left the carrying out of their plans to the Technological Museum of Vienna. At the same time the ministry provided for a council to have general charge of this work. Since 1898 there has been a special department of the Ministry of Commerce which has devoted its time to carrying out the plans of the council. In the year 1908 the whole service was transferred to the newly created Ministry of Public Works, and the Department for the Promotion of Crafts was organized.

There are two general divisions of the work of this department; one educational—instruction in technical and economic subjects; the other material—providing assistance in the way of machine tools, motors and loans of money to those engaged in the smaller industries. In both, the department means to offer help only as a means to "Self-help"—the motto of the institution. As a school, it teaches workmen up-to-date methods of doing work; the best machine tools and how to use them; the best ways of supplying, using and caring for materials; the best ways of running a small business, including the technic of production and sale of product; and, perhaps most important of all, the value of coöperation.

The department also interests itself in the formation of associations of commerce and of industry, assists them in laying out good industrial or business plants, supplies industrial machinery to them on long-time loans without interest, grants them small loans of money to stimulate their enterprises, and assists them in securing large commissions or orders for work, especially for the Austrian army. A new service has recently been created for looking after the loans to craftsmen, but it remains in the central institution in Vienna and acts in harmony with it. It is now proposed to compel craftsmen to pay interest on machines furnished, as the department gives nothing away but advice and education. The present practice of furnishing tools on long time without interest is a violation of their motto, "Self-help."

The department acts in harmony with all organizations in Austria which interest themselves in the promotion of the crafts and assists such institutions with small grants of money. Examples of such institutions are the Industrial Museum in Brünn, the Technological Museum in Prague, the Institution for the Advancement of Commerce and Industry in Innsbruck, the Institution for the Advancement of Commerce and Industry in Cracow—in all, about twenty institutions. The task of all is to change the obsolete methods of work into up-to-date forms of production and sale, and to do this by stimulating self-help by means of education and by furnishing material assistance.

The central institution is in Severingasse 9, Vienna, and is composed of offices for the officials of the department, workshops for the model courses and halls for exhibitions of tools and machines. The main hall is about eighty feet square and has an anteroom with about one thousand square feet of floor space. These two halls serve as a place to exhibit materials, tools and machines of all sorts which are especially useful to smaller shops, as well as investigating stations for testing the machines furnished to the association out of the funds of the department, and machine tools and mechanical contrivances exhibited by manufacturers who are looking for sales. Here are carried on investigations in the management of motors of various sorts, their special uses, value and consumption of power. The department encourages manufacturers to exhibit their wares by supplying them with floor space, by furnishing most of the expense of installing them and by providing the power transmission and motive power free of charge.

Helping the Small Craftsmen

VISITS to the machine halls are encouraged, and no entrance fees are charged. About twelve thousand persons visit them every year. Bodies of workmen who give notice of their visit will have a special guide provided for them. Handworkers of limited means, living outside of Vienna, will be granted an allowance to enable them to visit the machine halls if such a visit seems desirable. If the visit is for the purpose of learning the best methods of using the machines exhibited, information will be given by a specialist from the department.

Special exhibitions are given from time to time in the machine halls. In the year 1906 there was given an exhibition showing the technic of tempering steel, with seventeen thousand visitors; in 1907-8 an exhibition of handworkers' technic, with twenty thousand visitors. These exhibitions offered opportunities for improvement to small craftsmen, whose visits were made easier by the granting of allowances for expenses. Special lectures and practical exercises in the use of the machines exhibited

were united with the exhibitions. Information and advice were given freely with reference to the motors and machine tools exhibited in the halls; also instruction in up-to-date methods of production and the supply of raw materials. Advice was given with reference to the building of workshops and the founding of associations. The machines exhibited were from all countries—Austria, of course, being favored. Twenty-one exhibitions have been held in other parts of the empire, some of the exhibits being transferred from the central institution in Vienna—the remainder being contributed by the local organizations. Exhibitions have also been made of the work of this department in the World's Fair in Paris in 1900, in the exhibition in Cork in 1902, in Cracow and Trieste in 1904, and in London in 1906.

The department endeavors to provide special advanced technical and business training for ambitious handworkers. Methods must be employed entirely different from those used in the training of apprentices, as the training required involves not only the use of tools and mechanical contrivances but knowledge of better ways of conducting a business of middle size. This demands knowledge not only of technical but of economic progress, which must be communicated to these men under special and practical conditions.

The department, therefore, conducts model courses which aim at making the workmen familiar with the best industrial tools and machines, with a well-arranged shop, with the latest technic of handwork, and with instruction in bookkeeping, business arithmetic and other special subjects. It strives to so arrange its work in these subjects as to present a picture of the economic unity and system which will be found in a well-conducted workshop. These courses are, in respect to their materials and management, models of a business of middle size, in which, in addition to the regular department officials, the visiting masters and workmen must each take part. The workers will complete their technic in handwork in these courses and, at the same time, learn to manage a business in a scientific and economical way.

Educating the Consumer

AT THE present time there are eight such model business shops or courses in the central institution in Vienna namely: for shoemakers, tailors, cabinetmakers, electroplaters, electric installers, bookbinders, sheet-iron workers and plumbers. Other courses are in preparation. These courses run from six to twelve weeks; and, as the workmen called in are deprived of an opportunity of earning wages, the needy ones receive an allowance, which amounts to twenty kronen a week for masters and seventeen kronen a week for journeymen, in addition to the cost of transportation to Vienna and back. Provision is made for handworkers who wish special instruction in the use of some particular mechanical contrivance, and also for persons who need a longer period of preparation than the normal one.

Up to 1909 there had been 245 work courses with 3932 participants:

	Courses	Participants
For shoemakers	74	1215
For tailors	67	1109
For cabinetmakers	47	635
For locksmiths	32	377
For carpenters	6	389
For electro-platers	11	124
For electric installers	4	43
For lightning-rod men	3	28
For bookbinders	1	12

The model courses serve also as experimental workshops. Such shops must keep pace with the technical progress of the industry for which they are instituted and must utilize, so far as possible, such progress themselves. They must interest themselves in the investigation of materials; must prepare models, sketches and drawings. This last phase of the activity of the department has assumed great proportions in the last few years.

The department arranges for courses of lectures for the working men and excursions to manufacturers' establishments in the large cities of Austria. Special masters and foremen in the different crafts accompany the teachers in these traveling courses and are employed in practical demonstrations. The department has such courses conducted for shoemakers, tailors, cabinetmakers, coopers, locksmiths, electric installers and stonemasons in all, five hundred and twenty-five courses, with eleven hundred and fifty members. Technical and economical subjects which are of interest to the tradesmen are discussed either by the officials belonging to the department or by specialists taken from outside.

A partial list of the subjects discussed in these lectures is as follows: Bakers' machines; the carpenter's trade at the present time; the development of women's hats from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the present time; bookbinding; the art of graining and marbling; the shoe-last; gas and benzine motors, and plumbing in America.

Sometimes the department undertakes the conduct of a series of lectures in order to make the masters more thoroughly acquainted with the industrial novelties than they could be by a single lecture. The department also prepares lectures for the general public, with the aim of giving the technical knowledge of products which the consumer should have in order to form a correct estimate of their value. The department believes that it is not sufficient to train workmen to produce goods in better ways and in more highly artistic forms; you must also teach the consumer to appreciate the better and more artistic forms and lead him to make his choice after considering quality as well as price. One of the topics discussed at a recent meeting of the officials of this department was, Production for Quality and the Education of the Consumer.

The production of goods at the present time demands cheaper and greater mechanical power than formerly and must be carried on by the use of machine tools and motors. Handworkers cannot solve their problems in opposition to the general laws of economical life and must make use of mechanical devices in their work. The department therefore strives to equip handworkers with up-to-date tools and machines, requiring the craftsmen to pay back the cost of the equipment in installments without interest, the payments being extended—usually—over ten years.

To use such machines profitably they must be used constantly and the product must be disposed of in a businesslike way. The department encourages the organization of unions or associations for the purpose of utilizing fully the common industrial plants. An additional reason for encouraging the formation of such associations is the enormous expense that would be entailed upon the Government if it undertook to furnish motors and machine tools to all the individual handworkers demanding them—and the fact that this, too, would inevitably lead to overproduction. The department, for this reason, has interested itself in the formation of industrial associations for the common use of tools and machines. As these associations lack both technical knowledge and capital, outside assistance is necessary—first, for the supplying of industrial helps; and second, for industrial and commercial education.

Practical Lessons in Electricity

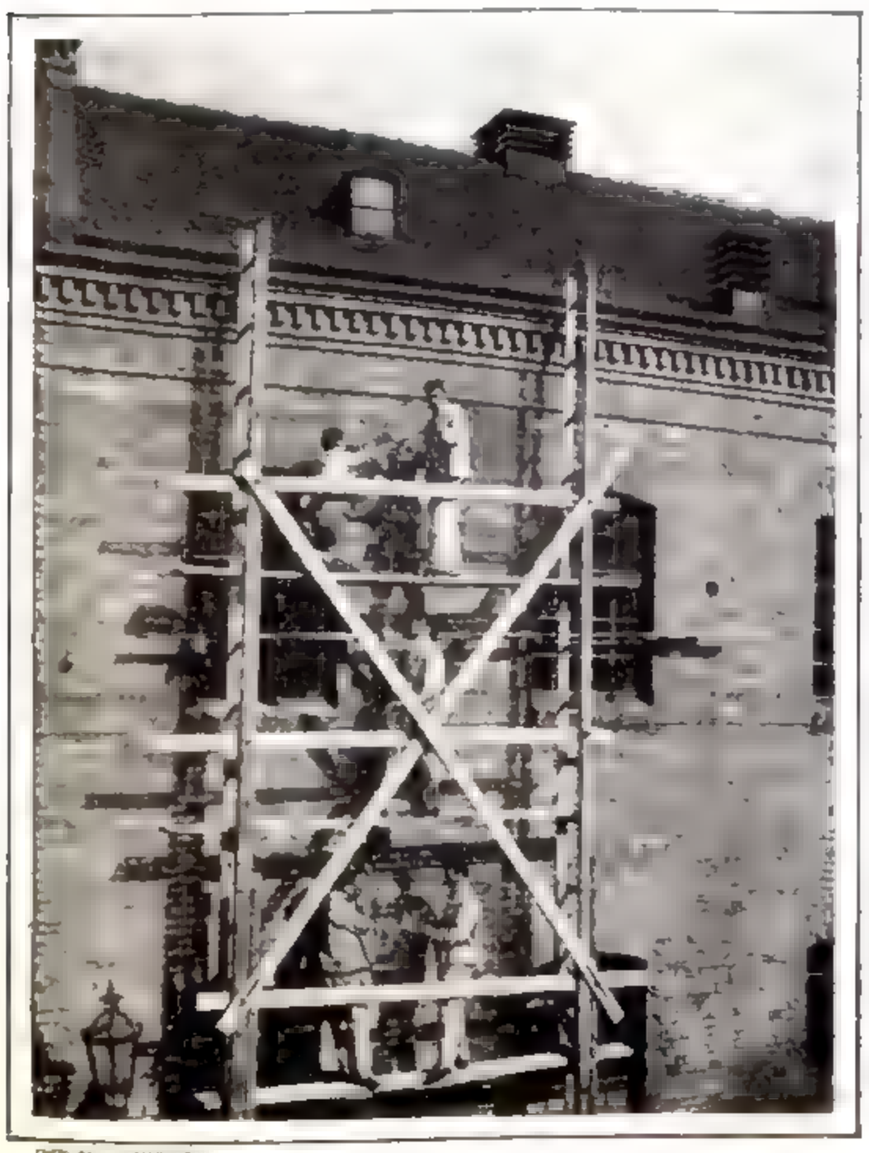
These associations of workers consist principally of handworkers of the same or related branches of industry. Their purpose is the common utilization of motors and machine tools in a special central workshop, where raw materials are partially worked over or prepared. The finishing of the product is usually done in the workshops of the individual members of the association, whose economical independence thus remains undisturbed. Such associations can be formed only where there are sufficient numbers of handworkers of the same industry who are disposed to unite themselves into an association. Where this is not the case, and where the necessity for the use of machines exists, another sort of association must be formed. This is the so-called machine association.

Industrial Independence

MACHINE associations are free unions of handworkers that aim to secure for their members the use of mechanical helps, which will be set up in their individual plants and used in common by the members of the association. Such associations are especially important in places with a cheap electric current. The department will supply such associations under a contract for payment in installments once only; later mechanical help must be cared for by the association itself by means of private capital. When a little community undertakes the rôle of a machine association, trying to provide industrial helps for its handworkers without profit to itself, the department will gladly furnish an equipment without the forming of a machine association.

As a result of the supply of machines by this department, thousands of people in the industries are enabled to supply themselves with thorough industrial equipments suited to the production of goods in a competitive industry. In many cases these associations have developed into independent up-to-date business plants—flourishing cooperative institutions. A few examples of these may be mentioned here. The carpenters' and cabinetmakers' association of Salcano produced wares in 1908 to the value of 1,262,776 kronen; in Mariano, to 165,885 kronen; in St. Veit, in Seiback, to 385,813 kronen; the workmen's association in the Stubaier small-iron industry in Fulpmes, to 554,542 kronen; the association of nailsmiths in Kropp, to 361,271 kronen; the workmen's association of shoemakers in Judendorf, to 14,600 kronen; and the stonemasons' association in Pučišće, to 211,676 kronen.

The members of these associations pay for the use of the machines, the sums paid being used for furnishing additional industrial helps to the members of the association. These payments amount in some cases to a large sum of money and enable the association to provide itself with valuable industrial machinery. In a place where such a showing as the above cannot be made on account of smaller opportunities for work, the furnishing of machines has often enabled the handworkers to establish their independence. They have not sunk out of their class, but have remained independent business organizations.



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Campbell's Soups

Just as we spare no pains nor expense to make our clear soups exceptionally delicate and tempting; so we devote the same unrestricted care and expenditure to make our thick soups rich and full-bodied and satisfying.

Our meat soups are made of prime fresh meats—our Chicken Soup of choice selected poultry; our vegetable kinds of fresh tender vegetables right off the farm. And being sterilized by *heat alone*, and *after sealing*, every Campbell "kind" when served on your table retains all its original freshness and flavor.

Why not enjoy all this *today?*

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
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Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
	Pepper Pot
Clam Bouillon	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato Okra
Vegetable	
Vermicelli-Tomato	

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY

Camden N J

"O, it seems as grateful
As sunshine after rain
The sparkly steaming platefuls
Of *Campbell's Soup* again!"

Of course it is admitted at once that some of these experiments have been failures. The greatest prudence and technical knowledge cannot always prevent the downfall of cooperative undertakings. There will always be circumstances that no council or administrator can influence or control. The number of industrial and commercial associations organized and partially supported by the department since 1892 is 282; 202 for the production of goods and eighty for selling or handling them. The value of the machinery taken back amounts to 256,300 kronen or fourteen per cent of the value of the machinery furnished. Most of these returns took place in the early history of this movement. The returns of machines were almost always the result of the dissolving of the associations. The machines were not by any means a dead loss, as most of them were turned over to other associations after a fair discount for use—about seven per cent.

The business of furnishing these machines to associations calls for extraordinary prudence on the part of the department and for great care in following up the supply with educational work. It is of little use to provide handworkers with up-to-date machines, to make it possible for them to secure adequate capital, and then leave them to their own resources. Their enterprise demands technical knowledge and economical judgment on the part of the men placed in control. Neither the ordinary course of industry, the training offered the handworker up to this time, nor the course of events of the last century, has contributed much to the development of such personal qualities. This technical knowledge and business judgment must be awakened; and the result of the work of the department will depend finally upon the intellectual influence it will be able to exercise upon the handworker. The problem is an educational one, a problem bristling with difficulties and perhaps disappointments. In some way the department must provide technical and commercial education for a generation of men who will be thus qualified technically and economically to contend successfully against the supremacy of the factory. The department believes it is a legitimate work for the Government and that it can be accomplished.

The department has endeavored to utilize its educational opportunities at every step of the way. It has sought to advise these organizations, through its promotional work, as to methods of calculating the profitableness of enterprises; as to the best plans for erecting workshops; as to the best machines for given purposes and the best and most economical methods of using them. A workmaster is sent out from the department to conduct the installation of new machines and to instruct the members of the association in their use. Experts in bookkeeping assist the officials of the associations in introducing business books, give them advice about the control of the undertaking and conduct the inspection of their plants for a time. The officials of the department always stand ready to assist the society in carrying on their business.

Borrowing From the State

As has been stated, the machines will be furnished by the Ministry of Public Works, to be paid for by installments in ten years without interest on the debt. These payments of the associations, up to the year 1909, were made to the finance minister. After 1908 they were placed to the credit of the Department for the Promotion of Crafts as a means of creating a permanent fund. This means that the state—it is hoped—will appropriate a constant sum for the use of the department; and that the department will have, in addition, after 1909, all the sums paid back by the associations, these amounting in one year to seventy thousand kronen. Two things are secured by this arrangement: First, an ever-increasing amount of money for furnishing machines and other assistance; second, the moral responsibility of the associations is increased because, under this arrangement, every neglect on their part in making their payments to the department means not only an injury to the fiscal interest of the country but also an injury to their own class of workers.

With the exception of the machine associations, all the industrial unions need a certain capital for carrying on the business, the amount of which depends upon the kind and extent of the association's undertakings. The unions are seldom in a position to satisfy this need from their own means. The system of credit for industrial enterprises is not much developed in Austria, although schemes for Government credit associations have been discussed. The Ministry of Commerce in 1898 included, in its program for advancing the crafts, loans at a small rate of interest. As this year's estimate for both loans and machinery amounts to only two hundred and ten thousand kronen, it follows that the associations could be granted only very small loans or bounties, while for greater demands for money they must deal with the ordinary moneyed institutions. The loans granted by the department serve only as a supplement to the capital required for the enterprise. The department, however, undertakes to assist the associations in their dealings with the money institutions. Its traveling agents, in addition to advising the department about loans to associations, advise banks as to the financial standing of the association and thus aid them to secure loans from ordinary credit institutions.

Forty-three associations have been loaned money for the purpose of purchasing raw material. Not much has been spent in this way, as it has been difficult for the handworkers, for personal reasons, to give up old sources of purchase, and because the conduct of common warehouses demands special knowledge and personal ability. The experience of the department, however, shows that these difficulties are not insurmountable and that such organizations for the purchase of materials are extremely helpful. Loans have been made to associations organized for the purpose of conducting common sales-magazines for the sale of their products. The conduct of such enterprises requires even more capital than the raw-material warehouse and still greater business dexterity. At present there are comparatively few such selling associations, some showing good results.

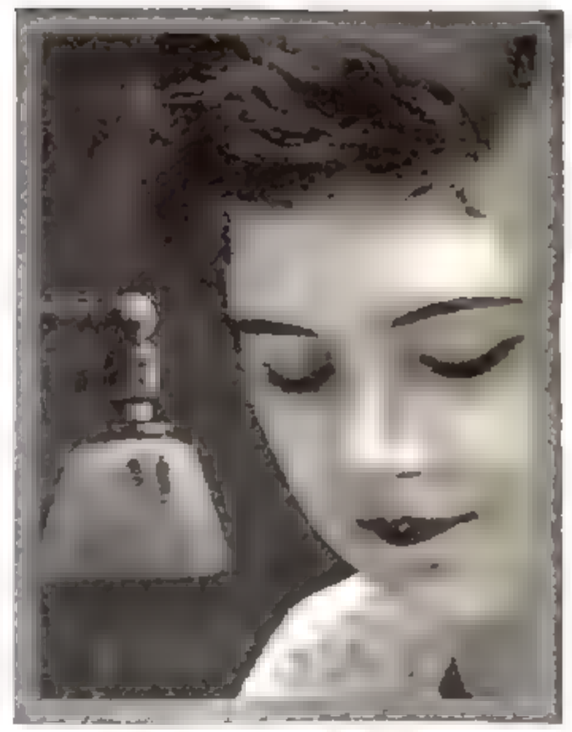
Working for the Army

Since the year 1898, loans have been made to 114 associations, amounting to 729,900 kronen. Of this, up to now, 58,100 kronen have been written off. This has been the result, for the most part, of the dissolution of the associations. On this the department has lost eight per cent of the entire sum loaned. The associations pay three per cent interest on loans.

The department has done much to stimulate the better training of apprentices. For this purpose it has promoted the formation of exhibitions of the work of apprentices. The department has composed a guide and later a treatise on the subject of exhibitions of apprentice work, which are furnished to all the persons interested in the subject. The department has assisted in the organization of such exhibitions by advice as to the best ways of preparation, by lectures on their ends and aims, by free supplies of printing, by money, and in other ways. In the year 1908 there were not fewer than six hundred such exhibitions in the empire, in which about forty thousand apprentices took part. Besides these six hundred local exhibitions, there were in the same year over forty central exhibitions, with prizes, open only to those who had won prizes in the local exhibitions. The contributions of the department were, as a rule, four hundred kronen to the central and two hundred kronen to the local exhibitions.

In addition to the above-mentioned measure for promoting the interests of the crafts, the department has taken a prominent part in securing commissions or orders for work, many of which have been turned over by the state to the support of the associations. The work is thus carried out under the direction of the department, which has repeatedly been able to recommend applications of associations for such orders and to advise the members as to the best means of carrying out the commissions when obtained. In special cases the department has furnished sketches and working drawings for the use of the associations. The most important commissions which these associations have obtained are those for the supplying of various articles made of leather for the Austrian army. These articles consist of boots, shoes, saddles and harness. For about ten years these associations have had twenty-five per cent of this work. The department has worked out a plan for dividing the orders between the various associations and has watched over the carrying out of the work.

At first, the army authorities were not satisfied with the work furnished by the



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associations. A commission was organized to pass upon all work presented. The Ministry of War requested the Ministry of Commerce to undertake the dividing up of the orders. The Ministry of Commerce accepted this proposal in order to ascertain whether the bad work could not be improved and the participation in the contract be made useful to a part, at least, of the smaller craftsmen. They strove to accomplish this by a different method of dividing the work. This ministry intrusted the Department for the Promotion of Crafts with the task of working out a plan for dividing the commissions granted to the smaller craftsmen. The methods suggested seem to have caused a radical improvement in the quality of the work furnished to the army authorities.

This improvement has been so decisive that the army officials since 1908 have permitted an important increase in the orders given to handworkers. For the year 1909, thirty-five per cent of the year's supplies of leather goods for the army of Austria was ordered to be placed with the associations of smaller industries. For the next four years this proportion was ordered to be increased every year two and a half per cent, so that the handworkers in the year 1913 will supply forty-five per cent of the needs of the army in leather goods.

An Ancient Industry

The last catalog shows three hundred and forty-nine associations in Austria and Bohemia—forty-three in Vienna, seven in Prague, six in Brünn, six in Kratz, four in Innsbruck, and smaller numbers in smaller cities of the empire. Taking them by districts, we have ninety-two in Bohemia; twenty-three in the Tyrol; thirty-five in Steinmark; fifty-two in Mahren; eighteen in Silesia; twelve in Upper Austria; fifty-seven in Lower Austria; twenty in Galicia and the remainder in other provinces of Austria. The distribution is over nearly all parts of the empire, although the industries in some localities appear to have been too primitive to be stimulated in this way. In more favored localities we find seventeen associations that are today exporting their products to other lands. The record of these grants shows that in thirteen cases the officials of the community in which the associations carried on business, took over the property of the associations and carried on the business for the benefit of the community as a whole.

The following account of a few of these associations may be of interest to the readers of this article. The account is taken from a description prepared at the time of the London exhibition of 1906:

Ferlach, in Carinthia, is one of the most ancient centers for the manufacture of small arms. Its origin dates back to the year 1558, when Emperor Ferdinand I called the army riflemakers—armorers—from the Netherlands to Ferlach, in the Rosen Valley, where there is an abundance of water-power. Soon every house had its armorer and the village grew. During the Thirty Years' War in the seventeenth century, orders were very plentiful. In the eighteenth century Empress Maria Theresa showed her appreciation of the Ferlach industry by allowing the founding of a military organized gunmakers' corps at Ferlach, which enjoyed her especial favor.

In 1807 Emperor Franz I personally visited that place to convince himself of the ability of the Ferlach armorers, whose reputation was so good and had spread so far.

Between 1800 and 1815 some three hundred thousand guns were supplied to the Austrian army from that region. Hard times, however, were in store for Ferlach. Government orders were lacking, traders cut the prices, export was partly or entirely forbidden, and outside competition adopted machines and thus undermined the inland production. The population of Ferlach and its surroundings, being brought to a low ebb in 1876, appealed to the Government for help. Investigations started by the Board of Trade—Ministry of Commerce—revealed the necessity of introducing the manufacture of dearer qualities and the use of machinery. As in other districts, here, too, the young generation had to be taught modern ways of production and better taste. A training school for the small-arms industry was consequently established in 1878. This school gives advice in mechanical and commercial questions, procures and tests raw material and tools, lends models, designs and working drawings, and allows craftsmen to use its machines.

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You *can* secure the skill, the expert knowledge of the greatest and most famous cooking expert in the world—in the preparation of the most important feature of your next reception.

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is made in accordance with Mrs. Rorer's own instructions.

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And quite as pungent and fresh, for each pound of coffee is put up in the famous air proof, moisture proof, triple sealed package.

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We will be glad to mail this valuable little book to you free—if you will send us your grocer's name, mentioning whether or not he sells Mrs. Rorer's coffee. It will give you some real treats in desserts, ices, etc. Write us today.

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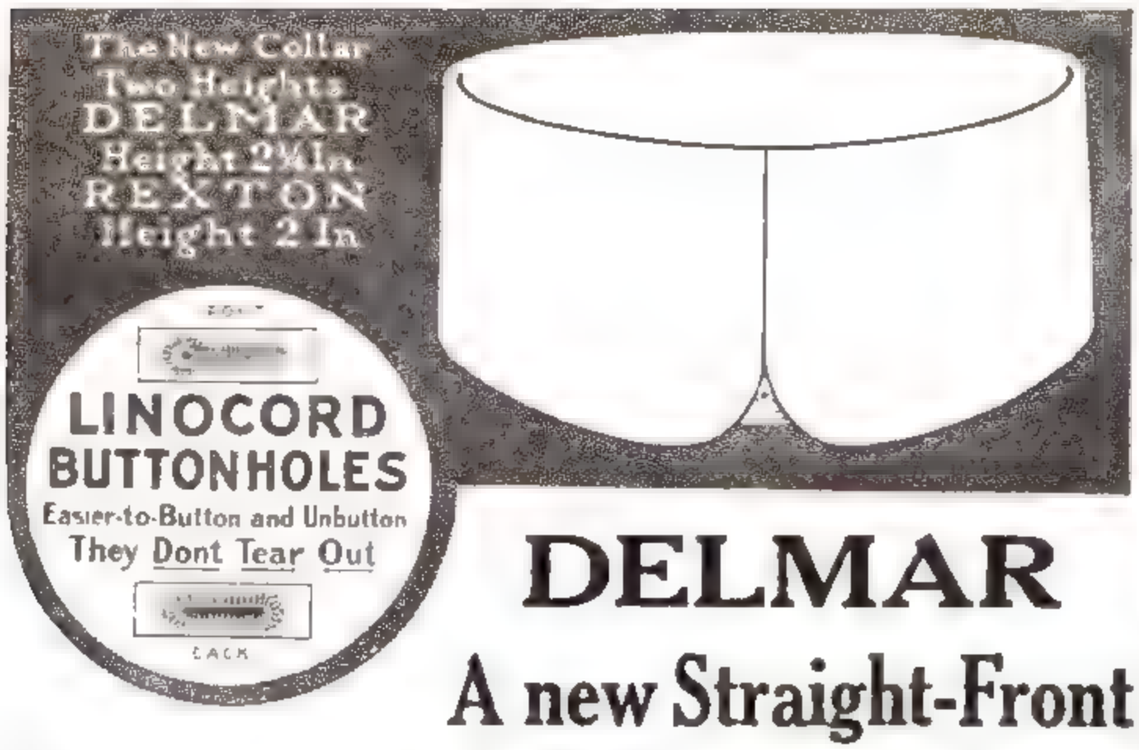

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1/4 Sizes **Collars** 2 for 25¢

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have the LINOCORD BUTTONHOLES *exclusively.* They *keep* your collar as smart as when you got it at the shop.

These collars come in styles and shapes for every man and every occasion—*you* can get *your* particular favorite.

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Ask for IDE SILVER COLLARS at your dealer's or write us for "What's What," an illustrated authority on dress, and the clever story booklet, "What I Know About Laundries" (actual experiences).

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A testing workshop on the system of Luttich, Belgium, a shooting range and coöperative machine shops followed, thanks to energetic support by the emperor, the Ministries of Education and Commerce, the Chamber of Commerce, the Caisse d'Epargne Savings Bank and the Parish.

The cooperative machine shops produce the principal drop forgings and half-finished parts in general, and the Department for the Promotion of Crafts is about to make the individual gunmakers' workshops more efficient, too, by the supply of machine tools.

Schönbach, an old parish, since 1319 a town, has about forty-two hundred inhabitants. Of the origin of violin making at Schönbach there are no reliable records. It might date back to the middle of the sixteenth century, for, about the year 1580, Protestant inhabitants of that town emigrated to Saxony, settled down not far from their home and introduced there the manufacture of violins, bassos and mandolins.

From the beginning of the eighteenth century the names of violin makers appear in the registers. The existence of a special guild in the same century is proved by documents.

The manufacture of guitars, of bassos and cellos, and of silk strings dates from the first quarter of the nineteenth century; still younger is the manufacture of zithers, harps and other musical instruments.

Increasing production led to a constantly spreading division of labor. There are still, it is true, violin makers at Schönbach who, like the old masters, make all the parts themselves; but, as a rule, each part is manufactured by special craftsmen. Besides the actual violin, cello and basso makers there are now manufacturers of tops, bottoms, boxes, bodies, necks, finger-boards, bridges, bows, machines, pegs, strings, and so forth. Some of these branches are still further subdivided—for example, the bottoms and the necks for bassos and cellos are produced in separate shops. The mother-of-pearl inlays, the polishing of lacquered instruments and certain other decorative work is also done by specialists. Zithers, mandolins and similar instruments occupy another group of craftsmen. Finally there are wind instrument and mouth-organ makers at Schönbach.

At present about seven hundred masters and dealers, four hundred and thirty of whom live at Schönbach itself, are engaged in this craft. Besides the masters there are many assistants and a great number of women, most of whom work in their homes.

Machines have but very recently been employed; the common tools are plain and few—various chisels, gouges, drawing and carving knives with long handles, planes, handsaws, gimlets, files, steel for heating and bending the wood, benches and lathes; lastly, hatchets for the first shaping of tops and bottoms to bassos. Of these each craftsman has only the very limited number he requires for his special work.

Coöperation in Music

To make this native industry more widely known, especially on the foreign market where its productions go under another flag, and to ameliorate the conditions of work and income of the instrument makers there, a coöperative association was formed among them in 1904 called a "productive association of producers of musical instruments for Schonbach and the neighboring country"; and effective steps were initiated by the Department for the Promotion of Crafts to obviate—by the introduction of improved technical appliances—the danger to health and life connected with certain processes in the manufacture, to shorten the hours of work, to raise the standard of wages, to supply the association with the necessary working capital and to bring it into closer touch with reliable dealers in foreign countries.

The association is well managed by able men and can turn out an enormous quantity of good work at very moderate prices. It owns a collection of the latest models of instruments from all parts of the world to enable it to keep up with the demands of modern times, and measures are taken to give the masters, assistants and apprentices opportunities for perfecting their manual and mental capacities. To all appearances this association is destined to take a prominent position among the musical-instrument makers of the world.

The margravate Moravia has a highly developed industry, particularly prominent in the northeastern portion of the country. Even smaller towns achieve thereby an economic importance far beyond their standard of population. One of these towns is Neutitschein, an ancient cloth-makers' town in which, up to a few centuries back, the humming of the hand loom resounded in the small streets from nearly every house. Since then, in place of numerous small weavers' shops, great factories with mechanical looms have sprung up. Besides these, there are also hat factories, machine shops and other industrial undertakings. Some handicrafts, too, developed extraordinarily—as, for example, the cabinetmakers' craft, which is now an esteemed feature in the commercial life of the town. In 1899 the members of the cabinetmakers' guild founded the first coöperative association of woodworking crafts. Thanks to their natural sharpness and the untiring efforts of a gentleman who, later on, became a prominent member of the Department for the Promotion of Crafts, this association developed more and more and became an economically highly important model for the cooperative movement throughout the country. Although the association now owns a spacious machine shop, equipped with the latest mechanical appliances, its members still remain independent masters; the joint management comprises only the purchase of the raw material and accessories, the mechanical woodworking and the receiving of orders on joint account. The use of the machines is charged for pro rata. Thus the members derive the advantages of a wholesale undertaking without great individual risk.

Against Capitalistic Competition

The association has for a banker a well-financed savings and credit bank, where it enjoys, at a reasonable rate, a sufficiently large credit for its financial requirements. It fulfills its commercial obligations punctually; pays back for the machines supplied by the Department for the Promotion of Crafts in regular installments, and by careful administration has been able to accumulate a respectable reserve fund.

The Department for the Promotion of Crafts knows no cure-all for satisfying the needs of the handworker. Its methods of promotion possess at least the merit that they contain no impossible demands on human nature and human resources and are not pure theory, but have grown out of the immediate observation of economical life and have been handled by special people who stand close to industrial practice. The different means of advancing the crafts are organically bound together and their picture in historical series shows exactly the development.

The department seems to have succeeded in its efforts to increase the number of industries that are large enough to permit of the use of modern machinery and modern methods of production. By a combination of education and coöperation the smaller industries have been able to make use of modern machine tools and motors, and thus make some headway against the capitalistic competition which threatened to overwhelm them. The future work of the Department for the Promotion of Crafts promises to be even more fruitful than the past. Plans are now under consideration that will furnish it in the future even greater opportunities for influencing industries.

Author's Note In the three biennial reports on Industrial Schools published by the Prussian Ministry of Commerce and Labor considerable attention is given to the question of the best methods of promoting the smaller industries. Regular appropriations for this purpose have been made by the Government since 1900. The Government contents itself mainly with supporting provinces or cities that are interesting themselves in the question.

The methods employed are very largely the same as those used in Austria. Prussia however devotes more attention to the educational side of the work and so far as I know, has not undertaken to lend money or to supply machinery at public cost. A large number of model courses, similar to the ones in Austria, are carried on in the State Industrial Schools. At Cologne and Dortmund I have seen two very fine collections of motors and machine tools, similar in character to the one in Vienna.

Prussia has also established several small technical schools like the one at Scamalkalden whose purpose is to prevent the downfall of small industries some of which have been in existence a thousand years. To show what Germany is doing in this line would require another article fully as long as this one. The thoroughgoing way in which both countries are attacking the problem makes the subject timely. Both of these governments seem determined to let no consideration of mere theory prevent them from protecting and developing the industrial middle class, a class that promises to be an important factor in the contest with the onrushing tide of socialism. It will be urged at once that the Government action is socialistic but it may be a case of "the hair of the dog that cures the bite."

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Makes a man's work easier; lets him go faster and do more, without increasing his labor.

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Fact, for he doesn't have to pull on the handle: the spring forces it back ready for the next push.

And it works successfully *one handed*; as the spring's pressure keeps the bit in position. Think of the advantages in narrow and deep places, where the left hand cannot hold the end of the driver!

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Selecting Railroad Stocks

By ROGER W. BABSON

IN THE two preceding articles we have considered the three main features of a railroad report: First, the amount required for fixed charges. Secondly, the amount required for operating expenses, and, thirdly, the portion of the operating expenses that is used for maintenance. So far as the bond buyer is concerned these are practically the only items he needs seriously to consider. Before purchasing the stock of a railroad, however, there are other features that should be studied, and the principal one is the percentage of gross earnings available for dividends, or, to go a step farther, the percentage earned on the stock.

When the stock of a railroad is being considered it is generally assumed by the engineer that the client would not be considering the stock unless the bonds were perfectly good. Therefore, if the relation of fixed charges to the net and gross earnings is satisfactorily covered, his next aim is to ascertain: First, the per cent of gross remaining for maintenance and dividends after the payment of necessary operating expenses and fixed charges; and, secondly, the amount remaining for dividends on the preferred and common stocks after the payment of all operating expenses, including maintenance, together with fixed charges. For instance, in a report of mine relative to the stock of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway Company for the year ending June 30, 1910—which is the last report available—a statement appears as follows:

The Margin of Safety

"Preferred stock of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway Company is outstanding to the amount of $114,173,730, or at a total average rate of $11,514 a mile of road operated. The surplus with which to pay dividends thereon amounts to 19 per cent of the gross earnings, comparing with an allowable figure of about 17 per cent. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1910, the total income available for dividends on the preferred stock, after the payment of all fixed charges, etc., amounted to about $2060 a mile, and the full dividends on the preferred stock require about $576 a mile. Therefore, about $17.89 a share was earned with which to pay full preferred dividends of $5 a share, leaving a margin of about $12.89 a share. The decrease in net earnings for the year ending June 30, 1910, together with the decrease in fixed charges, compared with the previous year, caused this 'amount earned on the preferred' to remain practically unchanged.

"The common stock of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway Company was outstanding to the amount of $165,518,500, or a total average of about $16,692 a mile of road operated. The surplus with which to pay dividends thereon amounted to 13.7 per cent of the gross earnings, comparing with an allowable figure of about 12 per cent. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1910, the surplus income available for dividends on the common stock, after payment of all fixed charges and full dividends on the preferred stock, amounted to about $1484 a mile, and a dividend of $6 a share on the common required $973 a mile. Therefore, about $8.89 a share was earned with which to pay the present $6 a share dividends on the common stock. The writer is of the opinion that the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway is in a class where the earnings are subject to severe fluctuations: but as to the safety of the present dividend on the common stock the reader himself must be sole judge. It is, however, interesting to note that the change in earnings, fixed charges and amount of common stock outstanding for the year ending June 30, 1910, caused the 'amount earned' on the common stock to change from $12.10 a share to $8.89 a share, thus showing how sensitive is the common stock to changes in earnings and capitalization."

In ascertaining the amount earned on the stock of any given road a series of years should be studied, for if the earnings for only one or two years are used there is great liability that an unfair ratio may be obtained. A number of things might happen that would temporarily affect the earnings over a short period, but that would not materially change the earnings over a period of five years. The amount earned on the stock is an important figure, but it should be used carefully and not without considering the stability of the gross earnings. For instance, two roads may be earning the same per cent, and yet one may have a much larger margin of safety than the other. They both may be earning ten per cent on their capital stock, but one may have a capitalization of fifty million dollars and the other one of thirty million dollars. If, however, in some poor year there should be a great decrease in the gross earnings and both companies should suffer alike, the company with the larger capitalization and larger gross earnings would have a balance left for dividends, while the earnings of the second road might be entirely wiped out. The emphasis here may be placed upon the fact that the "margin of safety" of two roads each earning ten per cent on capital stock, is by no means the same.

In making a comparison of two companies the question of the surpluses may be used, but only after various other items such as proper maintenance and the like, have been considered. As was explained two weeks ago, it is very important that every railroad in the United States should each year spend a certain per cent of the gross earnings for maintenance. It will be seen readily that should it be found necessary for one reason or another to cut down the maintenance charges, the surplus might be greatly increased; or, on the other hand, if maintenance charges should be increased the surplus would be decreased, other items being the same. As an illustration, suppose that there were two roads, the first of which found it impossible to appropriate the necessary percentage of its gross for maintenance over a period of years, while the second was able to make expenditures for maintenance that were even more than was absolutely necessary. If subsequently both roads should experience very prosperous times over a series of years the first would be obliged to increase its maintenance charges much more in proportion than would the second road, and it would not be able to add its additional earnings to surplus. The second road might possibly be able to keep its maintenance charges at the same rate, and thereby be enabled to increase its surplus and indirectly its margin of safety. The gross earnings of two roads, where there is a vast difference in miles owned but approximately the same capitalization a mile, may be equal, but in such a case it will be seen readily that the smaller road may be greatly overcapitalized and the margin of safety upon its capital stock must necessarily be very small.

Three Factors in Investment

Some of the bigger roads have a large leasehold interest, and consequently guarantee the payment of the dividends upon the stock of the leased lines. This, in prosperous years, will prove a great advantage to them, as increased earnings of leased lines will add greatly to the income of the guaranteeing company. However, should a year of poor earnings and depression set in, this guaranteeing company may earn an amount equal only to what it has previously paid as dividends on its own stock. As such guarantees are for definite dividends on the stock of a number of other roads, and the company is obliged to pay these before any dividends can be paid on its own stock, this practice may make it necessary for the parent company to reduce its own dividends.

Instead of further describing the various factors that should be considered in a railroad report when a stock is being selected for investment purposes, I have prepared a list of average figures that will enable the small investor quickly to make tests for himself. It will be remembered that the first item of importance is to note the per cent of gross earnings consumed by fixed charges, it being stated that bonds of a road consuming more than twenty per cent are not usually considered safe and conservative. The second main feature of importance, as evident from this elementary article, is the margin over fixed charges, or the leeway that a company has for the possibility of decreased earnings before

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—Interest-Holding Paragraphs
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—Schemes to Get New Customers
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using up its total net earnings. These two items should be carefully studied when the purchase of a railroad bond is being considered.

In considering the stock of a railroad company another item, already described in this article, should be considered—namely, the percentage of gross allotted to surplus, that is, the percentage of gross available for dividends. These three factors are the most important features contained in the report of any railroad company, and the investor should thoroughly understand the meaning and use of these three items in order quickly to interpret any railroad report. It will be seen that the first and last of these percentages are based on gross earnings, while the second one is based on net earnings. All three items combined, however, present a formidable and very conclusive digest of an entire report.

In a small country like England it would be necessary to give only three decimals, one for each of these three factors by which almost every report could be judged; but in a large country like the United States such a procedure is very unfair. For instance, it has been worked out that in the case of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company it is entirely proper that the fixed charges should consume 22 per cent of the gross earnings, that a margin of 36 per cent over fixed charges is safe, and that, if the surplus amounts to 11 per cent of the gross earnings, said surplus is satisfactory. It also would be entirely justifiable to use these same figures for the Boston & Maine Railroad Company, and thus these two systems can be readily compared. On the other hand, to use the same figures to test the New York, New Haven & Hartford system and the St. Louis & San Francisco system would be entirely improper.

Instead of being located in a thickly settled New England territory with fairly regular traffic, the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad is located in Oklahoma, Texas and other Southwestern territory, which is sparsely settled and where the traffic is very largely dependent upon the crops, and therefore subject to great fluctuations. Consequently, to have the bonds of the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad Company as good as the bonds of the New Haven, the fixed charges of the St. Louis & San Francisco system should consume not more than 15 per cent of the gross earnings and the margin of safety over fixed charges should be 57 per cent. Moreover, to have the stock of the St. Louis & San Francisco a conservative investment stock, at least 18 per cent of the gross earnings should be available for dividends, after making an adjustment in accordance with the capitalization.

The Great Railroad Zones

This, therefore, necessitates dividing our country into different zones, or dividing the railroads of our country into different groups. Leading experts have for convenience settled on eight groups and these roughly are as follows:

(1) Roads in the New England States
(2) Northern Eastern Roads
(3) Connecting Trunk Lines
(4) Middle Western Roads
(5) The Pacific Roads
(6) The Southern Roads
(7) Pacific Southern Roads
(8) Southwestern Roads

Of course it is impossible to draw arbitrary lines, and one must use judgment in deciding to which group a given road belongs. A list of one hundred leading roads in the country, however, together with the group to which they are usually assigned, is to be found in the next column. This list may be used by the small investor in ascertaining to what group a road belongs, and then by referring to the table immediately over it he may quickly obtain the percentages that he will use in testing the report of the road in question.

For instance, it is found that the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe belongs to group (7); consequently the fixed charges should not consume more than 16 per cent of the gross, the margin over fixed charges should be at least 54 per cent, and 17 per cent of the gross earnings should be available for dividends. Reference to the above report on Atchison shows that when it comes to the preferred stock about 19 per cent of the gross earnings were available, compared with an allowable figure of 17 per cent; while in the case of the common stock the surplus was 13.7 per cent, compared with an allowable figure of about 12 per cent. In the case of companies having but one class of stock the rule above described can be applied very quickly by any investor, but in the case of a company having two classes of stock this last decimal must be adjusted. For instance, if the total amounts of preferred and common outstanding of the Atchison were equal, the surplus available for the common dividends need be only about one-half of said 17 per cent, or 8½ per cent; but there is more common outstanding than preferred, and as the common is paying a greater dividend, this allowable or ideal figure for the common should be increased from 8½ per cent to about 12 or 13 per cent.

Avoid Inside Information

As the surplus available for common dividends in the case of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe amounts to only 13.7 per cent, compared with an ideal figure of about 12 per cent, said common stock is also considered by many people as a fair investment. However, the margin between 13.7 per cent and 12 per cent is too small for a road the earnings of which are subject to violent fluctuations. The table herewith prepared is as follows:

TABLE FOR TESTING RAILROAD SECURITIES

[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1	22	36	11
2	21	39	12
3	20	42	13
4	19	45	14
5	18	48	15
6	17	51	16
7	16	54	17
8	15	57	18

INDEX SHOWING TO WHAT GROUP ANY RAILROAD BELONGS

Alabama Great Southern	6
Ann Arbor	4
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe	7
Atlantic Coast Line	6
Baltimore & Ohio	2
Bangor & Aroostook	3
Boston & Maine	1
Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg	4
Canadian Northern	5
Canadian Pacific	5
Central of Georgia	6
Central Railroad of New Jersey	2
Chesapeake & Ohio	3
Chicago & Alton	4
Chicago & Eastern Illinois	4
Chicago & North-Western	4
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy	4
Chicago Great Western	4
Chicago, Indiana & Southern	4
Chicago, Indianapolis & Louisville	1
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul	5
Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha	5
Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton	4
Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas Pacific	6
Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis	4
Cleveland, Lorain & Wheeling	4
Colorado & Southern	7
Delaware & Hudson	3
Delaware, Lackawanna & Western	3
Denver & Rio Grande	7
Detroit, Toledo & Ironton	4
Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic	5
Erie	3
Evansville & Terre Haute	4
Fort Worth & Denver City	7
Georgia Southern & Florida	6
Grand Rapids & Indiana	4
Grand Trunk Railway of Canada	5
Grand Trunk Pacific	5
Great Northern	5
Hocking Valley	4
Illinois Central	4
Indiana, Illinois & Iowa	4
International & Great Northern	8
Iowa Central	4
Kanawha & Michigan	4
Kansas City Southern	6
Lake Erie & Western	4
Lake Shore & Michigan Southern	2
Lehigh Valley	3
Long Island	2
Louisville & Nashville	4
Maine Central	1
Michigan Central	2
Minneapolis & St. Louis	4
Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie	5
Missouri, Kansas & Texas	6
Missouri Pacific System	5
Mobile & Ohio	6

Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis	5
New York Central & Hudson River	2
New York, Chicago & St. Louis	2
New York, New Haven & Hartford	1
New York, Ontario & Western	3
New York, Susquehanna & Western	3
Norfolk & Western	3
Northern Central	3
Northern Pacific	5
Pennsylvania	2
Pennsylvania Company	2
Pere Marquette	4
Peoria & Eastern	4
Philadelphia & Erie	3
Philadelphia, Baltimore & Washington	2
Pittsburgh & Lake Erie	3
Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis	3
Reading Company	3
Rock Island System	7
Rutland	1
St. Louis & San Francisco	8
St. Louis & Southwestern	8
Seaboard Air Line	6
Southern Pacific System	5
Southern	6
Texas & Pacific	8
Toledo & Ohio Central	4
Toledo, St. Louis & Western	4
Union Pacific	5
Vandalia	4
Wabash	4
West Jersey & Seashore	3
Western Maryland	3
Western Pacific	5
Wheeling & Lake Erie	4
Wisconsin Central	4
Yazoo & Mississippi Valley	6

The table given herewith affords a simple method of testing a report of any railroad company, for to do this it is necessary simply to ascertain to what group the road belongs, and then to test the actual percentages by the ideal percentages given for this group. Moreover, by working out the figures on two roads, their stocks may be readily compared by noticing which road makes the better showing compared with the ideal figures for its group.

Of course, when stocks are purchased for speculation there are other factors that must be considered; but I strongly advise the reader not to buy any definite stocks with the idea of speculating therein according to some inside information.

When selecting stocks for permanent investment, however, to be put away in a tin box and forgotten, the small investor should make the tests above suggested and should purchase only such stocks as pass said tests. These tests given are, in my opinion, sufficient for the purpose; but if it is desired to make a further study it is well to work out additional figures, comparing them with figures of other roads similarly located. For a suggestion as to four of these features, the following conclusions taken from the above-mentioned report on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe stocks may be of interest:

(1) There has been an increase of 11.1 per cent in "total capitalization" a mile since June 30, 1901, when said figure stood at $52,808, compared with $58,662 on June 30, 1910.

(2) There has been an increase of 31.9 per cent in "total net earnings," excluding taxes, a mile since June 30, 1901, when said figure amounted to $2887, compared with $3810 on June 30, 1910

(3) The per cent of "total gross" spent on "maintenance" has changed from 24.7 per cent in 1901 to 31 per cent for the year ending June 30, 1910, during which latter year about $1796 a mile was spent on "maintenance of way and structures" and about $1569 a mile on "maintenance of equipment."

(4) The per cent of "total gross" consumed by "fixed charges" and "conducting transportation and general expenses" has changed from 52.3 per cent in 1901 to 50 for the year ending June 30, 1910.

A DETAILED COMPARISON OF THESE AND OTHER IMPORTANT FEATURES OF THE REPORT IS AS FOLLOWS

YEAR ENDING JUNE 30	AVERAGE MILEAGE OPERATED	BONDS OUTSTANDING A MILE	PER CENT OF GROSS CONSUMED BY CHARGES AND CONDUCTING TRANSPORTATION	PER CENT OF GROSS AVAILABLE FOR CHARGES, MAINTENANCE AND SURPLUS	PREFERRED STOCK OUTSTANDING A MILE	PER CENT OF GROSS AVAILABLE FOR MAINTENANCE AND ALL DIVIDENDS	PER CENT EARNED ON PREFERRED STOCK	COMMON STOCK OUTSTANDING A MILE	PER CENT OF GROSS AVAILABLE FOR MAINTENANCE AND COMMON DIVIDENDS	PER CENT EARNED ON COMMON STOCK	TRAIN LOAD IN TONS
1900-1	7,807	$25,115	52.3	62.9	$14,628	47.7	10.92	$13,065	37.3	6.63	242
1906-7	9,273	30,645	49.0	63.7	12,312	51.0	18.54	11,103	45.0	15.01	365
1907-8	9,415	33,505	54.0	61.1	12,127	46.0	11.98	10,935	39.7	7.74	355
1908-9	9,795	31,773	50.5	64.7	11,657	49.5	17.88	12,410	43 5	12 10	366
1909-10	9,916	30,456	50.0	62.4	11,514	50.0	17.89	16,692	44 7	8.89	389

The difference between this last figure and 100 per cent—namely, 50 per cent—shows in percentage the balance of the gross earnings available for maintenance, improvements and dividends. This balance is one of the most important figures of the entire report for the investor to consider. The larger the percentage of balance and the more steady and constant its growth—all else being equal—the more valuable is the stock.

MODERN SALESMANSHIP

A SALESMAN does not always stop to analyze the state of mind of his victim. The fact is, he stumbles across what is undoubtedly the highest development in the approach of a salesman—that of diverting attention from himself to his wares.

By way of example, to show at least one variation of which this principle is capable in selling to regular customers, there is an instance of a salesman for a big lingerie and shirtwaist manufacturer.

The firm, two designers and three salesmen, were grouped about a dozen new sample designs, voting as to which would prove the best seller.

"There's my choice," said the head salesman. "I could take an order for twelve dozen of that over the telephone inside of an hour."

He disappeared into a telephone booth and called up the buyer of a big department store.

"I know, Miss K——, it's after salesmen's hours and that this is altogether irregular, but I've come across a perfect peach of a shirtwaist. Picked it up, you know. I think you'd want to look at it. Mind, I'm not showing it to you to buy it."

Twenty minutes later he strolled into the buyer's office with the waist tucked under an arm. The buyer turned and twisted the garment and admired it.

"Are you people going to copy this?"

"I don't know," the salesman said truthfully. "I have not brought it to them as yet. I picked it up, as I told you, because I admired it so and thought I'd like you to see it."

"Get your firm to copy that waist for two weeks' deliveries, at fifteen dollars a dozen, and I'll give you an order for forty dozen."

The salesman left, protesting that of course this was the busy season; but that his house naturally thought a great deal of this particular account and that the buyer might depend upon his doing all he possibly could to fill the order.

Within the hour the salesman rang up the buyer. It was evident from his tone of voice that he had gone through a severe argument in order to "induce" his people, but had "succeeded" in having the order put through.

"How long do you suppose it would have taken me to sell that waist according to the old methods?" the salesman asked, telling of his experience afterward.

In making sales, as in everything else, it is the inventor—the man with imagination—that leads.

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Oswego Serge—for men's attire depends not on fashion's whims. It is a staple fabric and worn through all seasons.

A serge suit is part of every man's wardrobe. Whether the suit be custom-made or ready-to-wear, the sterling quality of **Oswego Serge** speaks for itself. **Oswego Serge** is made by

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Oswego Serge is made in a deep, rich Navy Blue and in Black.

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Whether ordering a custom-made suit of your Tailor or a ready-to-wear suit of your Retail Clothier, insist on **Oswego Serge**.

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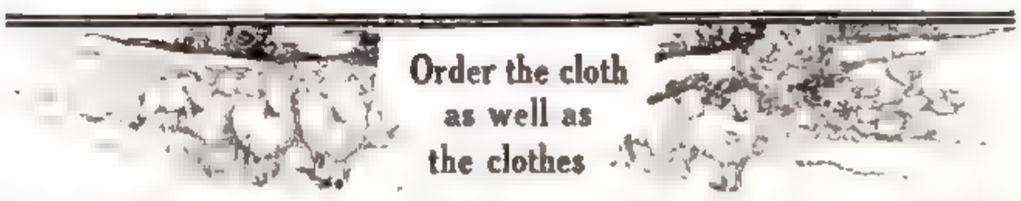

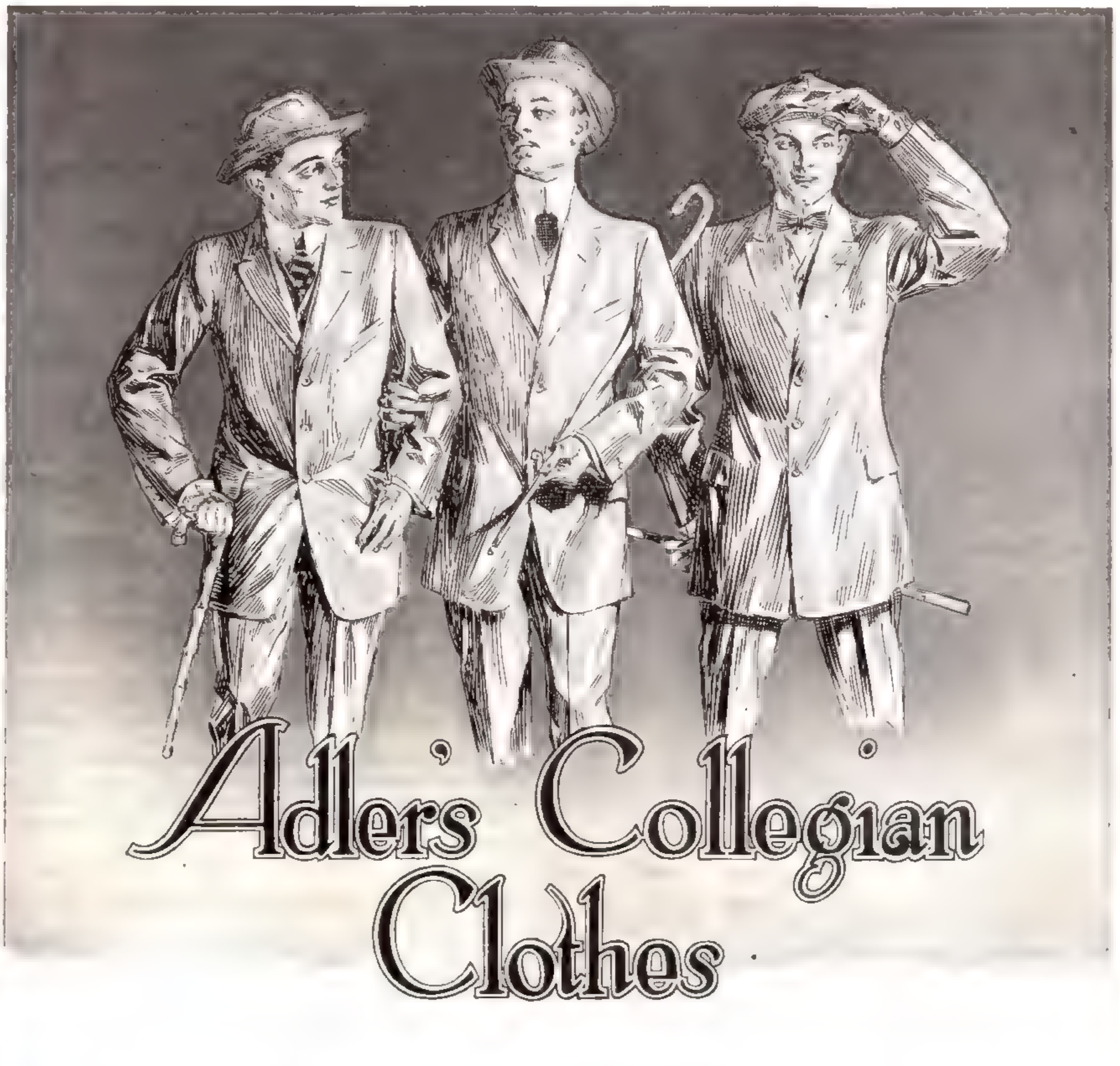

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HOW'S BUSINESS AND WHY

THE general condition of business in the United States is disappointing to those who have indulged in sanguine expectations, and looking round for a scapegoat the one within easiest reach appears to be politics. There is no doubt that politics is having a disturbing influence on the country, for whatever interferes with the smooth operation of events must be held accountable for every consequence of such interruption, regardless of the need or desirability of the interference. There is a species of revolution in business methods in progress and it seeks expression through the machinery of politics.

Obviously the motives of the politicians are frequently selfish and in themselves scarcely commendable; but it appears to be a natural law that the selfishness of the individual shall bring about great good to the many and so it will probably prove in the present instance. Then the disappointing state of general business is attributed to the partial failure of the agricultural crops, which it was expected would be of the bumper variety and set the wheels of business moving until there should be music in the very hum. As it was not possible to find a scapegoat to blame for the crop disappointment there is a philosophic acceptance of the inevitable in this case, and emphasis is placed on the blame cast upon the politicians. It is even suspected that there may be politics of some sort in the August crop estimates, the discovery being made that the crop experts have allowed for too great a deterioration during the last of the season. Had they made a rosy estimate there would presumably be no reflection on their conduct. They might, perhaps, have been commended for contributing to those elements that make for business cheer.

In the conduct of business the factor of optimism is valued very highly, and it is customary to assume that all things will turn out well even when the indications are otherwise. This point has rarely been better illustrated than in the early estimates of the crops of 1911. Wall Street, in the first instance, assumed that the crops would be all right and that business would boom in the autumn, it being implied that Wall Street would proceed at once to discount booming conditions. And today one reads in conservative business articles, prepared for public consumption, that the one crop that has not yet proved disappointing—the cotton crop—is assured. It could, indeed, be wished that it was assured, but it is not, nor can it be until it is practically harvested; and there is time for much adversity to overtake the crop before it is ready for baling. Optimism is right in its way, but there is ever need of leaving a margin for failure of the maximum realization. How true this is as a principle Wall Street is at present demonstrating.

Good Business in Steel

The boom in business that it aspired to discount with rising prices has not come and appears as remote as ever; and the structure of prices that it reared on assumption has utterly collapsed. Consequently Wall Street joins in blaming the crops and scolding the politicians. Perhaps age and experience will add wisdom to the people who make up the world. It will likely be discovered that the reform in business methods, at present causing great friction in the conduct of business, can no more be averted than can failure of the crops, in so far as crop failure follows excess of heat and deficiency of rainfall.

That reform in business methods is as desirable as it is unavoidable the future will be pretty certain to make clear. It is desirable that fair dealing between all classes of men shall be assured by the governing body. Were that the condition today there would be no call for Federal interference with business practice, or for the interruption of the smooth operation of industrial, financial and allied functions. That the outcome of the effort of Federal authorities to better the relations between corporations and consumers will in the end be salutary there is no reason to question. Better a partial crop failure than failure of the endeavor to establish just relations between classes of producers and consumers. Should the endeavor prove faulty, that would be only human, as likewise are the evils it is designed to eliminate. The endeavor being made in this direction ought to be heartily seconded by the business interests of the country, and the useful results patiently awaited. There can be no question as to the character of the results—to wit, a happier and more prosperous country probably than history tells about. It is in the surety of this outcome that optimism may well be given full play.

The report of a moderate general business, which comes from the West, can just about be duplicated in the East. The best reports come from the steel industry, where orders are holding very well, not to say gaining somewhat. The construction of huge business structures, hotels, and the like, continues, and the railroads want a good deal of material even when their minimum wants are supplied. It is estimated that the steel mills generally are operating at least three-quarters of their capacity, which is quite as good a percentage as any other industry can show. It is said that the Steel Corporation is operating eighty per cent of its ingot capacity, while the American Steel and Wire Company is operating eighty-five per cent of capacity, with prospect of further increase. The company is expected to produce about two million tons of wire products for the market this year. Demand for these products for the fall trade is said to be quite good. Electrical companies have been taking a considerable amount of steel bars of late, about the best demand springing from that source.

Copper and Cotton

The activity that plate manufacturers have been looking for has not put in an appearance, but they are reported to be preparing for it. Prices are, however, very soft and price-cutting is much in evidence. This does not speak well for a great boom in the steel industry. It is said that operations at Gary, Indiana, continue to expand. The latest report of unfilled orders on the books of the United States Steel Corporation shows 3,584,085 tons, and since the low record, at the close of last year, 909,328 tons. Though the production of pig iron in July was about the same as in June the average daily output for the longer month was slightly less than for the shorter month. For seven months of the current year the production was 13,263,796 tons, compared with 16,911,671 tons in like months of 1910, 12,993,598 tons in 1909 and 8,017,990 tons in 1908. The yearly rate in July of this year was 21,111,965 tons, compared with 26,884,775 tons for the banner year, 1910.

Favorable things are being said regarding the copper-metal industry. President John D. Ryan, of the Amalgamated Copper Company, though he reports general business in the West, where he has been, as dull and unsatisfactory—and he, too, blames the politicians for this condition—states that the copper business is better than any other that he knows of, by reason of the great development of manufacturing in Europe during the last four or five years. Over one-half of the total output of the American mines, he says, is sold to Europe, and he submits that it would be much better if the material could be retained at home and used for manufacture here. What with exports and home consumption, he says, the stock of copper here has reached as low a point as it ought to reach. According to him, there was on hand at the end of July only thirty-five days' production, and should the activity among European manufacturers hold until there is a revival among American manufacturers, Mr. Ryan professes fear that there will be a greater shortage of copper than there was in 1906, and as absurdly high prices. Mr. Ryan's judgment is entitled to respect, but there is no present ground for apprehension of a shortage of copper, and it will be an unusual circumstance that shall call for copper at about twice current prices. A too stiff price diminishes the use of copper and leads to the employment of substitutes.

The monthly exhibit of the American Copper Producers' Association for July showed a surprisingly small output from domestic and foreign sources, a little rising 112,000,000 pounds, the smallest amount since February, 1909, which was a short month, and corresponding with almost exact figures for the full month of January, 1909. The intense heat of July is said to have interfered with full production, or even the average, which has been about 119,700,000 pounds a month since the first of the current year.

With exports in July amounting to 74,880,658 pounds, against an average of about 61,000,000 pounds a month from January first, it is easy to see how it chanced that there was a reduction of nearly 20,000,000 pounds from the domestic surplus for the month, although domestic deliveries for the month were rather less than in June. From the first of the year there has been a net increase of 15,708,653 pounds in the domestic surplus. This surplus stood at 137,738,858 pounds on August first, the foreign visible supply on the same day being 152,376,000 pounds and the world's visible supply 290,114,858 pounds. Such are the figures stated as the world's supply. As a matter of fact, the real world's supply is much more than this, not all the countries reporting. But it is probably correct to say that the real supply has fallen considerably since the year came in, and that the apparent decrease is nearly 112,000,000 pounds since this date a year ago. The best consumption is abroad, where industry is far more active than in this country.

They are talking ten-cent cotton, a not impossible realization of later months, though scarcely in sight as yet. In the crop season of 1908 and 1909 cotton was quoted as low as 8.30 cents and a year earlier as low as 8.20 cents for July. That was a decline from low at 9.35 cents in 1906-7, and in contrast with a high of 13 cents the same year, 12.78 cents in 1907-8, 12.61 cents in 1908-9, 16.55 cents last year and 16.13 cents this season. These fluctuations are as much the product of manipulation as the natural result of conditions in the mills or at the factories. Conditions at the factories are very unsatisfactory. Curtailment continues and is expected to do so for some while, though a few mills are resuming operations. The greatest factor affecting the cotton-mill industry is the dimensions of the new crop, as at present estimated. There have been two years of short cotton supply, and the effect on dividends of the cotton mills has been bad. The wonder is that the effect was not worse.

The Woolen Trade

Nearly half of the Fall River mills—sixteen—have maintained dividends at usual rates for three-quarters of the current year, although two of the list did not pay the extra of one per cent beyond the first quarter. As the extras were to make good past dividends there was, perhaps, no reason to expect that extras would be continued. Four mills reduced the regular payment by ½ per cent in the third quarter. Eight mills passed dividends entirely for the third quarter, five of them having passed for the second quarter and two for all three quarters. The average dividend paid for the first three quarters was 3.95 per cent, compared with an average of 7.33 per cent cash in the record year of 1907. Cash and stock dividends that year were 18.30 per cent. Expressed in dollars, the difference in cash dividends for three quarters of this year and 1907 is as $1,094,492 to $1,795,270, the latter for the earlier year. The export trade is unfavorably affected by the low price of raw cotton and the hesitation of the manufacturers to sell goods made from high-cost cotton at a low price. The curtailment in progress seems the only alternative to a cut in prices of manufactured goods. As an incident of the curtailment, it is said that the list of the unemployed in the great mill city of Lowell, Massachusetts, is longer than for many years. As yet there is nothing to indicate when the cotton mills of the country will again run in full, but it is felt that when the relationship between cheap raw cotton and the manufactured goods is properly adjusted there will be a return of active conditions, and that mill stocks will then regain the position they usually occupy as desirable investments for income.

The American Woolen Company is to the wool-manufacturing industry about what the United States Steel Corporation is to the manufacture of steel and iron; and it is as important to learn the degree of activity in the factories of the former as it

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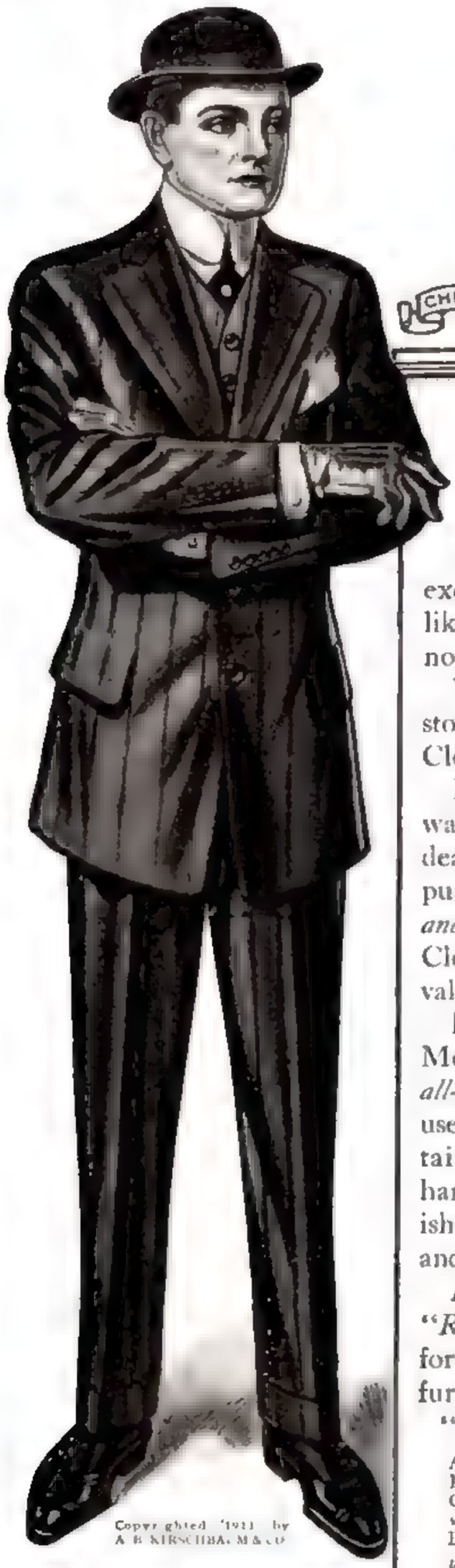

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Trousers:—Medium full over hips, narrow at bottoms, concealed hip pocket; watch guard in velvet watch pocket; fancy hanger button and hole on hip pocket, tunnel belt-straps.

is to know what is being done in the mills of the great steel concern. Fifty-five per cent is said to equal present operating, if it does not exceed it, and this compares with 70 per cent at the opening of the year. In the case of the Steel Corporation the figures, as above stated, approximate 80 per cent now, compared with about 55 per cent earlier in the season. The percentages have been approximately reversed in the two instances. At the low prices of raw wool the first of this year the woolen concern was able, it is said, to earn the proportion of the dividend on the preferred stock. The outlook, with wool at current prices and with only about half of the machinery running, is declared uncertain. Raw wool is 10 to 12 per cent lower than a year ago and fully as low as it was last January. The trend toward worsteds still continues. It is interesting to note that the importations of raw wool for the fiscal year ended June thirtieth were less than half those for the previous year, being $23,200,000 compared with $51,200,000. There is less complaint of inactivity in the wool-manufacturing industry than of smallness of the margin for profit.

Chicago reports high-water mark for building construction in July. For seven months at Chicago the summary shows operations footing $48,691,000, against $51,114,000 for a like period the previous year. Good as is the story for Chicago in July, the story for one hundred and twenty-one cities for the same month is even better, the increase being no less than 14 per cent. There was, however, a decrease from June of 11.4 per cent. Of the one hundred and twenty-one cities sixty-six reported increases and fifty-five decreases. The value of the permits for all the cities in July was $75,490,981 and for June $85,235,365. For seven months of the year the value of the permits amounted to $482,498,995, a decrease of 5.4 per cent from the same months in 1909. On the whole, statistics of the building industry are rather encouraging as a general business factor.

Bank clearings are running better than for the corresponding period last year, though they are not quite so good as for the early part of July. There is, however, nothing discouraging in bank clearings as a business index. The firm tone to commodity prices shown in recent months was continued in July, the advance for the month figuring seven-tenths of 1 per cent, the highest level since March first, though 1.8 per cent below the figures on August 1, 1910. Other comparisons show the level on the first of the current month to be 1.7 per cent above August 1, 1909, 9.1 per cent above August 1, 1908, but 3.1 below August 1, 1907, the year of high-cost living. Except on August 1, 1907 and 1910, the prices as a whole of the commodities of which record is kept by Bradstreet's never showed so high a record on August first as on the first of August, 1911. Advances in July were in livestock, provisions, hides, leather, chemicals, drugs and miscellaneous items. Declines were in breadstuffs, fruits, textiles, metals, oils and naval stores. Coal, coke and building materials recorded no change for the month. Thirty items advanced, fifty-four declined, while there was no change in nineteen, the net consequence being advance, as before remarked.

Money is a minor factor in the business situation, supply being adequate for present and prospective needs and rates being altogether comfortable, with no extraordinary demand in sight against which unusual provision need be made. Railroad transportation is as active as could be looked for in a year without remarkable industrial activity. There is traffic in plenty, as the reduction in the surplus or idle freight cars indicates, but there is not the net revenue in traffic that the managers of the railroads would like to see. It is this fact that makes the threat of a strike on the Union Pacific System appear a strange proposition. It is said that a strike of railroad employees throughout the West is not wholly improbable. There are, in fact, indications of as great a strike of certain classes of workmen in this country as existed in Great Britain, where the situation for a time looked most serious. The labor problem, beyond a question, is one of the greatest problems that await solution in the world, and it will require the wisest statesmanship to cope with it. The solution of trust and labor questions may well make business men feel cautious.

THE KING BUSINESS

By MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

How it Looks in the Light of the Recent Coronation

A KING should be a ruler. The great rulers of the past, Alfred and Charlemagne, and even Queen Elizabeth, were people who really exercised the king's office. They coerced the unwilling; they brought order out of chaos; they governed. The present king does not govern. The English want the king to act as the prime minister directs. He is a superfluous figure; he might be a wraith for all the power he has, except social power. He is popular with those who really count in proportion as he is a political nonentity and does not disturb what others are doing. If he is a well-disciplined person and keeps out of the way he is a good king. A well-constructed, perfectly finished wax figure or automaton is the ideal and distant apotheosis toward which the monarchy tends

Of course they pretend that the king has character and is a real ruler. They like to do that, although they atone for it by making light of the one who preceded and the one who will come after. When Victoria reigned they said that with her well-trained mind and splendid common sense she was the greatest monarch since Elizabeth; it was a blessing to the nation when she succeeded her useless predecessor, and a great pity that her son Edward was so pleasure-loving and extravagant, so inconsequential and indifferent to his great duties. When he became king they said that Victoria, a narrow-minded woman of no real importance in the government, had kept him down, but that Edward the peacemaker, with his wonderful tact, sound judgment and incisiveness, would be the real guide of the nation—only it was a pity his son George was such a mediocre, negligible person. When the present George succeeded it was recalled that Edward was of a lethargic type of mind, spoke with a German accent and cared only to amuse himself, while George is not only a sailor who has been all over the world, especially the world of the British colonies, but a student as well, a man of keen judgment in affairs, a man who will rule; how unfortunate that the Prince of Wales is such an undersized little thing and timid, and has to be pushed through his classes in college!

The present king cannot govern, and yet millions were spent to assure him that he is the Lord's anointed and the chosen of his people. In the game of "tag" or "drop the handkerchief" you perform some act and a certain person becomes "it"—but it is a simple act. In the Arabian Nights the magic words "Open Sesame" carried out all wishes; in fairy tales a wand was waved and Aschenputtel became a princess and the dwarf a golden prince. But not so in modern England. In St. Peter's Church, in Rome, there is a tattered bit of velvet embroidered in gold that served Charlemagne when he became king. But in England an elaborate process was undergone to change an undersized man into an undersized king, whose scepter is pretty well out of business—gone on a bank holiday that is to last forever.

Thousands of looms thundered to make the velvet and cloth for the hangings and carpets for the Abbey and for the peers' robes; hundreds of people in various parts of the kingdom toiled with loom and needle to produce the gorgeous gown of the queen; hundreds more labored over the countless yards of gold lace needed for the gay spectacle. Thousands of hammers swung to make the spectators' stands; thousands of men worked to manipulate the railroads, to prepare food for the extra millions; thousands of soldiers collected from the ends of the earth were on duty almost continuously for forty-eight hours. An enormous

number of human beings spent themselves freely, from the poor coster of the East Side, who put out a little row of flags, to the king himself, who paid out hundreds in treats to the poor.

The national exchequer spent more than a million and a half in provisioning troops and entertaining guests. The naval review alone cost a hundred thousand dollars. The erection of the stands cost a million and a half; one decorating firm alone had contracts for close to half a million dollars' worth of work. The bonfires came to a quarter of a million. Private expenditure was very heavy. One jeweler stated that half a million dollars' worth of coronation jewelry had been purchased, exclusive of the sums paid out to make and alter coronets.

But why? To be sure, there is in all of us a tendency to make ourselves splendid; to put on evening clothes for dinner, badges and medals, Masonic emblems and strawberry leaves, coronets and picture hats. It is possible gradually to send the sense of the ridiculous into complete eclipse, so that a coronation is the ultimate goal of fineness beyond which the human spirit cannot soar. It seems as if it must have required all the precedent of history, the enthusiasm of patriotism, the unshakable British belief in empire and privilege to make all those men and women who formed the procession forget that baron and earl and marquis, duke and prince, queen and king and coster and tradesman are compounded of one common blend of human clay—brothers and sisters under their skins. And what change did the coronation make? A good deal of money passed, millions of people were utterly exhausted, and a king who before the event was unable to make laws or sit in judgment or lead an army is in the same case still.

It is as if the whole English nation got together at great expense and unanimously and enthusiastically said "Boo!"

And why? Because the English are curiously paradoxical. They want their old-age pensions and their employees' insurance; they receive a more democratic government than Americans do and yet they must have a coronation. For inherent in them is the deep-seated, naïve and cogent impulse to take off their hats to a state above their own. They like to exercise loyalty, provided it does not interfere with business and especially if it is a help to business.

The English are great idealists, great enthusiasts and great sentimentalists, always provided that ideals and enthusiasm and sentiment oil the wheels of trade. That is why they spent millions to crown George.

Reading Meanings Into the Show

The promoters of the show managed it with wonderful skill. Two years ago they would have laughed to scorn the notion that the House of Lords could be in its present precarious condition. But now—how could they tell what might chance? They must fight for their aristocratic lives. They must show their colonies the greatest deference, and to the home nation the picture of a Great Britain based solidly on many Britains in all the seven seas. They must use the democratic term, must speak of a vast united "commonwealth," but must show that the bond and symbol of the unity is to be the monarchy itself.

Never before has such deference not only been shown but been sincerely felt for the colonies; the Boer has taught England how much she depended on her dependencies. All that banquets, speeches and the reports and remarks of loyal newspapers could do was done to show admiration, and accompanying this was the constant dissemination of the principle of unity of which the king was to be the symbol. Never once did the promoters of the coronation lose sight of the Sacrament of Empire idea. They used their magnificent show as a great imaginative occasion to prove to the empire that it was one and indivisible.

Lord Rosebery in many speeches tried to make the coronation seem a symbol of an empire always waxing. He requested visitors to take away with them a conception of the greatest empire the world has ever seen, floating its flag in every zone, on the basis of a self-governing community of free people, shoulder to shoulder with the great republic of the West. Somehow the hands-across-the-sea sentiment seemed at this time to be an assistance to the sentiment of constitutionalism. Such speeches helped to endow the national junketing with solemnity.

These promoters, among other details, tried to make the Abbey rites seem solemn and full of meaning. Lord Curzon in a speech to members of the press of Great Britain, who had been well fed beforehand at a banquet honored by many titled guests, assured his listeners that although they met in an atmosphere of gayety and rejoicing and would be told that the country would not regard with seriousness even the most important constitutional revolution, he hoped they would not believe for a moment that they had come merely to regard a pageant, but rather one of the greatest historical landmarks in the history of the British people. He asked them to read the coronation service—he assumed that journalists possess prayerbooks—then they would see that the three hours they were going to spend in the Abbey would not be given up to an obsolete and unmeaning mummery. It would be a great religious observance; the subjects would make obeisance to the king and he would make obeisance to Almighty God. The journalists must impress on the people that the king was the expression of an ideal which they formerly believed was from on high. A common language was a great cement of empire, a common law a greater one still, and a common king the greatest of all, because it was a possession in which all could share, irrespective of race, religion, color or creed. It is rumored that one journalist was moved almost to tears by the speech. Even more telling would be the effect on the common or garden Englishman, reading it in his paper next day; for such as he reverence deeply the peers whom they may never meet—not even at a dinner with a purpose.

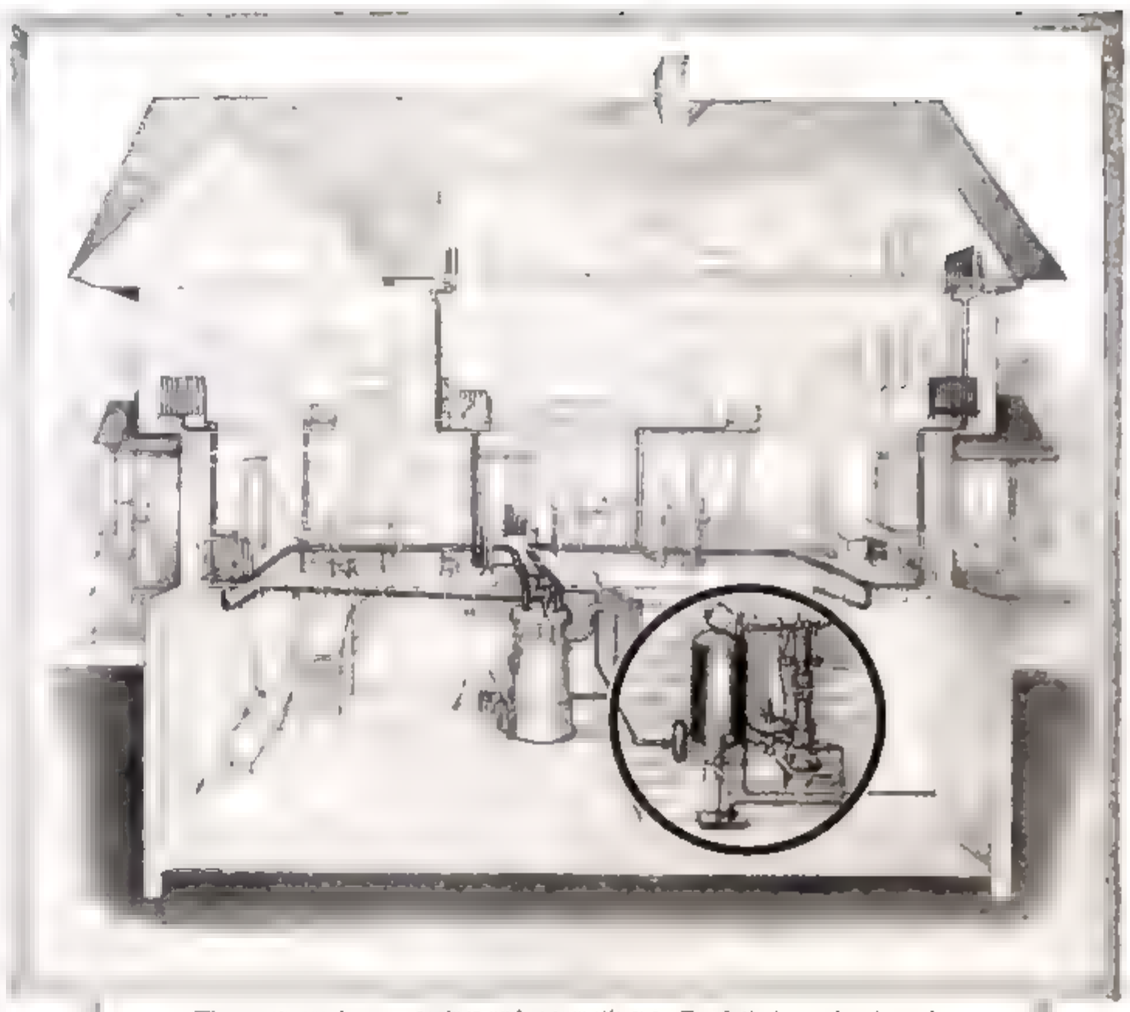
The Captains and the Kings

Such emotional response only helped to press closer the joke of old forms. Perhaps away from the glamour a little thinking would be done; it might be secretly admitted that all this clinging on the part of the aristocrats to old traditions, while republican terms were admitted, was a very proof that the democratic spirit was inevitably progressing. Certainly the psychology of the people and perhaps of the press was accurately measured.

The journalists wrote the prettiest of descriptions. The Persian carpets and priceless Flemish tapestries that dukes and commoners lent to cover up bare spots in the Abbey, the royal blue draperies, the royal purple, the scarlet and gold of the nobles, the mauves and blues and yellows of the Far East, the dun and amber and olive and lavender of the commoners' ladies all received their due attention, including the appearance of the American special ambassador, conspicuous because he was the only person in a white undecorated shirt-front and plain dark coat. The writers could not make a great deal of the peers, since most of them are baldheaded; and when they did get their coronets on they achieved queer angles; but they did make the most of the peeresses. They might indeed have remarked that for men doomed to immediate destruction the lords looked exceedingly secure and good-tempered.

The writers not only did justice to the color, but they struggled gallantly for the religious note, and some of them were able to see the whole fabric of the Abbey as a mystical cross. Now and again some radical gave a sign of restlessness, hinting that the setting of the Abbey was subtly contrived to remind the observer that peers and peeresses only participated in the rite; that they, too, performed a ritual of self-coronation when the king and queen were crowned, while the faithful commoners were merely onlookers. Doubtless these writers were aware of the mixture of the secular and the religious. They knew that in the ceremony there was much that no one but a quick-eyed antiquary could possibly understand, with its changes from chair to throne, with crown put on and taken off, with play of the coped ecclesiastics and their regalia, the procession up and down the church and the way the different objects were handed to privileged peers and retrieved from them, leading the profane mind to think of "Button, button, who's got the button?" The Abbey ceremonial, though the most striking part of the ceremonial from the pageant standpoint, was the weakest from the constitutional, but it impressed the English none the less for that.

The coronation was not accurately symbolic of the empire, since the Abbey rites



The pump, condenser, strainer and automatic cut-off, relatively much enlarged, are shown within the circle

Better Heat with Less Fuel, Next Winter, if You Install

The Reliable Vacuum Pump

YOU really can save a fourth of the customary fuel-cost, and have much better heat, by connecting the Reliable Vacuum Pump to your steam heating-plant—because it *automatically* pulls out the air from radiators and piping.

With the air removed, steam instantaneously rushes to every part of the system—heats every loop of every radiator. This means quick heat, uniform heat, better heat—every radiator at once doing full duty; no hissing or hammering; no danger of leakage.

And because there is no air to be forced out, a smaller head of steam is required. This means a distinct economy of fuel.

These advantages can be assured for any modern steam heating-plant—in the home, store, factory, office or church, no matter what the size—because the Reliable Vacuum Pump is positive in its action, and requires almost no attention.

The whole operation is automatic. Air in the system starts the pump. When the air is exhausted, the pump stops—and so the cost of operation is trifling.

The Reliable Vacuum Pump is made in two types—one operated by city water-pressure, the other by electricity. Any competent heating-contractor can install it, and there are no royalties to pay. To quote positive prices is impossible until the details of your heating-problem are known. But it is certain that the saving in fuel-cost and the gain in comfort will pay many times over for the cost of the Reliable Vacuum Pump.

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An interesting experience with Polarine

Saurer Motor Company
30 Church St., New York

August 22, 1911.

Standard Oil Company,
555 West 25th Street,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

It will probably be interesting for you to know that the "*Pioneer Freighter*," the 4½ ton Saurer motor truck which has just finished the run between San Francisco and New York with a load averaging 3½ tons, used Polarine Oil, Transmission Lubricants and Grease.

This was the most gruelling trip through which any motor vehicle ever passed

For twenty-seven consecutive days the truck was never off the low gear, 2.4 miles per hour, the engine running 1000 r.p.m. Over the White Mountains of Arizona deep snow and mud were encountered in temperatures of down to zero, while through the desert sixteen days were consumed, most of which was on the low gear in temperatures of 140 during the day and never less than 100 at midnight.

This, you will agree, was a most trying test for the cooling system and the lubricating oils, but never once during this most trying trip was the engine overheated or the lubricating anything but perfect.

Inspection of the cylinders and valves in Chicago and again in New York on completion of the trip totaling over 5,200 miles, showed them to be in perfect condition, and entirely free from carbon.

The gear case in which we used Polarine Transmission Lubricant was opened only once during the trip for inspection and found to be in perfect condition.

If there is any further information which would be interesting concerning this trip, we would be pleased to supply it.

Yours very truly,

H D WATSON,
Eastern Sales Mgr

Polarine

The Polarine Brand covers:

Polarine Oil (in gallon and half-gallon sealed cans, in barrels and half barrels), ***Polarine Transmission Lubricants, Polarine Cup Grease and Polarine Fibre Grease.***

These lubricants cover the needs of every part of the car.

Send to our nearest agency for "Polarine Pointers" which includes hints on the care of motor cars.

Standard Oil Company
(Incorporated)

were shared in and seen only by a favored few, some seven thousand. By the king's wish, indeed, these were more representative than ever before. Yet despite the fact that the House of Lords is tottering, the peers and their families numbered considerably over ten thousand; the members of the royal household and foreign nobilities over seven hundred; the members of Parliament and their wives numbered less than a thousand. The army and navy together numbered perhaps four hundred and the civil service two hundred and fifty.

The makers of a pageant, however, must produce an effective picture, and that is a good reason for exploiting the peerage and the army. The navy, like the civil element, was almost neglected in the show. To be sure, on the day when King George reviewed the fleet at Spithead there was represented the convincing evidence of Britain's might on the sea. The largest and most powerful fighting force the world has ever seen rode on the blue water. It showed only one-third of the nation's sea power, yet it numbered one hundred and sixty-seven battleships, making a tonnage of over a million and carrying more than fifty-five thousand men.

In pressing home, by means of the coronation, the empire or commonwealth idea, the managers neglected no detail, from impressing on the minds of the children in the villages of England the significance of the occasion by giving them feasts and mugs, to arranging for a Pageant of Empire in the Crystal Palace, to last six months, not the least interesting feature of which is the fact that fifteen thousand men and women act their parts for nothing several times a week. The great ones know that in the fight for the continuance of the lease of aristocratic privilege all weapons must be used. But they had to rely on the loyalty of all classes. They had to assume that in spite of the surprising changes in England, tending toward a more generous democracy than any so-called republic possesses, the English would be true to old habits, old traditions. Their assumption was well taken.

The Emotional English

If any proof were needed that the English not only are faithful to old traditions but also are an emotional people, the coronation brought it forth in varied form. There were men who viewed the Abbey ceremonial with the conviction that they were not sentimental, not to be fed on illusions, quite sensible of the value of a constitution and quite aware of the difference between a man and a symbol. Doubtless they told themselves that if they did not stand aloof when the crown of Richard the Lion-hearted, Edward of Crécy and Henry of Agincourt was placed on the head of George, it was because of the knowledge that they were descendants of the men who fashioned that crown with their swords and defended it with their lives. It was not the pomp of pageantry or the glamour of a picturesque ceremony or the revelation of Britain's armed strength that thrilled them. No; these constitutionalists held that it was not as monarchists, not even as citizens of the empire, but as sons of their fathers, that they hailed the coronation, treating it not as the brilliant spectacle of a moment but as the occasion for paying a solemn duty to the past and handing a splendid tradition to the future. The English who demand for themselves a sturdy self-respect will always find some way of achieving it.

The nation in the streets accepted quite unashamed the English order—arrogance insisting on its own, servility bowing in awe to arrogance, largesse extended to servility in return for the feudal attitude. And usually servility had tears of devotion in its eyes.

It was not merely the common people who showed their emotionalism, as with wet eyes and husky voices they saw their king pass by with the crown on his head, the value of which would have fed all of them for a month. In the Abbey itself, when the Prince of Wales as the king's chief subject knelt to do homage, the father bent over and altered the order of ceremonial by putting his hand under the boy's chin and kissing him. Immediately the Abbey swam in a mist, and it could not honestly all be put down to the fact that the spectators, having risen several hours before their usual time, were feeling a little low. From every point of view the managers of the great show were fortunate that they could present their object-lesson to the nation at this particular time.

On one day we are told that the lords are tottering; we are reminded that the present government has contrived that the dukes shall be nobly taxed; we are warned that socialism is rampant and we are told to look at the career of the radical Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The next we see millions of people madly cheering their crowned head, wearing themselves out to prove their fidelity to the throne. Monarchy passed proudly by and the people adored it; nobody lifted a cynical eyebrow, and John Burns sat in the Abbey clothed in a gold coat. Old-age pensions and insurance will continue to flourish; it may be that the radicals will find some legislation favorable to the unemployed, for the spirit of democracy is enlarging. But no one who saw the coronation procession and the royal progress can doubt that George and his descendants will always sit on the English throne, by the will of the English people who like to bow their heads to their betters.

The Procession of Suffragettes

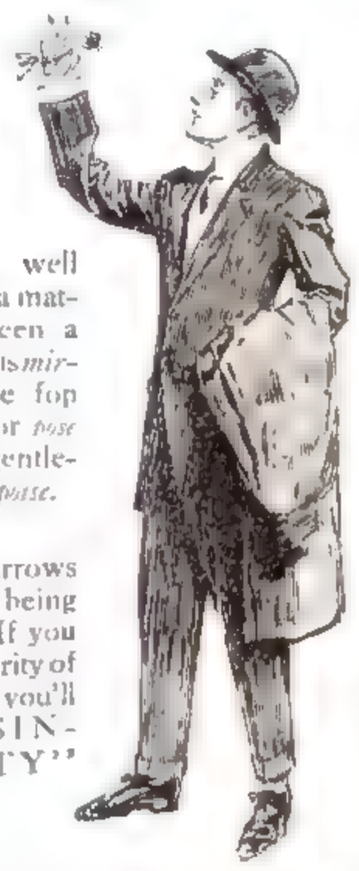
The great managers were not the only ones who took advantage of the occasion for driving home an idea. A skillful pageant was presented by England's most recent, weakest and most persistent army the suffragists. While the empire was showing what it had become through centuries these women showed what they had done in half a dozen years. Their procession was over six miles long and included forty thousand women of all classes, from the earl's daughter to the sweated worker. A sergeant-major of the Guards said that no better arranged or more admirably worked out procession had ever been seen in London. There were many onlookers who were merely interested in the representations, Joan of Arc, Queen Elizabeth, the women who had sat in Parliament and other women with political rights. There were others who were impressed by the various classes of society on view—aristocrats, like Lady Frances Balfour and Lady Beatrice Kenyon, college women, nurses and the band of sweated workers. There were still others who found the most striking feature of the demonstration to be the band of seven hundred women, marching five abreast, who have been in prison for their convictions. From the point of view of the promoters this mobilization was a stroke of genius. Just a few months ago the crowd would have jeered them and hustled them; now not an insulting word was said. Cynical observers might have reflected that the crowd was afraid to call out disrespectful remarks to a company of women many of whom represent the colonies on whom England depends. Possibly titled women from New Zealand and Australia and New South Wales cannot be treated with the familiar contempt of home people. But more than that, these onlookers were of the blood of people who slowly formed the habit of adoring their kings; they like pluck and power when they recognize them; they can be slowly worked upon by persistence; and, above all, they can be influenced by habit. They have the habit of their king, and the day will come when they will have the habit of the suffragists.

The coronation was something England had to do because it has always been done: as inevitable as the inauguration of a president! There was little attempt to define it from an economic standpoint, but, after all, it can be traced to the same attempt at business boom that shows itself in a republic in "home-comings" and fairs and national expositions. Many human beings are ready to go a-junketing under the excuse of inducing prosperity and helping trade, and this in spite of the lesson of past loss.

This sort of thing will go on until the economists have agreed as to whether mere consumption increases wealth, and have then made a convincing revelation to business men. The English promoters certainly used their show skillfully for many purposes. It proved that the English love their lords as well as ever—but ultra-radicals need not despair. The income tax will not be reduced and some day the lords will suffer a further loss of power. In view of all this, it may be worth while to pay heavily for useless forms and to support luxuriously useless men. It is only in theory that scientific management succeeds perfectly; few affairs can be conducted without waste, economic and human—not even in a republic.

SEEK POISE, NOT POSE!

IT'S better to be conventional and correct, than "the glass of fashion,"—*cracked.*



Dressing well is wholly a matter between a *man* and his *mirror.* The fop dresses for *pose*—the gentleman for *poise.*

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Find the shop that sells them and you've found the shop to stick to for *good* and for *good clothes.* The label in the coat-pocket guarantees both the *sincerity* of our tailoring and the *safety* of your purchase. Our Book of Modes tells you *more* than any tailor could. Free. Write for it.

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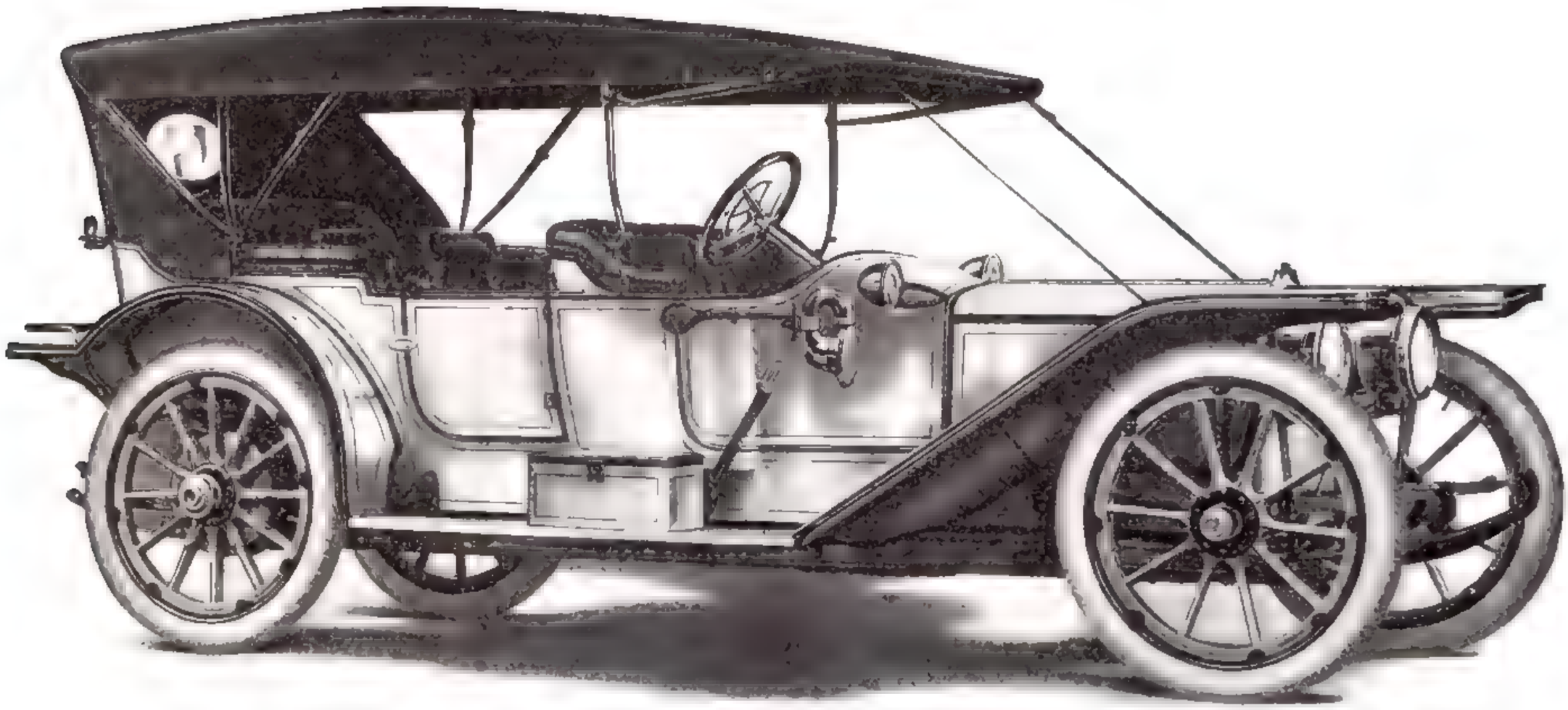

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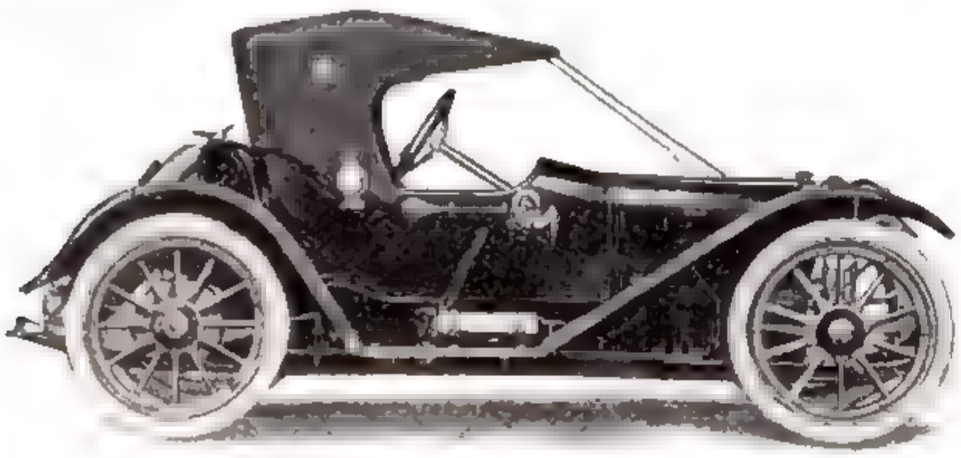
We are now more than doubling our manufacturing facilities to enable us to produce two moderate priced ***Underslung*** "Americans" to meet the broader demand which our large high-powered "American Traveler" has created; thus, for the first time, placing within the reach of the man whose price limit is under $2500 or $1500, all the attractive features and advantages of "American" ***Underslung*** construction, at a price well within his limits.

Men of individuality usually prefer whatever they possess to have certain *distinguishing characteristics*. Such men, as a rule, are the leaders in whatever they undertake. And *these* are the men who buy the "American."

"Americans" are not turned out in enormous quantities to meet a price. The production is limited, and each car reflects that painstaking care and individual attention in manufacturing, inspection and testing so vitally important in the production of a thoroughly high grade automobile.

Send for complete catalogue and our treatise on "The Advantages of ***Underslung*** Construction."



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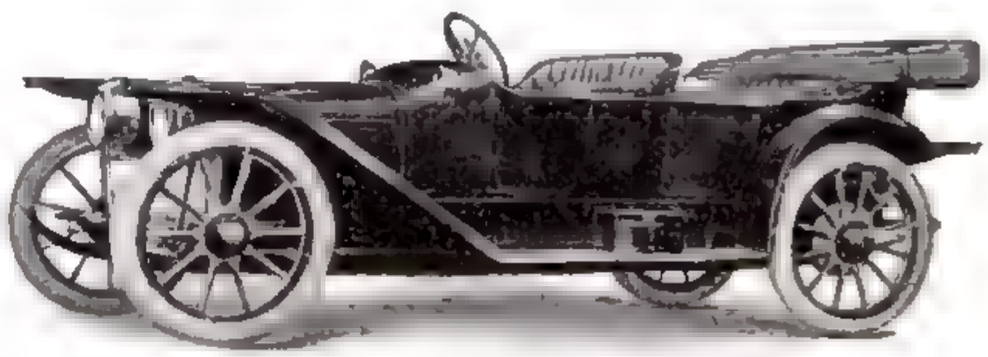

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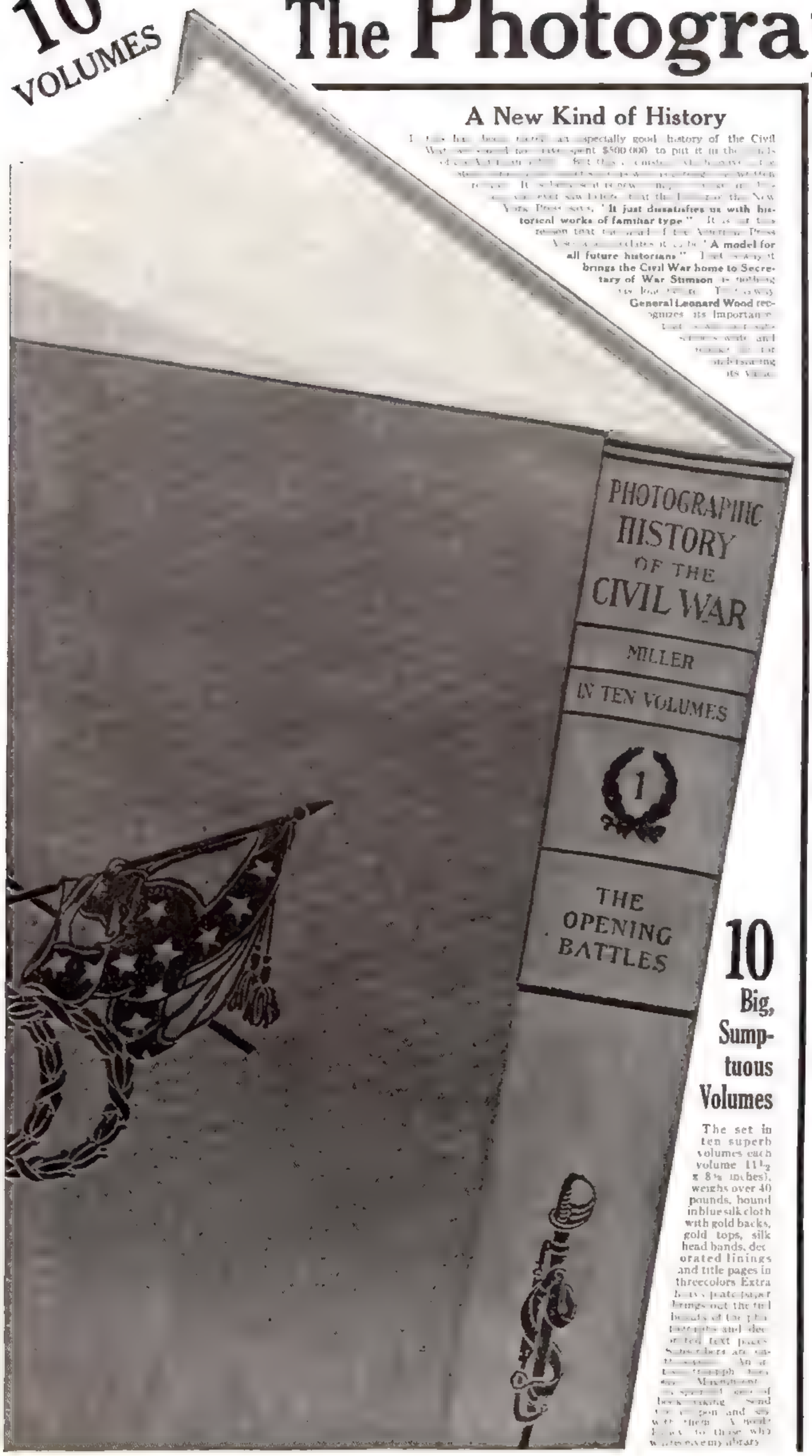

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We'll be very glad indeed to send you our booklet of Famous Preserving Recipes. No charge whatever. Have one? Just your name on a postal.

The Fate of the Tree-Seed

By ENOS A. MILLS

THE ripened seeds of trees are sent forth, by many strange devices and at random, to the unoccupied and fertile places upon the earth. There are six hundred kinds of trees in North America and each of these equips its seeds in a peculiar way in order that they may take advantage of wind, gravity, water, birds or animals to transport them on their home-seeking journey.

The whole seed-sowing story is a fascinating one. Blindly, often as thickly as snowflakes, the seeds go forth to seek their fortune—to find a rooting-place. All are in danger, many are limited as to time, and the majority are restricted to a single effort. A few, however, have a complex and novel equipment, and with this make a long, romantic and sometimes an adventurous journey, colonizing at last some strange land far from the place of their birth. Commonly, however, this journey is brief, and usually by one short fall or flight the seed comes to rest where it will sprout or perish. Generally it dies.

One autumn afternoon in Southeastern Missouri, seated upon some driftwood in the shallow margin of the Mississippi, I discovered a primitive craft that was carrying a colony of adventurous tree-seeds down the mighty river. As I watched and listened the nuts pattered upon the fallen leaves and the Father of Waters purled and whispered as he slipped his broad, yellow-gray current almost silently to the sea. Here and there a few broadbacked sandbars showed themselves above the surface.

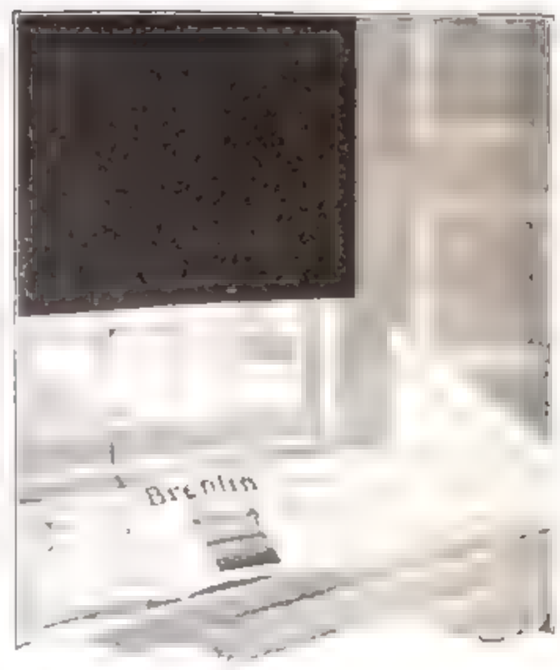
This primitive craft was a log that drifted, low and heavy, end-on with the current. It was going somewhere with a small cargo of tree-seeds. Upon a broken upraised limb of the log sat a kingfisher. As it drifted with the current, breezes on the wooded hilltops decorated the autumn air with deliberately falling leaves and floating, winged seeds. The floating log pointed straight for a sandbar upon which other logs and snags were stranded. I determined, when later it should come ashore, to see the character of the cargo it carried.

Long-Distance Travelers

Now and then, as I sat there, heavy round nuts came bounding and rattling like merry boys down the hillside which rose from the water's edge. Occasionally, as a nut dropped from the treetop it struck a limb springboard and from this made a long leap outward for a roll down the hillside. These nuts were walnut and hickory; and like most heavy nuts they traveled by rolling, floating and by squirrel-carriage.

One nut dropped upon a low limb, glanced far outward and landed upon a log, from which it bounced outward and went shooting down the hillside aplunk into the river. Slowly it rolled this way and that in the almost currentless water. At last it made up its mind and with the almost invisible swells commenced to float slowly toward the floating log out in the river. By-and-by the current caught it, carried it toward and around the sandbar, to float away with the onsweep toward the sea. This nut may have been carried a few miles or a few hundred before it went ashore on the bank of the river or landed upon some island, to sprout and grow. Seeds often are carried by rivers and successfully planted, after many stops and advances, far from the parent tree.

The log hesitated as he approached the sandbar, as though cautiously smelling with his big, rooty nose, but at last he swung around broadside-on and sleepily allowed the current to put him to bed upon the sand. As a tree, this log had lived on the banks of the Mississippi or one of its tributaries in Minnesota. While standing, it had for a time served as a woodpeckers' home. In one of the larger excavations made by these birds I found some white-pine cones and some other seeds from the north that had been stored by bird or squirrel. A long voyage these seeds had taken; they may have continued the journey, landing at last to grow in sunny Tennessee—or they may have sunk to the bottom of the river or even have perished in the salt waters of the Gulf.



Write for this book

and samples of the new window shade material in all colors and in Brenlin Duplex—light one side, dark the other.

This book is full of illustrations and information on Brenlin—the new window shade material that outwears several ordinary shades.

Brenlin is made without the "filling" that in ordinary shades falls out and leaves ugly streaks and pinholes.

Brenlin
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Window Shades

won't crack, won't fade, won't [illegible] smooth and even, does not [illegible] Brenlin does prove to be the best shade cloth on the market.

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CHAS. W. BURNHAM & CO.
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The name Brenlin is perforated along the edge of every yard of genuine Brenlin. Look for it.

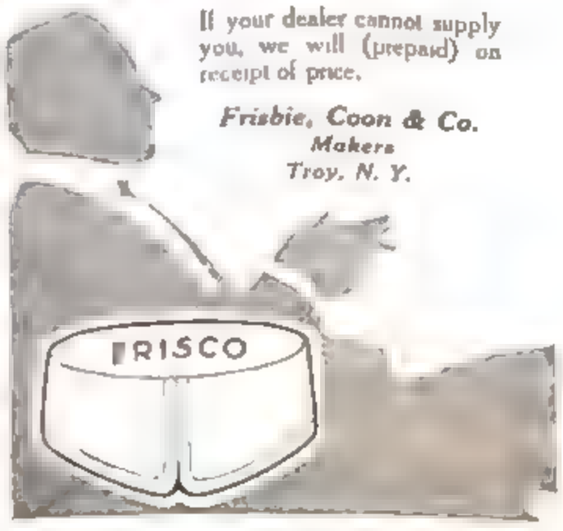
Frisbie Collars

WEAR *"Frisco"*—the collar with a million friends. Close set front; easy to button; ample scarf tunnel. Laughs at laundries. Hand-made in 3 heights.

15 Cents. 2 for 25 Cents

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will (prepaid) on receipt of price.

Frisbie, Coon & Co.
Makers
Troy, N. Y.



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A "Mallory Cravenetted Hat" is simply a hat of the finest fur felt, worked into refined and attractive shapes—the best hat qualities you can buy anywhere, plus the added value that comes from the "Cravenetting" process.

If you want this Fall's latest and most approved style in derby or soft hat, buy a Mallory hat.

Ask your dealer to show you our new Scotch finish soft hat. It is entirely new.

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Factory: Danbury, Conn.
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No Headache, Backache or Tired Feet.

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In climbing up the steep hillside above the river many nests of hickorynuts and walnuts were found against the upper sides of fallen logs. Upon the level hilltop the ground beneath the trees was thickly covered with fallen nuts; only a few of these were a tree's length away from the parent. Occasionally, however, a wind gust used a long, slender limb as a sling and flung the attached nuts afar.

The squirrels were actively laying up a horde of nuts for winter. Many a walnut, hickorynut or butternut tree in some distant place may have grown from an uneaten or forgotten nut which the squirrels carried away.

The winged seeds are the ones that are most widely scattered. These are grown by many kinds of trees. From May until midwinter trees of this kind are giving their little atoms of life to the great seedsower the wind. Most winged seeds have one wing for each seed and commonly each makes but one flight. Generally, the lighter the seed and the higher the wind the farther the seed will fly or be blown.

In May the silver maple starts the flight of winged seeds. This tree has seeds about the size of a peanut, each of which is provided with a one-sided wing as large as one's thumb. It sails away from the trees, settling rapidly toward the earth with heavy end downward, whirling round and round as it falls. Red maple seeds ripen in June, but not until autumn does the hard maple send its winged ones forth from amid the painted leaves.

The seed of ash trees is like a dart. In the different ashes the seeds are of different lengths, but all have two-edged wings which in calm weather dart the seed to the snowy earth; but in a lively wind they are tumbled and whirled about while being unceremoniously carried afar; this they do not mind, for at the first lull they right themselves and drop in good form to the earth.

The Flight of Winged Seeds

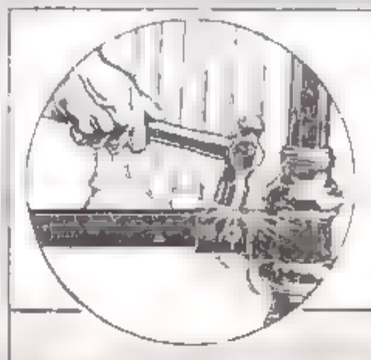
Cottonwoods and willows send forth their seeds inclosed in a dainty puff or ball of silken cotton that is so light that the wind often carries it long distances. With the willow this device is so airy and dainty that it is easily entangled in twigs or grass and may never reach the earth. The willow seed, too, is so feeble that it will often perish inside of twenty-four hours if it does not find a most favorable germinating place. This makes but little difference to the willow families, for they do not depend upon seeds for extension, but upon the breaking off of roots or twigs by various agencies; these pieces of roots or twigs often are carried miles by streams and take root perhaps in the first place they go aground.

The seeds of the sycamore are in balls and are attached to the limbs by slender twiglets. The winter winds beat and thump these balls against the limbs, thus causing the seeds to loosen and drop to the earth—a few at a time. Each seed is a light little pencil, equipped with a whorl of hairs at one end that acts like a parachute, which delays its fall and thus enables the wind to carry it away from the parent tree.

The conifers—the pines, firs and spruces—have ingeniously devised and developed their winged seeds for wind distribution. Most of these seeds are light and each is attached to a dainty feather or wing which is used on its commencement day. These wings are as handsome as insects' wings—dainty enough for fairies; they are purple, plain, brown and spotted, and so balanced that they revolve or whirl, glinting in the autumn sun as they go on their adventurous wind-blown flight to the earth. A high wind may carry them miles.

With the pines and spruces, the cones open one or a few scales at a time, so that the seeds from each cone are distributed through many days. The firs, however, carry cones that, when ripe, often collapse in the wind; the entire filling of seeds is thus dropped at once and momentarily these fill the air with flocks of merry, diving, glinting wings. A heavy seedcrop in a coniferous forest gives a touch of poetry to the viewless air.

The lodgepole pine is one of the most patient and philosophical seedsowers in the forest. It is a prolific seed-producer and has a remarkable hoarding characteristic—that of keeping its cones closed and of clinging to these for years. Commonly a forest fire kills trees without consuming them. With lodgepole pines, the fire frequently burns off the needles and leaves the tree standing, but melts the sealing-wax



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S.E.P. Sept. 16, 191

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One to Five Ton Capacity

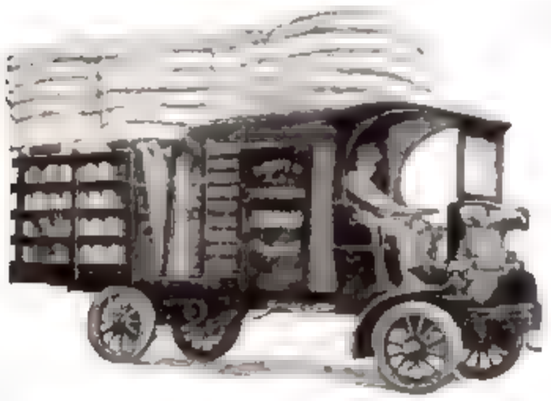
Cars built to meet every Commercial Requirement. Send for descriptive Literature.

Largest Motor Truck Order Ever Placed!!

For weeks the new New York Department Store firm, J. L. Kesner Co., investigated the various makes motor trucks—which investigation resulted in a decision in favor of The Grabowsky. With the order for **43 Trucks** came the information—"The Grabowsky won strictly on the merits of its construction."

We claim, and can prove, that "Grabowsky" stands for highest motor truck attainment. Grabowsky means maximum delivery service at minimum cost—**all due to our time and money saving features**—A Removable Power Plant that slides out like a drawer—ready for inspection or adjustment at all times without holding up the car in service—Thus efficiency is quadrupled—Hardened Steel Bushings protecting all working connections, means a saving of hundreds of dollars yearly.

These and other features which no other car has nor can have guarantee "The Grabowsky" to cost less for upkeep—give better service—and last longer than any other truck on the market.



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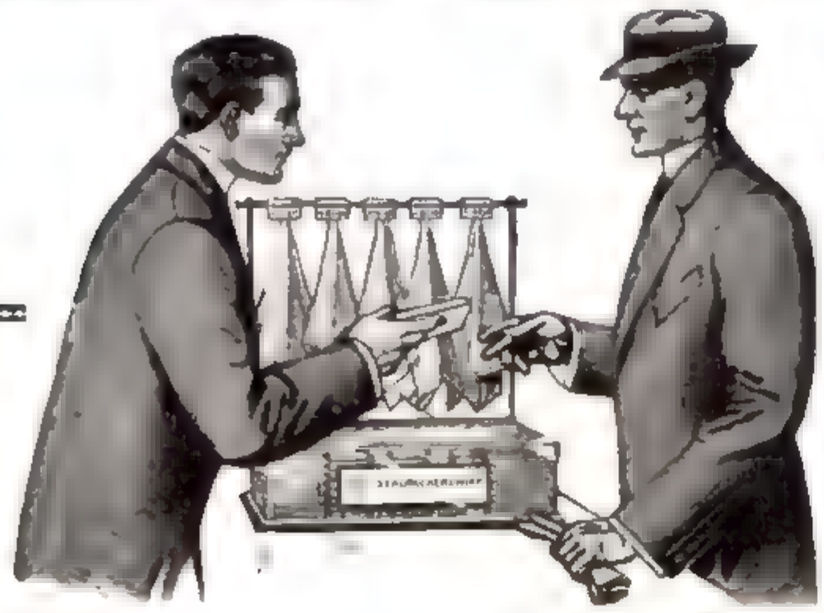

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Look for the counter sign shown above.
Look for the trade mark name SEALPACKERCHIEF.
Select from the hanging samples which are plainly marked with the prices.

The clerk will hand you a sealed package guaranteed to contain the same quality as the hanging samples.

Don't buy loose handkerchiefs. *Sealed* cleanliness guarantees *open* purity. "Pawed over" goods are second hand. Disease germs thrive on shop counters. They cannot reach SEALPACKERCHIEF

The quality of SEALPACKERCHIEF handkerchiefs at the various prices invites most rigid comparison. The handkerchiefs are snowy white, spotlessly clean, soft-finished and ready for use.

Men's Packages		Ladies' Packages Pure Irish Linen		
	Containing	Size	About	Containing
Banner	1 for 10 cts.	No. 7	No. 8	1 for 10 cts.
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You will find it worth while to insist upon SEALPACKERCHIEF.

Look for the name. Refuse substitutes. If your dealer cannot supply you we will send prepaid on receipt of price. Simply address

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on the cones. Thus the fire releases these seeds and they fall upon a freshly fire-cleaned soil, which condition is most favorable for them.

Though the cherry is without wings or a flying machine of its own, it is rich enough to hire the rarest transportation in the world—that is, the birds. Its attractive-colored and luscious pulp hires the wings of many beautiful birds—the mocking-bird and the hermit thrush—to carry the seeds to new scenes. What a happy and romantic way in which to seek the promised land!

Many kinds of pulp-covered seeds that are attractive and delicious when ripe are unpleasant to the taste while green; this protective measure guards them against being sown before they are ready, or ripe. The instant persimmons are ripe the trees are full of opossums, which disseminate the ready-to-grow seeds; but Mr. 'Possum avoids horrid, green, puckery persimmons.

The big tree is one of the most fruitful of seedbearers. In a single year one of these may produce a few million fertile seeds. These mature in comparatively small cones; and the seed, being as light as air, is sometimes carried by high winds across ridges and ravines before being dropped to the earth.

The honey locust uses a peculiar device to secure wind assistance in pushing its long, purplish pods, with their heavy bean-like seeds, afar. This pod is not only flattened but crooked and slightly twisted. Dropping from the tree in midwinter, it often lands upon crusted snow. Here, on windy days, it becomes a kind of a crude iceboat and goes skimming along before the wind; with its flattened, twisted surface it ever presents a boosting surface to the breeze.

The ironwood tree launches its seeds each seated in the prow of a tiny boat which floats or careens away upon the ocean of air, sinking, after a rudderless voyage, to the earth. The attachment to some seeds is like a bladder or balloon; tied helplessly to this, the seed is cast forth briefly to roam with the wandering winds.

Sowing Seeds Like a Spendthrift

The linden or basswood tree uses a monoplane for buoyancy. The basswood attaches or suspends a number of seeds by slender threads to the center of a leaf; in autumn, when this falls, it resists gravity for a time and often alights with its clinging cargo far from the tree which sent it forth.

Burr or hook covered seeds may become attached to the backs of animals and thus be transported afar. One day, in Colorado, I disturbed a black bear in some willows more than a mile from the woods; as he ran over a grassy ridge three or four pine cones that had been hooked and entangled in his hair went spinning off. Seeds sometimes are internationally distributed by becoming attached by some sticky substance—pitch or dried mud—to the legs or feathers of birds. Cottonwood seeds often have a long ride, though generally a fruitless one, by alighting in the hair of some animal. Sometimes a cone or a nut becomes wedged in the hoof of an animal and is carried about for days—taken miles before it is dropped; it grows a lone tree far from the nearest grove.

Though the witch-hazel is no longer invested with eery charms, it still has its own peculiar way of doing things. It chooses to bloom alone in late autumn, just at the time its seeds are ripe and scattering. Assisted by the frost and the sun, it scatters its shotlike seeds with a series of snappy little explosions, which fling the seeds twelve to twenty feet from the capsule in which they ripen.

The mangrove trees of Florida germinate their seeds upon the tree and then drop little plants off into the water; here the winds and currents may move them hither and yon as they blindly seek a rooting-place.

The cocoanut tree covers its nut with a kind of excelsior which prevents breaking upon the rocks. This also facilitates the floating and transportation of the nut in the sea. When the breakers have flung it upon rocks or broken reefs its fibrous covering helps it to cling until the young roots grow and anchor it securely.

Thus, endlessly during all the seasons of the year, the trees are sowing their ripened seeds and sending them forth variously equipped, blindly to seek a place in which they may live, perpetuate their species and extend the forest.

It is well that Nature sows seeds like a spendthrift. So many are the chances

Soups, Stews and Hashes

Are delightful dishes when properly seasoned. Housewives find that

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Gives "just the finishing touch." **Soups, Fish, Meats, Game, Gravies, and Chafing Dish Cooking** seem insipid without it.

Assists Digestion.

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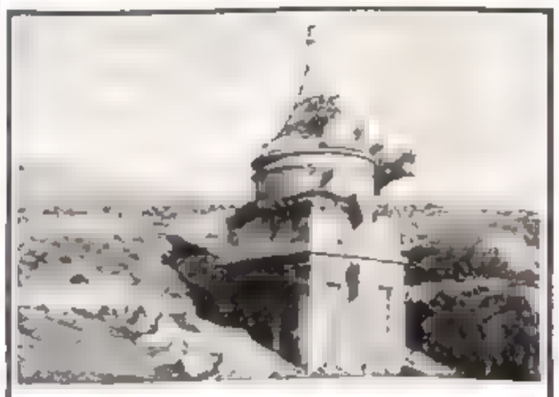

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THE 448 ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS

[illegible] of all the places [illegible] the great events of [illegible] and [illegible] now brings Bible Lands [illegible] on

THE CROSS INDEX

[illegible] the Scriptures [illegible] person, place and event [illegible]

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The ambition of every tire maker in the world is to some day make a non-skid tire as good and as popular as the famous

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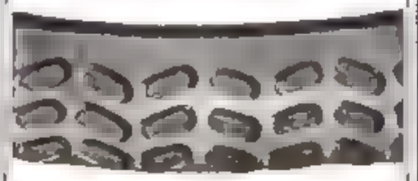

Never before in the history of motoring has any type of tire achieved such success. Everywhere, from coast to coast, Nobby Treads are replacing every other form of non-skid tire or non-skid device in every possible kind of service. And it is because the big, thick, diagonally-placed knobs grip any kind of road, no matter how slippery, and *do absolutely prevent skidding or drive-slipping.*

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Continental G & J **Hartford Morgan & Wright**

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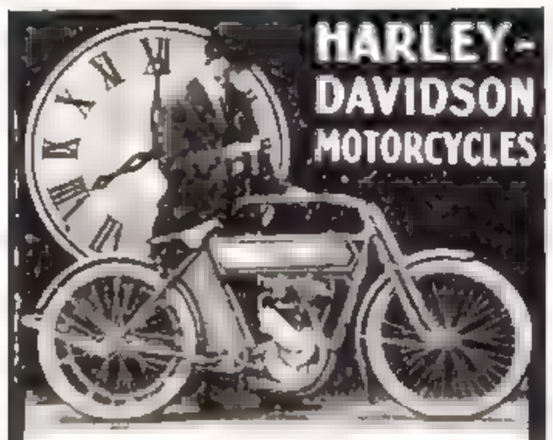

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Let us prove to you that this machine is really so clean, so comfortable and so economical, that to ride it, is a luxury as well as an economical necessity. The Harley-Davidson holds the world's economy record, will travel 10 miles for a cent, and has won the only diamond medal and 1000 plus S score (for superexcellent performance) ever awarded by the National Federation of American Motorcyclists in a motorcycle contest. Send for booklet.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
922 L Street MILWAUKEE, WIS.

against the seed, so numerous are the destroying agencies, so few are the places within reach that are unoccupied, that perhaps not more than one seed in a million ever germinates and hardly one tree in a thousand that starts to grow ever attains maturity

Through sheer force of numbers and continuous seed-scattering the necessarily random methods of Nature produce results; and, where opportunity offers, trees promptly extend their holdings or reclaim a territory from which they have been driven.

Many times I have wandered through the coniferous forests in the mountains when the seeds were ripe and fluttering as thickly as snowflakes to the earth. Visiting ridges, slopes and cañons, I have patiently watched the pines, firs and spruces closing a year's busy, invisible activity by merrily strewing the air and the earth with their various fruits—seeding for the centuries to come.

One breathless autumn day I looked up into the blue sky from the bottom of a cañon. The golden air was as thickly filled with winged seeds as a perfect night with stars. A light, local air current made a milky way across the sky. Myriads of becalmed and suspended seeds were fixed stars in this sky. Some of the seeds, each with a filmy wing, hurried through elliptical orbits like comets as they settled to the earth; while innumerable others, as they came rotating down to the earth, were revolving in planetary orbits in the seedsown field of space. Now and then a number of cones on a fir tree collapsed and precipitated into space a meteoric shower of slow-descending seeds and a hurried zigzag fall of heavier scales.

Occasionally, while I was on a ridgetop, a few of the lighter seeds would come floating upward through an air chimney as though carried in an invisible smoke column. One windy day I crossed the mountains when a gale was driving millions of low-lying seeds before it. Away they swept down the slope to wildly whirl and flutter over the gulch in the bottom, where the wind current dashed against the uprising mountain beyond. Most of the seeds were flung to the earth along the way or dropped in the bottom of the gulch; a few, however, were carried by the swift uprushing current across the mountain and at last scattered on the opposite side.

When the last seed of the year has fallen how thickly the woodland regions are broadcasted with seeds! Only a few of these will have landed in a hospitable place. The overwhelming majority fell in the water, to drown; on rock ledges or in other places, to starve or wither—where there was no opportunity to grow. The few fortunate enough to find unoccupied and fertile places would still have to reckon with devouring insects and animals.

How different the environment of two seedlings may be from seeds that were grown on the selfsame tree! On their commencement day, two little atoms of life may be separated by the wind—one finds shelter and fertile earth; the other roots in a barely livable place on the cold, storm-beaten heights of the timberline. Both use their inherent energy and effort to the utmost. One becomes a forest monarch; the other a dwarf—uncouth and ugly.

A Simple Answer

A LAW case was proceeding in Old Mexico and a mining expert was on the stand as a witness.

"Where were you born, sir?" inquired the lawyer.

"In England, sir."

"How many times have you crossed the Atlantic?"

"Twenty times."

The lawyer jumped up and addressed the judge: "Your Honor, I impeach the veracity of this witness. He says he was born in England and has crossed the Atlantic twenty times. It would be impossible for him to have crossed the Atlantic that number of times and be on this side now. There is perjury here, your Honor. His visits to this side would make odd numbers and his visits to the other side even numbers, and yet he is here and has the audacity to swear he has crossed the Atlantic twenty times. I impeach him, your Honor."

"How do you explain this, sir?" asked the judge sternly.

"Why," said the witness, "the last time I came to this country I came by way of the Pacific Ocean."

When the word has been spoken, the *man* knows and the *woman* knows that behind every glance of admiration there is also the scrutiny for every possible deficiency. Then it is important *for each* to be sure about the complexion—to be *sure* that you "have one."

A clear, youthful glow upon the face is invariably the most favorable impression in the minds of both. It is better to know *now* that

POMPEIAN Massage Cream

will insure a good complexion for all times, than disagreeably to be reminded of it just when you want to appear your best—at a critical moment.

"Don't envy a good complexion, use Pompeian and have one."

Pompeian is not a "cold" or "grease" cream. It is not a rouge or cosmetic, and positively can not grow hair on the face. Pompeian simply affords a natural means towards a complete cleanliness of the facial pores. And it gives that clear, rosy skin health that is the fresh youth to your face. Use Pompeian a month, note the improvement you will see in a few days—aye, before it preserve your good looks with Pompeian.

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both sent for 10c. (stamps or coin) for postage and packing

To get you to try Pompeian now we will send a Pompeian Beauty Art Picture in exquisite colors with each trial jar. This is a rare offer. The Pompeian Beauty" is very expensive and immensely popular. Clip coupon now

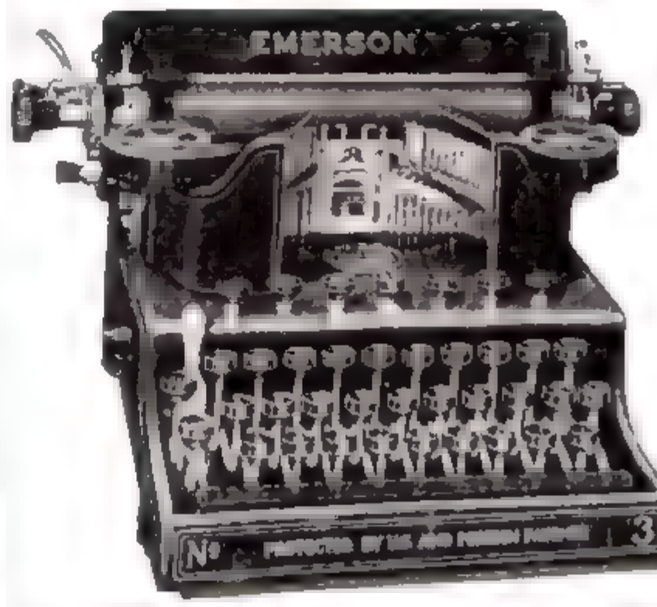
The Pompeian Mfg. Co.,
49 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen:—I inclose herewith 10c (stamps or coin) for which please send me a trial jar of Pompeian and a Pompeian Beauty Art Picture.

Name

Address

City State



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buys the New Improved Wholly Visible Wonderful Emerson Typewriter.

Two-Color Ribbon, Tabulator, Back Spacer, Every Improvement. One of the best typewriters made.

Unheard-of Low Price

One Emerson Typewriter Given Away to any person, man or woman, who will do us a slight service, no selling, no canvassing, only a few moments of your spare time required.

Don't pay even $30 for any typewriter made until you first write for our **Grand Offer.**

Our Customers Write Like This:

Received typewriter in good order. Like it fine. Have been using Oliver, Remington, Smith Premier, Underwood and Yost. Emerson is the best of them all. Can do more and better work. Will say more after longer use. Tunnelton, W. Va.

I have an upright Grand Plan and Emerson Typewriter. The Emerson is the best machine made. Can do more and better work. R. W. SUTTON, Hoosick, Ind.

Received plano and typewriter free. It comes nearer to suiting me in everything than I ever expected. Have used Typewriter that cost $100.00. Wish to say BENTLEY, Los Angeles.

I bought an EMERSON Typewriter in just a few minutes—I wish it had been sooner. W. J. WILSON, Burlington, Ia.

I have had an EMERSON Typewriter for less than two hours each day. The EMERSON is better than machines at $100 typewriters on the market. M. PHILLIPS.

The EMERSON is everything you claim for it. In shape for rough usage it is a winner. I cannot say more than this. K. S. VANSANDT, West Texas.

The EMERSON Typewriter excels all others. I wasn't six hours earning an Upright Grand. Before writing for your free offer I was undecided for they all claim so much. Now I am sure the EMERSON is the best. M. L. DeJarnette.

Consider the "EMERSON" the best machine made. I earned mine in a few hours. A. L. Texas.

We Could Fill This Weekly With Similar Letters

For Our Great Gift Offer and to learn of our easy terms, and full particulars regarding this **Great Offer,** for copies of letters from many who are using the Emerson Typewriters which they received for only a few hours of their time, and everything we and others can tell you about the Emerson Typewriter on a Postal Card or in a letter, simply say "**Mail Me Your Offer.**"

THE EMERSON TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Box 181, WOODSTOCK, ILL.

BONDS

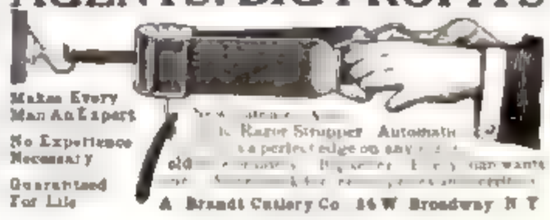
Postal Savings Bank Deposits

... safest class we offer. Instead of the 2% the Postal Banks pay these Bonds will yield from **4½% to 4¾%**

Write for F.S.B. circular

New First Nat'l Bank, Dept. H-1, Columbus, O.

AGENTS! BIG PROFITS



Makes Every Man An Expert

No Experience Necessary

Guaranteed For Life

... Razor Stropper Automatic ... a perfect edge on any ... old ... Every man wants ... A Brandt Cutlery Co. 86 W. Broadway N. Y.

Overland

A Book That Fully Explains Why We Can Build a 30-Horsepower 5-Passenger Fore-Door Touring Car to Sell for $900. Write for a Copy

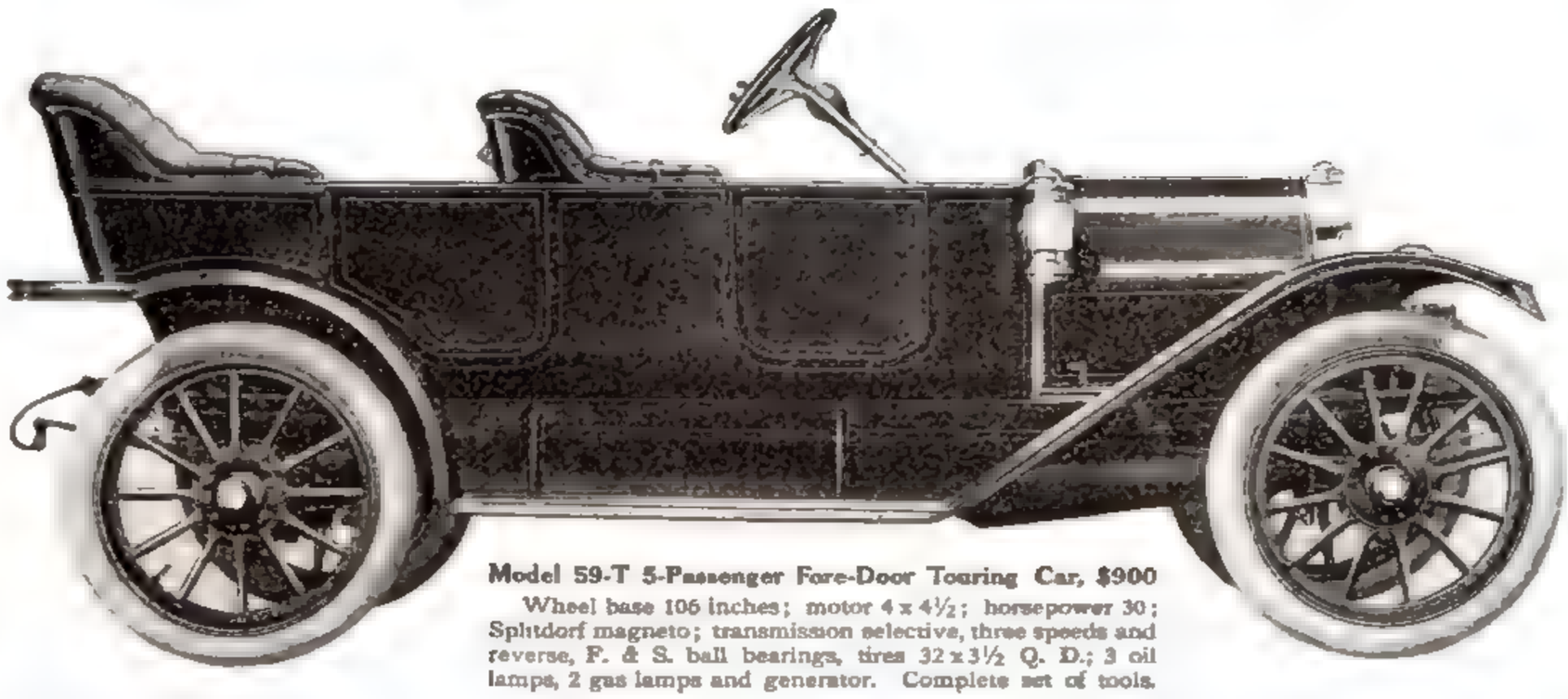
IT is utterly impossible for anyone to realize the economical manufacturing strength of the *Overland* organization without a clear idea of its enormous manufacturing facilities. To the average man an automobile factory is merely a factory—a place where cars are made. Yet there is the greatest difference in the world. On one hand you have a plant which, on account of its great production, can make and sell its car for far less than the other factory. And on the other hand you might have a very small factory which, while it produces a good car, has a very small capacity, and its car for car production costs are considerably higher than those of the large plant. That is why you find some manufacturers selling 30-horsepower touring cars at prices ranging 20% to 40% higher.

¶ We have just published a very thorough book which explains in a clear, definite and readable manner the difference in automobile plants. And the point of this whole book is to prove the economical manufacturing ability of the Overland plants—to prove its strength by showing and explaining to you the interior and exterior of the greatest automobile plant in the world. It takes you over the entire 80 acres. It takes you in shops and departments that will not be found in other plants. It explains and illustrates the giant Olsen tensile strength testing machine of 100,000 pounds capacity for testing raw metals. It shows you what a White-Souther endurance tester is. It takes you through the chemical laboratories and the great drop forge plant—the largest in the industry. It takes you through what will seem like miles of automatic machinery. It shows you how it takes four months to produce an Overland car and how thorough, accurate and painstaking each operation is. The book is free and we want you to have one. It is interesting and full of information. Anyone can read it for it is written in words of few syllables.

¶ Above all it gives you a clear understanding of economics in the production of automobiles in great quantities, and we believe it proves why no other manufacturer in the business can produce the car described below, and sell it at our price without losing money. To realize this you have but to compare this automobile with any other similar car on the market. Take the entire list of specifications and see if you can duplicate this car for less than $1250. Check the whole car, the wheel base, the motor, the seating capacity, the body finish, the transmission, the design, etc. Do this and the exceptional value of this car will show you where to invest your money. Our Model 59 is the most progressive step the industry has ever witnessed and it means a great deal to the motor buyers of America.

¶ A line to us will bring you this new Overland book. It explains what we are and what we have got and why other cars of similar size and rating are from twenty to forty per cent higher in price. Write and ask for catalogue A-29.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 59-T 5-Passenger Fore-Door Touring Car, $900

Wheel base 106 inches; motor 4 x 4½; horsepower 30; Splitdorf magneto; transmission selective, three speeds and reverse, F. & S. ball bearings, tires 32 x 3½ Q. D.; 3 oil lamps, 2 gas lamps and generator. Complete set of tools.

Overland

Compare this Magnificent $1500 45-Horse-power Touring Car With Any Other Similar Car And See the Great Difference in Price

NO matter what you buy you must make some kind of a comparison to determine values. Every time you fail to do this you lose money. And the more carefully and thoroughly you make your comparison the more secure and satisfied you will feel with what you have bought. No article requires a closer or more thoughtful comparison of values than an automobile. It represents a lot of money. And if you can save ten, twenty or thirty per cent it is worth while. When you buy your car, bear this in mind.

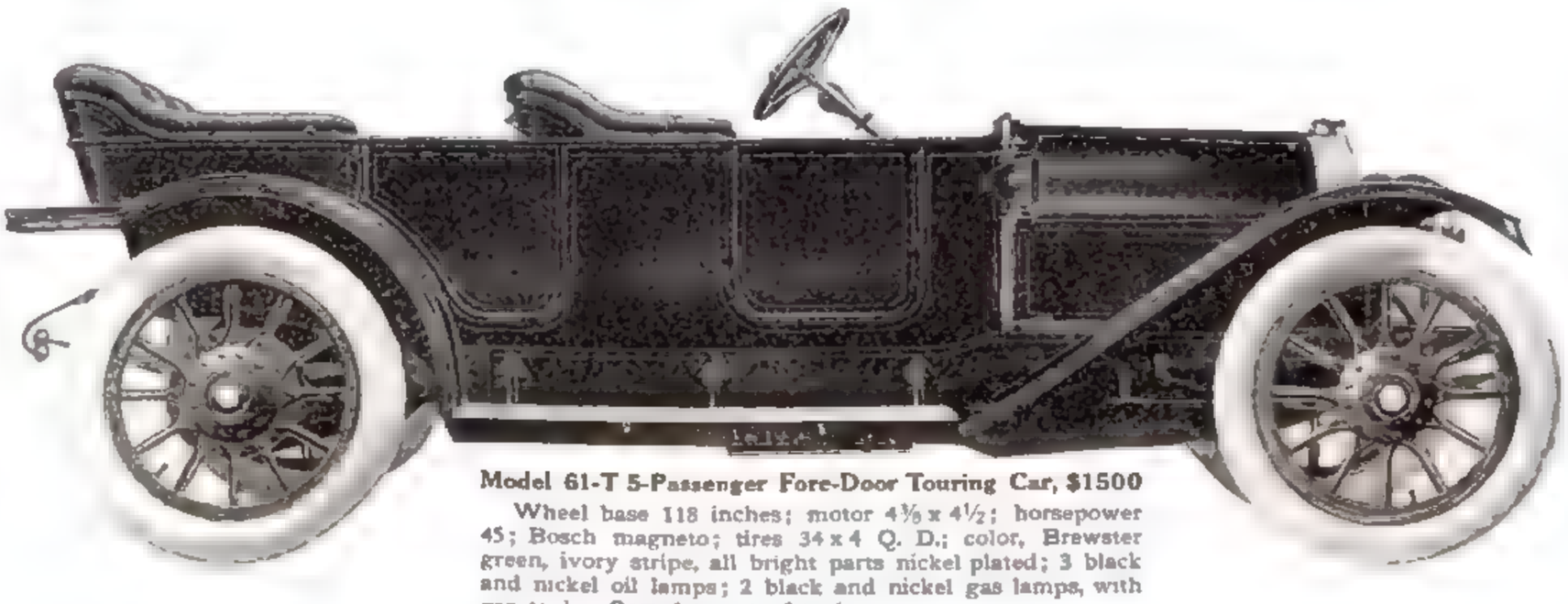
¶ A comparison of our Model 61-T (shown below) with any other car of similar size will give you a good understanding of its value. The main facts concerning it are as follows:

¶ It is a big five-passenger touring car. The body is finished in that dark rich Brewster green with ivory striping. All of the bright parts are nickel plated. The big massive lamps are dead black, trimmed with heavy polished nickel. We doubt if an automobile could be made more striking and handsome. And it is big—having a wheel base of 118 inches. Like all of our cars the shifting levers and door handles are on the inside, leaving all the long sweeping body lines graceful and unbroken; the upholstering is of the best leather and carefully worked by the most skilled body builders. It has a powerful 45-horsepower motor. The selective transmission is fitted with F. & S. annular ball bearings. No finer are made. The front axle is a drop forged I-section, Timken bearings. The rear axle full floating, Timken bearings. Most every one concedes that Timken axle bearings are the best on the American market. The frame is of pressed steel with double drop. It has a Bosch magneto. Tires 34 x 4 inches. These few facts give you an idea of the car's good thorough construction. At the best you will not find its equal for less than $2000.

¶ Just get these few specifications in your mind. Check them against any other car of similar size, and see how much more the other car will cost. And this is the only way you can give yourself a square deal. Be guided by your own judgment. Take our car and its facts—and the other maker's car and his facts. Go over each value carefully, and see which offers you the most in an automobile for the least amount of money.

¶ The book we refer to on the opposite page should be read before you buy your car. It contains facts and sensible arguments concerning our manufacturing ability to make an automobile for less than other manufacturers. It shows why the factory making 20,000 cars, such as we do, can give you more car for less money than the factory making a smaller quantity. It will assist you in your comparisons and thoroughly inform you what an automobile is, and how it is made. It also shows our complete 1912 line. Write for catalogue A-29 today.

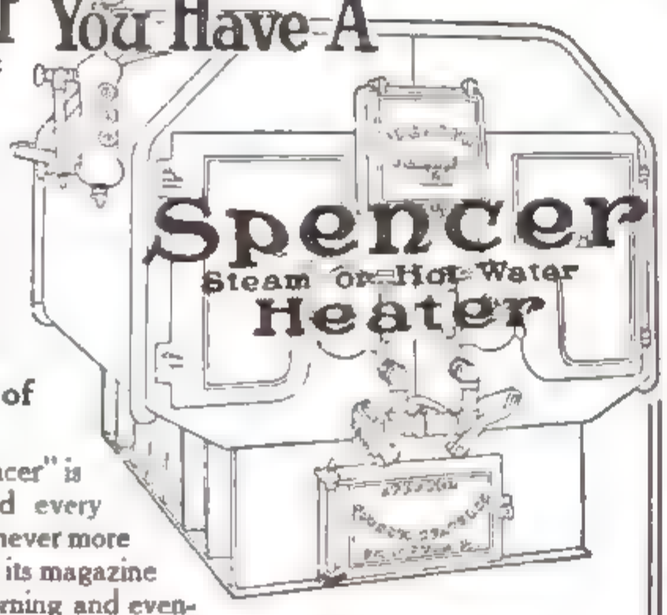
The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 61-T 5-Passenger Fore-Door Touring Car, $1500

Wheel base 118 inches; motor 4⅛ x 4½; horsepower 45; Bosch magneto; tires 34 x 4 Q. D.; color, Brewster green, ivory stripe, all bright parts nickel plated; 3 black and nickel oil lamps; 2 black and nickel gas lamps, with gas tank. Complete set of tools.

You Will Save 30% to 50% Annually On Coal Bills If You Have A



THE "Spencer" successfully burns No. 1 Buckwheat Hard Coal, costing from $2 to $3 less per ton than the size used in ordinary heaters, and uses no more tons of this cheap fuel than others do of the larger sizes.

Magazine Feed The "Spencer" is only coaled every 24 hours in ordinary weather and never more than twice a day in severe. Fill its magazine in the morning, shake it down morning and evening and you have an even temperature all day long—all night, in fact, if you choose. There's no need to get up in the "cold gray dawn" to shovel coal and put on drafts. The magazine feed with its water-jacketing and raised grates make this unnecessary.

Water Tubes Being a combination water-tube and return tubular boiler, the water is split up into thin streams so the fire gets at it from all sides—making it the quickest steaming type of boiler in existence. The tubes are made of the finest knobbled wrought charcoal iron.

No Waste Heat A string tied around the smoke pipe of an ordinary heater quickly burns thru, showing that a vast quantity of heat is going up the chimney. Around a "Spencer" pipe the string will remain intact indefinitely.

As an Investment The saving in coal alone in a few seasons will easily pay for a "Spencer." Many users report an annual saving of $100 and more, while hundreds of "Spencers" put in twenty years ago are still saving this amount every year.

Cross-section of water-jacketed magazine showing raised grates.

Our 40-page catalog explains the "Spencer" in detail—*with it we will send the endorsement of 60 users. Here are a few quotations from recent letters—"Coal Bills reduced more than half;" "$135 saved in coal;" "Warm house 48 hours without attention;" "As warm in the morning as at night."*

SPENCER HEATER COMPANY, 200 People's National Bank Bldg., Scranton, Pa.

Branch Offices—Philadelphia, Morris Bldg. Chicago, 160 N. Dearborn St. Buffalo, White Bldg. New York City, 5 East 42nd St. Boston, 79 Milk St. St. Louis, Century Bldg.

Canadian Sales Representatives, The Waldon Co., Winnipeg and Toronto.

New Sensation

Photos Direct On Post Cards

NO NEGATIVES

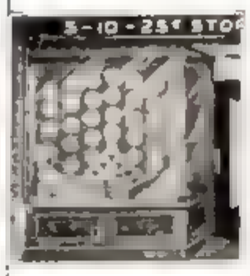
Hustlers and wide-awake men [illegible] big profits. Small investment. Big Profits. [illegible] starts you in business. [illegible]

Mandel Combination No. 3 Camera

[illegible] makes two sizes pictures 3x4½ and 2½x3½ direct on post cards—no negatives. A complete [illegible] Price of Camera $17.50. Complete Outfit Only $20. [illegible] $5 cash with order. Write for Free Circulars.

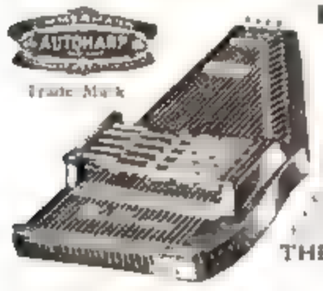
Chicago Ferrotype Co. Dept. B 5, Congress and Lytle Sts. Chicago

An Opening for a Retail Store



If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about [illegible] industries, rooming rents etc. in every part of the U. S. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning. No charge for information, including free a 200 page book telling how to run a retail store.

Edw. B. Moon, 8 W. Randolph St., Chicago.



Trade Mark

Buy the Original Zimmermann AUTOHARP

"The Nation's Favorite." None genuine without our trade mark. A [illegible] instrument adapted [illegible] Anyone can learn to play [illegible] in a few hours. Easy terms. Write for booklet.

THE PHONOHARP CO.
East Boston, Mass.

Corner the Fun Market!

Just Half an Hour a Day [illegible] is cleaning up from $100 to $500 a month clear profit for many Managers. Any man with four ahead made over

$680.00 in 30 Days

Be a Manager. All you need is energy and a small investment. You may start in a small [illegible] of your own locality. [illegible] a real money making game—an exercise that has interested scores of men and women everywhere. Now interested many [illegible] last summer. Big reports arranged two pass set and [illegible] by the players—you just take the cash. No help needed to operate—no experience. Many have no rent.

Our Guarantee You can set yourself [illegible] a permanent big paying business on an investment as low as $[illegible]. If you are not satisfied after 30 days we take [illegible] and refund your money. Write for [illegible] at once.

AMERICAN BOX BALL CO., Box 370 INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

STUDY LAW at Home

Become a Lawyer — *LEGAL DIPLOMA*

We make your home a university. Leading **Correspondence Law Course** and Business Law Course—recognized by resident colleges. Now [illegible] prepared by 20 Deans and leading state law school teachers. We Guarantee [illegible] free and graduate tuition to [illegible] Business Law Course. Legally trained men always in demand. [illegible] Easy terms. **Catalog and Particulars Free.**

La Salle Extension University, Box 2396 Chicago, Ill.

10 CENTS A DAY buys the Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter. Made in our own factory in Kittanning, Pa. **$65 now—later the price will be $100.** One of the most remarkable typewriters in the world—as good as any machine at any price. Entire line visible. Back spacer, tabulator, two color ribbon, universal keyboard, etc. Agents wanted everywhere. **One Pittsburgh Visible Machine Given Away** for a very small service. No selling necessary.

To Get One and to learn of our easy terms and full particulars regarding this unprecedented offer, say to us in a letter "Mail your OFFER."

THE PITTSBURGH VISIBLE TYPEWRITER COMPANY
Dept. 29, Union Bank Building *Established 20 Years* PITTSBURGH, PA.

JOHN CHINAMAN AS A CROP-COAXER

(Continued from Page 17)

Chinatown of Los Angeles, he is also several other things, including a produce merchant on a commission basis, having his own stall in the market, and a shrewd truck farmer who has taken a large Chinese fortune from the soil. He has shares in probably a dozen Chinese garden companies operating on the rich lands of the West Adams Street tract and the historical old Laguna Ranch. His most valuable possession when he arrived in America was the shirtlike blouse that covered his back, and even that was not of the finest texture. Today he is worth a hundred thousand dollars or more, according to his white friends who know him most intimately. Loi Gwan is a fine type of semi-Americanized Celestial who has risen from the estate of common laborer to a position of wealth and power among his people.

Loi Gwan speaks English with difficulty. But his society as a pilot through the gardening district is, nevertheless, as illuminating as any inquiring visitor could desire. In the course of a day's trip through the gardens the two expressions most often on his lips were: "Take ground too long" and "Seedman—he know." This comment regarding the length of time a certain crop would occupy the ground was first brought out by the admission that though an acre of garlic was good for two hundred to three hundred dollars profit, it was "all same no good," because "take ground eight or nine months." This is the standard by which he measured the profitableness of all crops. And this is the typical Chinese viewpoint. Though there are many Chinese who specialize in celery and asparagus, the Chinese gardener generally goes light on any crop that excludes at least one or two other crops from the ground in the same season. The principal one-crop products are celery, asparagus, garlic, rhubarb and horseradish. On almost every camp or tract operated by one company small patches of some of these one-crop products are to be found. But they are there to balance the production of the farm as a whole—a point never overlooked by the shrewd Chinese, who are awake to the advantage of making up "mixed cars" containing a variety of vegetables. The town that isn't quite big enough to take a carload of any one vegetable may often readily handle a car containing a selection of all the vegetables that the season has to offer. But in the main the crops that are long in the making are given the least ground in John's gardens.

The Day-and-Night Soil Bank

An odd sight to American eyes is a field or patch of radishes and carrots sown together in a narrow swath. When asked for an explanation of this strange combination Loi Gwan answered:

"Radish, him make quick; carrot, he make slow. Pull radish, leave plenty room for carrot."

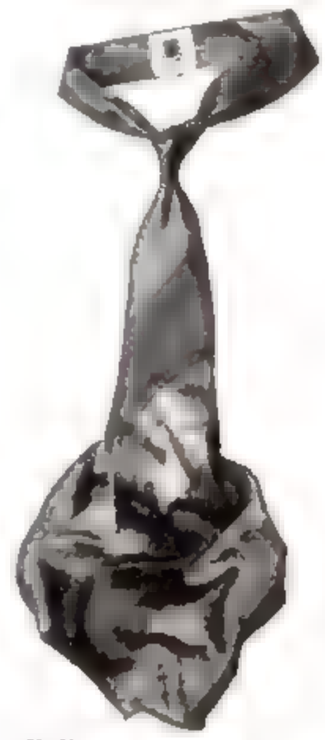
Sowing two crops on the same ground at the same time and making the harvest of the earlier crop serve as the thinning for the later one may very appropriately be termed "intensive farming" without stretching the term.

One feature of these Chinese company farms that would escape the eye of a visitor not on the lookout for the intensive tricks of the Celestial is the salvage crop of horseradish and rhubarb stuck along the banks of the irrigating canals and ditches. Because these narrow strips do not lend themselves to crops that must be frequently cultivated, John plants this waste margin with roots that exclude any other crop throughout the entire season and that do not demand constant hoeing. The horseradish and rhubarb, planted at random along the ditches of a forty-acre farm, add about three hundred dollars a year to the income of the company, according to my guide. The Hubbard squash is also a favored ditch-margin and odd-corner crop and is said to yield about the same revenue as rhubarb and horseradish.

The typical Chinese gardener is a relentless land-driver. There is no rest for his soil! It must work day and night the whole year round, if the climate permits. Loi Gwan has a standing grudge against any foot of ground in the camps of his companies that does not mature four separate crops a year, and his ambition is to get five

KEISER CRAVATS

Grand Prize, St. Louis World's Fair



For Early Fall

Novelty Stripes

Bias or Straight

Popular Colors — blues, purples, grays and browns.

$1.00 to $2.00

KEISER BARATHEA

all bright silk

in over 60 PLAIN COLORS

Woven from "selected" raw silk, to produce strength and wear.

Three qualities, $1.50, $1.00 and 50c.

Novelty Knitted Cravats $1.00 to $3.50

No Guaranteed Keiser Cravats genuine without this trademark

Wholesale Only

Insist upon this Octagon

BEST MADE KEISER CRAVATS WEAR GUARANTEED

MAKER JAMES R. KEISER, INC. NEW YORK

Business continuous since 1860

Why Salesmen Fail

Many salesmen fail because of inability to clearly express themselves. Next to stuttering, there is no greater handicap to good salesmanship than [illegible] words. The I. C. S. Course in Commercial English quickly perfects you in correct use of words, the formation of sentences and in right pronunciation, enabling you to speak, read and write correctly.

The I. C. S. Course in Commercial Branches [illegible] where [illegible] The I. C. S. Course in English Course is designed for all [illegible] any business capacity. Descriptive literature free.

International Correspondence Schools
Box 1034, Scranton, Pa.

Buy TOBACCO DIRECT From FACTORY [illegible]

French's Mixture The Aristocrat of Smoking Tobacco

[illegible] Send 10c [illegible]

for Large Sample Pouch and Booklet.

French Tobacco Co., Dept. C, Statesville, N. C.

SALESMEN WANTED

to represent [illegible] Must have experience [illegible]

THE FORMACONE COMPANY
50 Church Street New York

Which

Which is your choice, Mr. Dealer—which would you rather sell—Jap-a-lac—that makes friends and holds them—Jap-a-lac that's well and widely advertised—that *sends* you business—Jap-a-lac that's satisfactory?

Or an imitation that *isn't* a substitute—just a poor *copy* of Jap-a-lac—that doesn't "stand up"—that weakens your customer's confidence in you?

Which would you rather have, Mrs. Housewife—what you ask for and want or what your dealer wants you to want?

You are *entitled* to genuine Jap-a-lac if you ask for it. It isn't a little thing—and you should wisely *insist* on Jap-a-lac [illegible]

JAP-A-LAC

is made in twenty-one colors and Natural (clear varnish) and goes on all sorts of places—to renew the beauty of almost everything about the home. Lots of women use it for a *few* things when they should be using it for *many*.

Learn all of the Jap-a-lac uses—how it beautifies interior woodwork and the floors, the furniture, the chairs, go-cart, jardiniere, flower stands; how it makes the old kitchen table a new one—a sanitary, sightly covering for pantry shelves—finest thing in the world for iron bedsteads, for radiators. Let us send you a bookful of these useful money-saving Jap-a-lac suggestions.

No home can afford to be without Jap-a-lac.

In the United States [illegible]

In Canada [illegible]

The Glidden Varnish Co.

Factories: Cleveland O. Toronto, Can.

Branches. New York, Chicago

LIFEBUOY SOAP

YOU who handle office papers, money, or anything handled by others, are always exposed to infection from unseen disease germs lurking everywhere.

PROTECT yourself by using Lifebuoy for all toilet purposes at the office and home. For the Bath and Shampoo it cleanses, invigorates and disinfects at the same time. Delightfully refreshing, pure and wholesome.

5c. at All Druggists and Grocers.

If not at your dealer's send 5c. (stamps or coin) for full size cake to

LEVER BROS. CO

Dept. T, Cambridge, Mass.

or six crops in a twelvemonth from every acre. It is safe to say that in any climate and soil where the white man is content to take two crops, John Chinaman will coax out three. This is not alone because of his being a shrewd and rapid hand-worker but also because he is a shrewd and far-sighted head-worker. He is given to forethoughts and to crop-scheming—and his whole rotation of truck crops on an acre of ground is planned practically at the outset of the season, in order that the seed-beds may be ready with the right plants for transplanting at the moment when there is a vacancy in any portion of the field.

The favored crops of these crafty gardeners about Los Angeles are: head lettuce, carrots, parsnips, cauliflower, green onions, radishes and young beets. Each vegetable camp or farm of this section has its own set of rough buildings and generally comprises thirty to forty acres, being manned by a company of six to fifteen Chinese.

One of the shrewdest Chinese growers at Fresno—where the Celestial colony numbers about three thousand—makes this statement of the theory on which practically all the Chinese operate in deciding what crops they shall grow.

"China-boy lose money this year lettuce crop. All same plant lettuce next year. Make much barrel money this year on lettuce, plant other thing next year!"

Stated in plain English, they have learned the important lesson that it is not in human nature to resist repetition, in kind, of a big-money crop, and that this inevitably leads to the overdoing of that crop. They appreciate the fact that gardeners of other races—particularly the Japanese—are quite likely to imitate Chinese crop successes.

Plowing Under Failures

John's business methods, as applied to farming, are undoubtedly superior to those of any other race. He can give cards and spades on this score to the average farmer and beat him every day in the week. His bent for system and organization is almost as keen and instinctive as his market sense and his ability to read the life-lines of a tiny plant that is just peeping out of the soil.

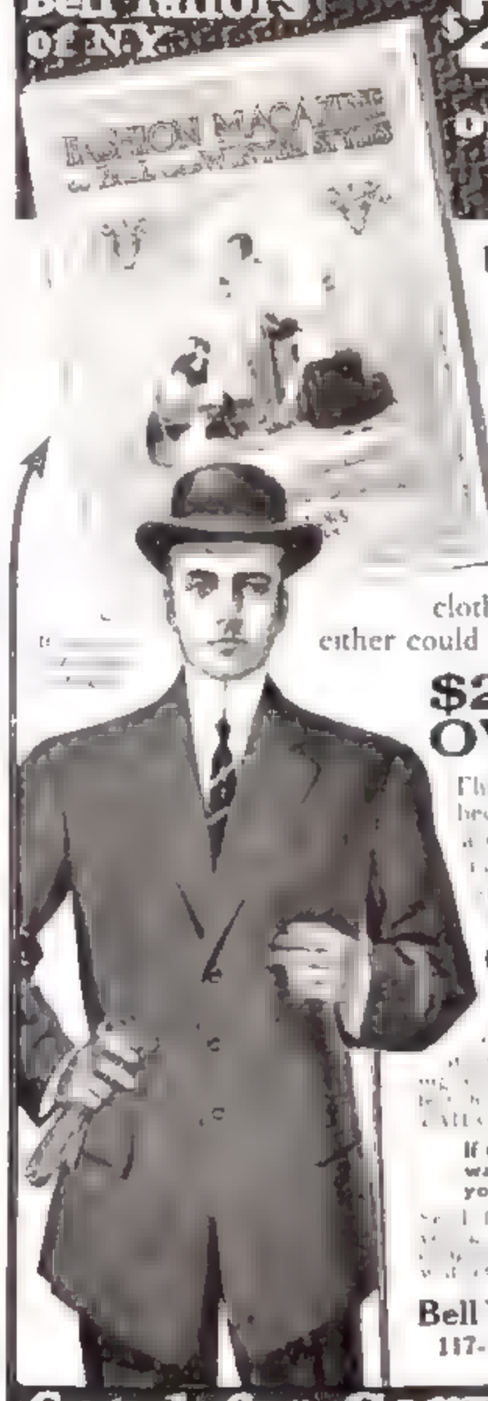
Probably no man in Northern California has a more intimate and extensive knowledge of the traits and methods of the various alien farmers than Mr. John Perry, of Stockton. As a landlord and handler of produce he has had a wide experience with the Chinese.

"I have studied the business methods of the Chinese," declares Mr. Perry, "for many years. Some of them are my business associates. They are almost invariably successful, and I have at last come to the conclusion that the main secret of their success lies in the energy and consistency with which they keep their crops moving and their ground busy all the time. It is their universal policy, and they will not hesitate a moment to plow under thousands of dollars' worth of vegetables whenever they are convinced that there isn't going to be a prompt return of the market to prices that will pay them a profit for their stuff. They are great gamblers, but they will not gamble on crop values. Where the average farmer will dicker for a month trying to unload a big crop of something at a price that will yield him a narrow margin of profit or perhaps save him from loss, the Chinaman turns his stuff under with the plow, and makes his profit on another crop that the market wants at a good price. I have seldom failed to see this policy pay out in good shape.

"In the next place, the Chinaman is honest. His word is good and his pack of produce is straight. This counts for a heap in more ways than one. It gives him an immense advantage as a renter in getting the choicest land on the best terms, as well as in selling his crops. Every landowner is glad to get a Chinese tenant, both because of his honesty and because of his almost marvelous foreknowledge of what he can do with any particular piece of soil. When he sees a piece of ground that suits him he goes after it hard, and he gets it—not only because he is honest and a good gardener but because he is willing to make a liberal cash deposit the moment he contracts for the rental of land, no matter how far ahead that may be. A Chinaman has this moment left my office after having contracted for the rental of a tract of land a year ahead and paid down five thousand dollars cash to bind the bargain. That is the way the Chinese do business.

Bell Tailors of N.Y.

$20 SUIT or OVERCOAT to your measure $13.50



Did You Send For Our New Catalog?

Every *man* reader of *The Post* should look into the Bell Tailor offer, and every woman interested in seeing well-clothed men should see that they do.

Bell Tailors' Plan puts the latest New York styles; the latest and choicest suit and overcoat fabrics; and the best City tailoring within reach of every man in Uncle Sam's country. It also gives him a suit or overcoat made to his own measure from cloth he himself selects at one-third less than either could buy elsewhere.

$20 SUIT or OVERCOAT *To Your Measure* **$13.50**

This wonderful value is no exaggeration. It is possible, because we sell you direct and save you [illegible]. We are the largest direct men's tailoring manufacturers in the world, and consequently in buying from us, you simply get "wholesale" prices, and on a $20 suit, for instance, save $6.50. Isn't this saving worth your while?

Our Fall and Winter Catalog Sent FREE

explains all these things fully. It contains 64 samples [illegible]

If the clothes are not satisfactory in every way, return them to us. We will refund your money or make you a new garment.

Send for catalog at once, while the [illegible] Free and places you under [illegible] A postal card or this coupon will do.

Bell Tailors of New York

117-119 Walker St., New York

Bell Tailors, 117-119 Walker Street, New York

Send for Copy to-day

This sock *stays* silky!

If you've had trouble with socks that lose their good look the moment they get in the tub, try this handsome Iron Clad No. 398. Its smooth, shiny finish *stays*—you can't wash out *its* lustre.

Iron Clad No. 398—25c

is a seamless sock that *fits*—soft and comfortable on the foot. The heels and toes [illegible]

Iron Clad

COOPER WELLS & CO.

212 Vine Street, St. Joseph, Mich

"Back from vacation, and brought the ocean with me!" **$12.50** Complete

The Speakman Portable Shower

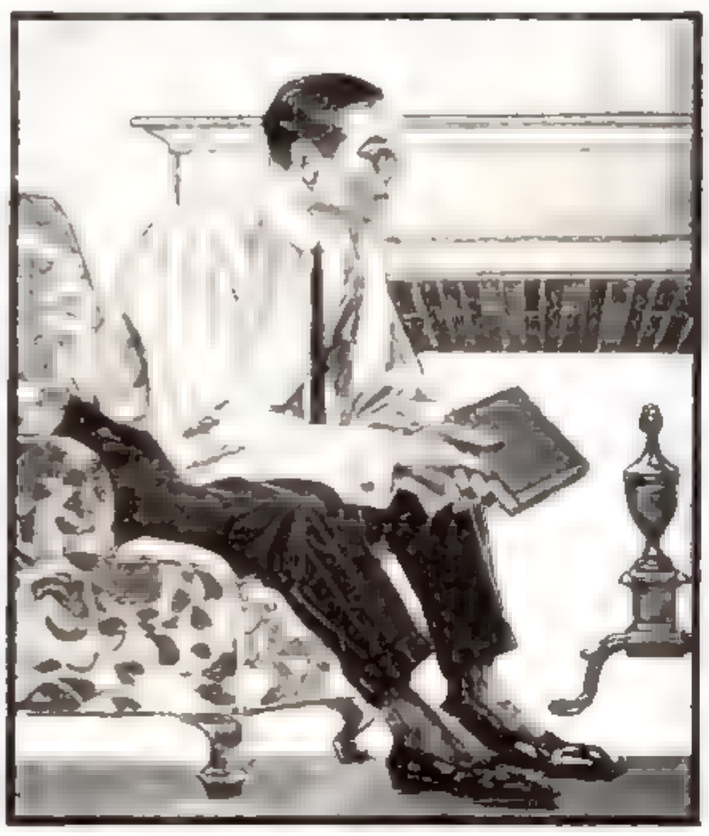
Now that vacation is over, get the Speakman Shower and you can *revel* in the water all winter. Instantly attachable to or detachable from any faucet with a new patent clip that cannot fall off, blow off or wear out. Always ready—always works. The simplest, cheapest and very *best* of portable showers,—no plumber nor carpenter needed. It prevents coughs and colds—the *perfect* shower and costs only $12.50 complete except in the far West.

Write today for Free Book. Address

THE SPEAKMAN SHOWER, 111 Market St., Wilmington, Del.

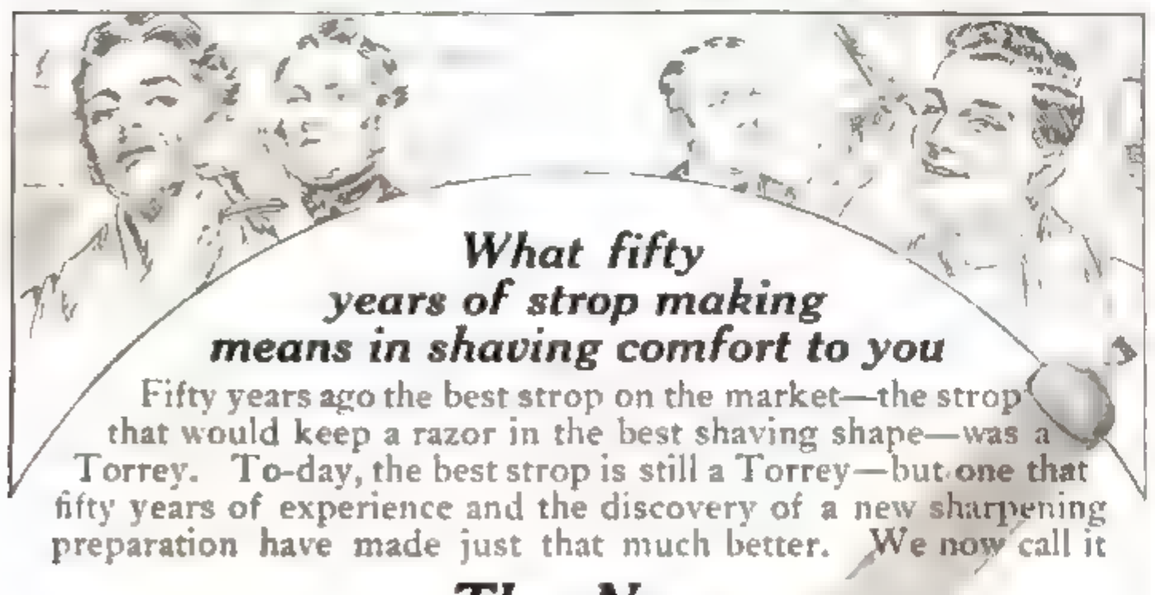
Cluett

Color-Fast COAT SHIRTS



A Cluett Color-fast Coat Shirt will look best on you longer than ordinary shirts, because it is made of better than ordinary color-fast fabrics. *$1.50 and up*

Send for booklet, "Proper Dress." Cluett, Peabody & Company, 457 River Street, Troy, N. Y.

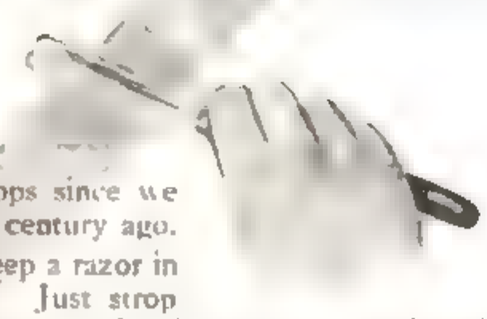


What fifty years of strop making means in shaving comfort to you

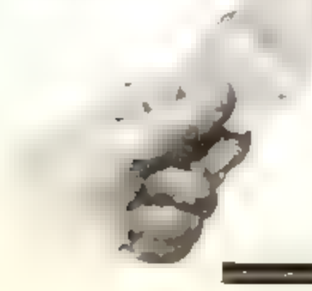
Fifty years ago the best strop on the market—the strop that would keep a razor in the best shaving shape—was a Torrey. To-day, the best strop is still a Torrey—but one that fifty years of experience and the discovery of a new sharpening preparation have made just that much better. We now call it

The New

Torrey Honing Strop



The head of our firm invented this new sharpening preparation with which we dress the honing surface of the Torrey Strop. It is the greatest advance that has been made in the manufacture of strops since we started in business over half a century ago. With this new strop anyone can keep a razor in perfect shape. It is very simple. Just strop the razor a few times on the sharpening side about once a week and run it up and down the finishing side before and after using the razor. This will insure you a smooth, close shave every day and never a smart to your face.



See the New Torrey Honing Strop at your dealer's—if he cannot show it to you, write us and we will see that you are supplied. Our booklet, all about shaving, free on request.

Prices, 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50.

Get a Torrey Razor—the best made.

Every dealer who is not now selling the New Torrey Honing Strop should write at once for our special proposition.

J. R. TORREY & CO., Dept. A, Worcester, Mass.

"There is nothing slipshod in the Chinaman's make-up excepting his sandaled feet. The Chinese are the best and most thorough bookkeepers farming American soil today. You can go into any asparagus camp in the whole delta district, walk to the cooking house, and find the time-sheet hanging there and brought right down to the minute. After each meal is over the cook goes through the bunkhouses carefully and sees if any laborers are lurking behind.

"Americans who know the methods and results of Chinese farming are anxious to invest with the Chinese, but they must stand right with the big Boss Chinaman in order to get such an opportunity. When this privilege is granted the arrangement, as a rule, is that the white man furnishes the land, the seed and the equipment, and the Chinamen of the company furnish the labor. Under this arrangement the white man usually holds fifty-two per cent of the stock and the Chinamen the other forty-eight per cent. Very often, however, it is a straight half-and-half arrangement between them.

"Another characteristic of the Chinese on the soil should not be overlooked. Put a Chinaman on a piece of land, and the first thing he thinks of is the quality of the crop he is going to grow; in fact, he thinks about that before he selects his land. There is something almost uncanny in the accuracy and discrimination with which an experienced Chinese farmer can prejudge the performance of a certain piece of ground that he has looked over.

"One reason why the white landowner is always so anxious to hook up with a company of Chinamen in a big potato-farming operation, for example, is because he knows not only that the Chinamen will get a larger crop from the land but that they will produce a quality of potato that will command a premium of about five cents a sack. And the same thing applies to other crops. John is a quality grower every time."

Giving the Poor Man a Start

"There is no man in the world so appreciative of a square deal as a Chinaman. He will voluntarily sell his crop cheaper to a buyer who has never rejected anything offered by himself or his fellows than to one who is suspected of making the rejection privilege a convenience in case of a falling market. Still another thing not to be forgotten in respect to the Chinaman is that he is the best type of farmer that can possibly be put on wild or rough land. He is always eager for virgin soil and is not afraid of the work of putting it into shape. Moreover, he knows better how to subject it than the farmers of any other race with which I have had experience. As a land conqueror John is an invariable success.

"Of course there are dishonest Chinamen, as there are dishonest farmers in every other race that tills the soil. But my view of the Chinese character is this: A contract with a Chinaman is a matter of making a memorandum of the terms of the agreement."

The peculiar success of the Chinese in the application of business methods to farming cannot be appreciated without some definite knowledge of the details of the company system, under which probably ninety per cent of their farming operations are carried on. It seems to me that no other type of cooperative organization among growers is quite so effective as the Chinese farming company. Certainly it is a marvelous system for giving the poor man a start. Of course the keynote of the system is that every man in it feels that he is working for himself. For him it is an organized opportunity, and the realization of this brings out the best there is in him. The market man who is perhaps more intimately acquainted with the operations of Chinese farmers than any other white man in the southern part of California gives this terse description of the evolution and operation of a Chinese gardening company:

"This Chinese business game is a hard one for the average American to understand. In the first place, there are the great six companies or tongs, to one of which practically every Chinaman belongs. They are formed along the lines of occupation. The merchants have their tong, the laundry workers have theirs, and so on. The See Yups are the gardeners and the Yung Woos are the fruit men. Do not confuse these six great companies with the little farming companies. The six companies are practically the governing power of the Chinese in America.

"In the days before the Exclusion Act was enforced, when a Chinese boy landed in America he went at once to a high man in his tong, got fixed out with a job and perhaps a little line of credit. The high man was his guide, counselor and friend. As soon as the Chinese found out how much money could be made in truck-farming here in America the inevitable result was that these high men were anxious to get into the farming game by supplying capital and finding laborers. Consequently the average Chinese farming company contains two kinds of shareholders—those that do not themselves work but only supply capital, and those that do work. The latter class is far more numerous."

An Unwatered Corporation

"In other words, the capitalists do not dominate these companies. Every man in the company has a square deal. There is no nonsense about a Chinese farming company. There isn't any ground floor for the favored or the powerful; all are in on the same basis. The man who furnishes money only, and doesn't work with his own hands, must furnish workers acceptable to the other members of the company, according to the number of shares that he owns. At the outset of the enterprise the members of the company elect a market boss, who handles the selling; a seed boss, who buys the seed and controls the selection of crops; and a field boss, who has charge of the labor. It is true that the humblest shareholder in the company has a chance to put in his say at the proper time in the counsels of the organization, but the boss is the man of authority and has the final word in everything.

"There is not a better example of delegated authority at its best than is to be found in these little companies. However, once in a long while a disagreement arises. In that case the company goes into liquidation, the whole thing is sold out and every man is satisfied.

"The dominant characteristic of Chinese character is to settle things up and start with a clean slate. They do that as regularly as the Chinese New Year comes round. With them everything ends and starts with their New Year. Their business life, their social life and their religious life are all squared by this spot on the calendar.

"Very often a laborer is able to buy half a share in a company. In that event he hunts up some one else in the same situation, and they buy a share between them. As a rule, a man's labor counts in a Chinese company for five hundred dollars. There are instances in which a man without money enough to pay for a share has been allowed to acquire it and pay it off with his labor. As a rule, however, every share of stock in a Chinese farming company is paid for right at the start in cash, and that means that the money is put into the bank as a working capital. Ordinarily a share represents a thousand dollars. By this system, when a Chinese company takes hold of fifty or sixty or five hundred acres of land there is money enough in the bank to put that crop through to a finish, and generally there is enough for a surplus or sinking fund to provide against an emergency. There are no sounder corporations in the country than these little Chinese farming companies. They are examples of what a corporation should be.

"A common laborer in a strange land has to work a good many years in order to buy enough land to go into farming on his own hook. He not only must have funds to buy or rent his land and to provide his equipment, but he must also pay for his labor—and the labor that he obtains is disinterested labor, for the results that the employer gets are of only secondary or remote concern to the hired hand. All these disadvantages have been done away with for thousands of poor Chinamen through this system of company farming. I have never known of a drop of water or of any crookedness to be found in one of these companies.

"The only reason why native American farmers could not get their start in the same way is a temperamental one. Possibly that might be overcome in the case of a bunch of earnest young workers, used to submitting themselves to authority and accustomed to teamwork. The principle is good. It would be our fault if we did not make it work."

Knapp-Felt HATS for MEN

THE noticeable elegance of Knapp-Felt style appeals to the discriminating—those for whom the best is none too good.

The shapes for Fall are authoritative deductions from style tendencies in the fashion centers of Europe and America. Each model has passed the critical inspection of the Crofut & Knapp organization and the trade mark is an assurance not only of quality, but of authentic correctness.

A hat is proper only when it is becoming, and the variety of shapes and proportions of Knapp-Felt hats affords opportunity for the exercise of individual taste in the selection of a properly becoming hat.

THE equipment of a well-dressed man should include hats for various uses. As the most conspicuous article of attire the hat should receive the most careful consideration. Its shape, texture and color should harmonize with the wearer, the dress and the occasion.

A variety of hats admits of frequent change, which is as pleasing and desirable in headwear as in any other article of personal adornment.

The wide range in the productions of the Crofut & Knapp Shop provides appropriate hats for every occasion: business, sport, travel, motoring or negligee.

A FEATURE of prime importance in Knapp-Felt manufacture is the color. The deep, rich, steadfast Cronap dye is the result of a process originated and perfected in the Crofut & Knapp Shop. It will not fade nor change color under any condition of weather or climate.

The quality of the Crofut & Knapp production is guaranteed by more than fifty years' experience in making fine hats. Knapp-Felt hats are made by well-paid workmen under the direct supervision of members of the Crofut & Knapp organization. Artistic hand work produces the characteristic distinction of Knapp-Felts.

A HAT of inferior quality is poor economy. The superior excellence of hats made in the Crofut & Knapp Shop is as noticeable in every stage of wear as when they are new.

All the different kinds of hats are Knapp-Felt quality, and they represent the achievement of a well-manned, well-equipped factory, under the guidance of experienced brains, in an honest determination to provide the best that money can buy.

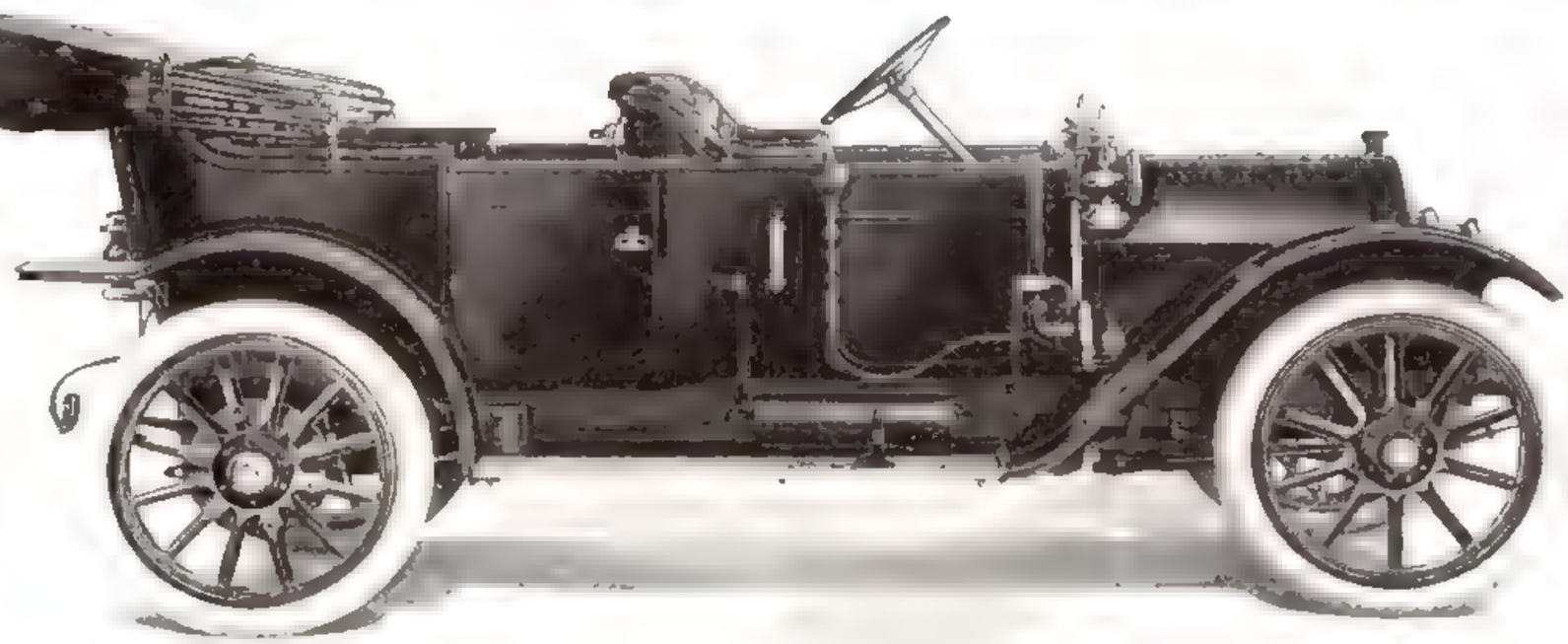
Knapp-Felts are Four Dollars; Knapp-Felt De Luxe, the best hats made, are Six Dollars. The C & K quality is sold at Three Dollars where Knapp-Felts are found—in the best shops only.

Knapp-Felt Hats for women in mannish tailored effects of exquisite taste

Write for THE HATMAN

THE CROFUT & KNAPP COMPANY 840 Broadway, New York

"Thirty-six" $1800
Self-starter
Long Stroke Motor
4¼" x 5¼"
Demountable rims
36 x 4 inch tires
4-speed transmission
Bosch dual ignition
Ventilated fore-doors
Solar gas lamps
Prest-O-Lite tank



This monogram on the car you buy stands for all you can ask in a motor car

Chalmers
MOTOR CARS

are good cars. They are good looking cars. They are guaranteed. They are medium priced. They are just high enough priced to enable us to put into them the fine materials, the high grade workmanship, and the time that are necessary to a high grade automobile.

A quality car such as we make cannot be produced by anyone and sold, at a profit, for less than our prices. We know we are making a lower profit than the average profit of manufacturers in other lines.

We are putting the money into correct engineering, finest materials, highest grade workmanship and the time for building and proper testing, as the builders of other highest grade cars are doing. People in the automobile trade know this. Our main business now is to get prospective buyers to realize it.

Hence, we invite you to see the Chalmers cars and compare them with others. We fear no comparison with cars either above or below our prices.

Will the Biggest Voice or the Best Car Win?

We were moved to make the simple statement of facts printed above, after reading the announcements of many other 1912 cars.

It occurred to us that perhaps the public was a bit weary of claims and superlatives, just a little tired perhaps with reading about "sensations," "epoch making cars," "biggest output," "greatest factory in the world," etc.

Contest of Superlatives

Perhaps the public finds it hard, among so many "biggests" and "greatests," to settle which one really is.

Here is a prediction: In the contest of superlatives now taking place in automobile advertising the man with the Biggest Voice will probably win. Unfortunately for the public, this may not be the man with the best car. We aren't in the contest ourselves, so we speak as unprejudiced observers. It is not improbable that in the heat of combat one of the contestants will so far forget all rules of fair play as to grab the announcer's megaphone and with its help utterly drown out the other Voices.

Let's Talk Sense

What matters it to you, Mr. Automobile Buyer—all this contest of claims and superlatives? If you have a little time, let's talk some business sense together

Do you really care which output is biggest? Does it really make a difference to you whether one factory is an acre bigger than some other?

Just why is a car good, if it *is* good? Is it because it came from the "biggest factory in the world" or because it is one from among 50,000?

No. If it's good it's because of the stuff that's in it and the way that stuff was put there. You must have good design, good materials, good workmanship, good testing and good finishing to have good automobiles. Look at the cars themselves. Study them. Shut your ears to the Big Voices while doing it.

Minimum Price for Quality

Now, you can't have right design, materials, workmanship, testing and finishing under a certain minimum price, no matter how many cars you make.

There is a point in manufacturing beyond which further production does not represent further saving, but rather tends toward undue haste, slackness and lowering of standards.

We have never claimed to have the "biggest factory." We do claim to have one of the most complete automobile factories. It is a big factory and growing bigger each year. We claim simply that it is adequate to make Chalmers cars and make them right. We make enough cars to get every advantage of buying and manufacturing in quantities. After that our policy is "not how many, but how good."

A Different Standard

We buy enough materials of all kinds to get them as low priced as anybody. Furthermore, we take advantage of every possible cash discount. Thus we not only get quantity prices but cash prices as well. We make enough cars to gain every advantage that comes through factory production on a big scale. In addition, we have a different – and higher *standard of quality* than the factories which take pride in the "biggest output."

Road Tests for Cars

Many who build cheap cars in great quantities don't give them road tests. Or, if they do, the tests are short and inconclusive — and made on the customer's tires. Every Chalmers car undergoes a long test on the road and on our own testing tires.

We could tell you — and we can show you at the factory — scores of other things we do to make our cars good, which the builder of cheap cars doesn't do. Not because he does not want to do these things or doesn't know they ought to be done—but because he can't afford it at his price.

We wish it were possible for every person who contemplates buying an automobile to visit the different factories and actually see how the cars are made. Our factory is always open to the public. When you are in Detroit we shall be glad to have you come and see how Chalmers cars are made.

Cars Tell Own Story

We have tried to give you in this advertisement a few simple, straightforward facts about the business of manufacturing automobiles. We want to help you solve this vexed question, "Which car to buy?" We hope this advertisement will lead you to look at the cars, to compare Chalmers cars with others. For the cars will tell their own story and the comparison will answer all your questions.

Chalmers Cars for 1912

Chalmers "Thirty-six," $1800, including Chalmers self starter; long stroke motor (4¼" x 5¼", developing 36-40 h. p.); four forward speed transmission; Bosch dual ignition, 36" x 4" tires, Continental Demountable rims; Mercedes type honeycomb radiator; dash adjustment for carburetor and many other conveniences. Built as Touring car and Torpedo at $1800; Berlin Limousine, $3250; Cabside Limousine, $3000.

The famous Chalmers "30" is continued for 1912 and represents even greater value than before, because of improvements and added equipment. The price, $1500, includes magneto, gas and oil lamps, Prest-O-Lite tank, Chalmers mohair top and automatic windshield. Built as Touring car, Torpedo; Torpedo Runabout; Open front Pony Tonneau, all $1500. The last named model—an open front car—is continued in response to a very general demand. It is the most popular type we have ever produced. Coupe, $2200.

The Chalmers "Forty" at $2750, fully equipped, is continued for those desiring a bigger car of unusual power. Built as Touring car, seven-passenger; Torpedo, four-passenger; Detachable Pony Tonneau.

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.

New catalog on request

THE BARGAIN-COUNTER SALE

(Continued from Page 20)

to deal with the bank. I am amazed that the banker insisted on your signing such a document—unless, indeed, he intends sending it to Montreal for Quintock to sign! I must not talk with you any more now, however. Return to your office as quickly as possible. I will telephone if I have anything to communicate or to ask you."

John Reid went back to his factory and Mrs. Reid made her way to the bank, where she received a rather frigid welcome—for the financier did not care to deal with women.

"Will you show me the paper my husband signed this morning?"

The banker somewhat reluctantly drew it from its pigeonhole, handing it to her. She read it once and placed it on his desk.

"What you really want," she said, "is the repayment of the money to the bank, plus the interest agreed upon."

"Exactly," he admitted.

"You have no wish to embarrass our firm if your actual object is obtained?"

"Certainly not."

"Our ability to pay this indebtedness will depend on one thing only, and that is the success or failure of our advertising campaign. If our advertisements do not attract custom—orders almost innumerable—nothing that my husband can sign, or Mr. Quintock can sign, or I can sign, will be of the least value to you."

"I realize that."

"If you intend to open up amicable relations with an absconder ——"

"I told your husband that I believe Mr. Quintock to have kept within the four corners of the law."

"I know you did, which was the reason I was careful to use the word 'absconder' instead of 'thief,' which he actually is. If you get Mr. Quintock's signature to this sheet that my husband has signed you will save the fifty thousand dollars already in your possession; but you will lose the fifty thousand dollars that Quintock, let us say innocently, took into Canada with him."

"Your husband is responsible for that, madam."

"Oh, I'm not disclaiming responsibility on his behalf. If our plan fails bankruptcy is inevitable, and the bank will thus have to take its chance along with the other creditors."

"Have you anything to propose, Mrs. Reid?"

"Yes. I propose in the first place to tear up this sheet that bears my husband's signature, which he attached without even reading what he signed."

"But I expect your husband will come to an arrangement with Quintock in Montreal tomorrow."

"My husband will be in New York tomorrow, and the next day, and the next day—and so on."

"Ah! I thought he left here intending to compromise. I cannot consent to the destruction of that release."

He started in his chair when Mrs. Reid stretched forward as if to take the document into her possession again and tear it to pieces before his eyes, as he expected; instead, she merely pushed it toward him. He flushed slightly, like a boy who had been caught making an awkward and unnecessary motion.

"What further I have to propose is this: That, if needful for the continuance of the business, the second fifty thousand shall still be devoted to its original purpose. If Mr. Quintock had been here our advertising would have begun a week from today. As it is, I have given the order that it shall commence tomorrow. Within a fortnight we shall know more or less definitely whether our scheme will succeed or not. I wish you to wait until that time has elapsed. I will then show you exactly what orders we have received and you yourself shall judge whether our advertising is likely to turn out profitably."

"I cannot promise, madam. I must protect the interests of the bank."

"That is exactly what you are not doing. You are grasping the shadow and losing the substance. The document is unnecessary if we succeed and valueless if we fail. It is valueless now—until you obtain Quintock's signature."

"It is possible we may obtain that."

"Would you like the public to know that you make terms with a scoundrel and refuse assistance to an honest man who will pay you everything if you but give him a chance?"

"I am tired of reiterating, madam, that Mr. Quintock is not a thief until he is proved so in court."

The lady rose.

"I am sorry such is your decision, sir; but Mr. Quintock will be proved, in the greatest court in the world tomorrow, to be a thief, a scoundrel and a robber."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I have given to the Associated Press details of what he has done; and tomorrow morning, from New York to San Francisco, the American people will have judged him much less leniently than the man who meekly handed over to him such a considerable sum as fifty thousand dollars!"

The banker now rose also. His face, which had been ruddy a moment before, took on a greenish pallor; his eyes shone with cold anger and his lips were compressed.

"You have done this, madam? Does your husband know?"

"Yes; and tomorrow all America will know."

"Did he not tell you that I had counseled absolute silence, in order that we may get out of this muddle into which your husband's reckless signing of documents has landed us? It was he who put it into Quintock's power to draw that money. Now a compromise will be impossible."

"I hope so. Don't you see what I am doing? I am nailing Mr. Quintock to Montreal. Before three days are past, I dare him to set foot on United States soil! I go from here to communicate with the police and set detectives on his track."

The banker sank back into his chair again. The lady had almost reached the office door when the man of money said huskily:

"One moment, Mrs. Reid!"

She paused, with her hand on the doorknob, and turned round.

"You see, all this comes as a stupefying surprise to me. I thought I had arranged with your husband for a certain course of action."

"And I," interjected the new business partner, "disagreed with every word you uttered. It was abject, cowardly and on the direct road to failure! A moment's reflection should have shown you that the only way of saving your bank is by standing in with our firm and courageously tackling the man who has placed it in jeopardy."

"But, madam, it is not proved that Quintock ——"

"Nonsense! If he is the innocent lamb you picture why did he take the trouble to go to Montreal? Why did he not go to Jersey City, or the top of the Singer Building, and communicate with us from there? All your legal punctiliousness will burn up like chaff if you allow this to get into the courts."

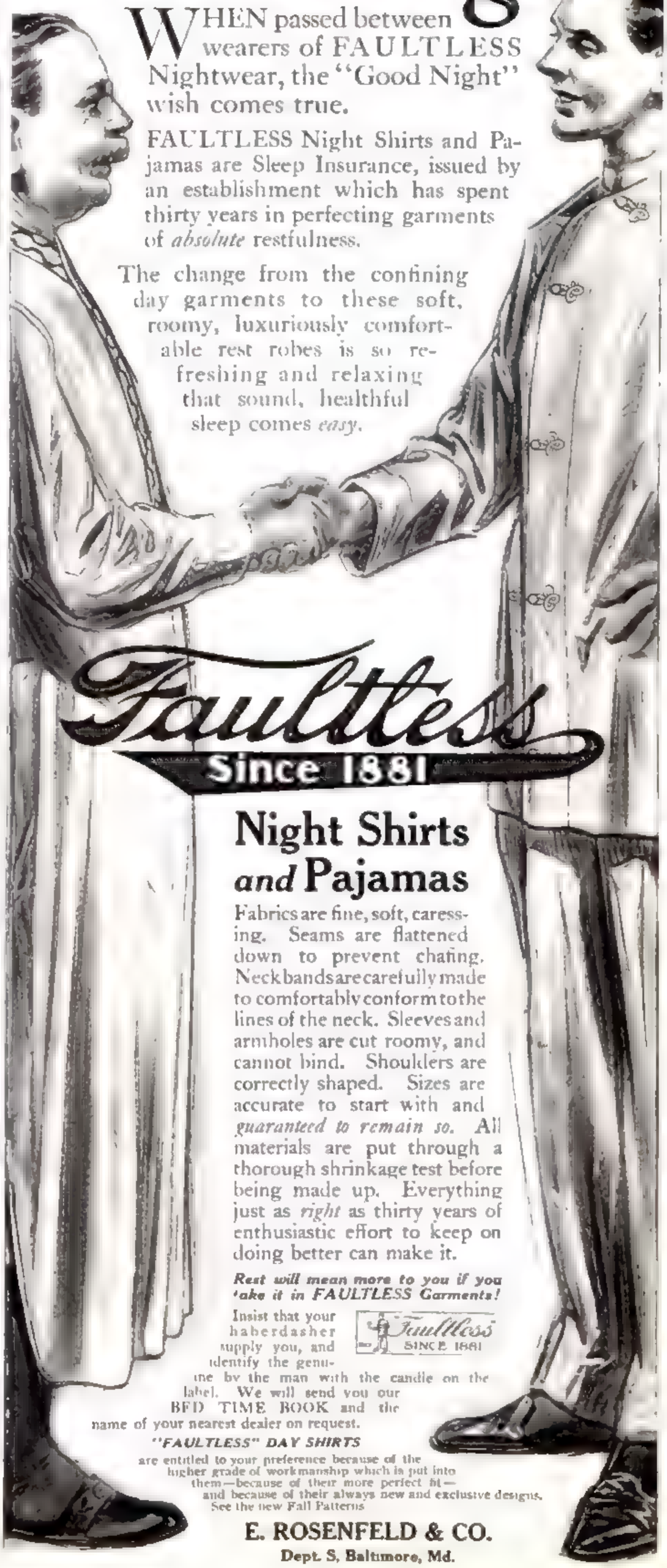
"But it is you and not I who insist on its going to the courts."

"No; it is you. If my method is followed out Quintock will never dare to put himself within the jurisdiction of a United States court."

"But, once you have set the wheels of justice in motion, you cannot stop them at your will."

"If you know that why force me to put them in motion? What I wished you to do was to set the bank's detectives at work. Have one of them go to Montreal tonight - not to obtain a signature to that futile document you have written or to make a compromise, as my husband was ready to do, but to watch Quintock; never allow him out of his sight. So alert a man as Get-Rich-Quick will soon find he is being shadowed. Instead of coming nearer the border he will get farther away. Meanwhile our plan is being tested. All the money received I shall place instantly in your hands, instead of starting a new account with another bank as I intended a moment ago. I have got Quintock exactly where I want him to be and I mean him to remain there until the plan he has invented is proved. Why, do you realize that if it succeeds to the full we shall have half a million dollars in your bank, clear profit to the firm, and that three times that sum of money will have passed through your hands? Where is your imagination?

"Good Night"



WHEN passed between wearers of FAULTLESS Nightwear, the "Good Night" wish comes true.

FAULTLESS Night Shirts and Pajamas are Sleep Insurance, issued by an establishment which has spent thirty years in perfecting garments of *absolute* restfulness.

The change from the confining day garments to these soft, roomy, luxuriously comfortable rest robes is so refreshing and relaxing that sound, healthful sleep comes *easy*.

Faultless

Since 1881

Night Shirts *and* Pajamas

Fabrics are fine, soft, caressing. Seams are flattened down to prevent chafing. Neckbands are carefully made to comfortably conform to the lines of the neck. Sleeves and armholes are cut roomy, and cannot bind. Shoulders are correctly shaped. Sizes are accurate to start with and *guaranteed to remain so.* All materials are put through a thorough shrinkage test before being made up. Everything just as *right* as thirty years of enthusiastic effort to keep on doing better can make it.

Rest will mean more to you if you take it in FAULTLESS Garments!

Insist that your haberdasher supply you, and identify the genuine by the man with the candle on the label. We will send you our BED TIME BOOK and the name of your nearest dealer on request.

Faultless SINCE 1881

"FAULTLESS" DAY SHIRTS

are entitled to your preference because of the higher grade of workmanship which is put into them—because of their more perfect fit—and because of their always new and exclusive designs. See the new Fall Patterns

E. ROSENFELD & CO.

Dept. S, Baltimore, Md.

WINCHESTER

.401 Caliber Self-Loading Rifle.

This new Winchester five-shot repeater is the finest and latest example of progress in gun making. It is reloaded by recoil, the repeating as well as the firing mechanism being under control of the trigger finger. A bullet fired from it strikes a blow of 2038 pounds—force enough to topple over the biggest game—penetration enough to reach the innermost vital spot. Tho wonderful in operation and powerful in execution, this rifle is neither complicated in construction nor cumbersome to handle. From butt to muzzle it's a handsome, handy gun.

Don't fail to examine one of these rifles before taking your next hunting trip.

IT HITS LIKE THE HAMMER OF THOR.

Send Your

Old Carpet

We Will Make

New Rugs

Beautiful designs to your taste. Plain, Fancy, Oriental—fit for any parlor. Guaranteed to wear ten years.

Rugs, 75c and Up

Ours is the largest factory of its kind in America. Established 47 years. [illegible]

We Pay Freight

[illegible] carpets are [illegible] money [illegible] your wants.

FREE [illegible] of [illegible] prices and full [illegible]

OLSON RUG CO.
Dept. 1, 40 Laflin St., Chicago

A Collar Button is Little

But there's a mighty deal of satisfaction in having one that is perfect in workmanship—absolutely smooth on the back, so it will not scratch or chafe the neck—made with an honest layer of gold that won't wear off in years of use—made in one piece and so strong that it cannot break—and made in so many different styles and sizes that you can select one to suit your exact needs—either of solid gold or in the best quality of rolled gold plate—That collar button is the

KREMENTZ

[illegible] to make sure that you are getting the genuine, look for the name stamped on the back. Each button guaranteed—[illegible] one free in exchange if broken or damaged from any cause.

Krementz & Co., 40 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.

Gasoline Engine

Stupendous offer on Schmidt's Chilled Cylinder Gasoline Engine 3 h.p. Absolutely **Free Trial.** [illegible] Take engine in the [illegible] as it leaves [illegible] with a Chilled Cylinder the [illegible] genuine engines. [illegible] years guarantee. Free [illegible] Power. [illegible] books and all particulars free [illegible]

$7.50

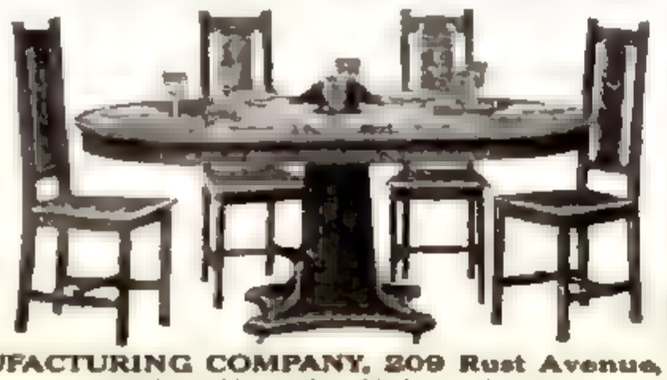
Schmidt Bros. Co. Engine Works, Dept. 8356, Davenport, Iowa

Solid Oak Extension Dining Table and Chairs $20.50

48 in., Round Top, Pedestal Dining Table, extends to 72 in., $13.50. 4 Dining Chairs, $7. 6 Dining Chairs, $10.

This sensational price is made possible by our original method of manufacturing in sections and shipping in a compact package which may be unpacked and the furniture made ready for use in thirty minutes.

Don't confuse this furniture with cheap furniture. We manufacture quality furniture only.



You do not risk one cent. Use the furniture for thirty days in your home. Prove our claim that you cannot duplicate it for double our price—then if you are not satisfied notify us and we will return all the money you have paid.

Free catalog full of similar bargains, giving full details, and a postal will bring it to you. Send for it today.

BROOKS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 209 Rust Avenue, Saginaw, Mich.

The oldest and largest firm of its kind in the world.

I remember the day when we had a banker in New York who was a poet."

The banker got up from his chair, took the paper that John Reid had thoughtlessly signed, crossed the room and handed it to her.

"Am I to tear it up?" she asked.

"Into a thousand pieces if you like."

"You will send the detective?"

"On tonight's train."

"Then I shall not communicate with the police—or, to adopt your excellent journalistic phrase, set the wheels of justice in motion."

The advertising plan for the sale of summer clothing, guaranteed to fit, New-York-made, was a success beyond the dreams of avarice. It was an ideal combination. The beautiful instinct for salesmanship that Quintock undoubtedly possessed was backed up by honest goods. There came a wild protest from Quintock against the publicity given to his action—leaving the public, he said, under a completely erroneous impression. He would return at once to New York to clear his good name and to discomfit the scoundrel or scoundrels who had spread abroad this misleading information. And yet, after all, he did not return!

The shadow at his elbow got upon his nerves; and when the rush was over and Mrs. Reid went to Canada, carrying various legal documents that only required signature and executing before a United States consul, she found him on the terrace of the hotel grounds, at Quebec. The man, who seemed to have grown ten years older, scowled as he recognized who was approaching.

"Good morning, Mr. Quintock," she said brightly. "As I am the person solely responsible for the publicity to which you objected, and also for setting the wheels of justice in motion—that phrase is not my own but was uttered by a friend of yours—I have come to arrange some sort of a compromise with you. Is the fifty thousand dollars you brought away with you still intact?"

"How can it be intact," he asked, "when I have been stopping all this time at first-class hotels and been put to various other expenses!"

The woman seemed nonplused.

"Even if it were intact," he went on, "you would not receive a penny of it!"

"Then you do regard it as stolen money, after all!"

"It doesn't matter how I regard it. It's placed where your fingers can never touch it!"

"Oh, I am sorry for that, because I boasted to my husband I was coming to attend a bargain-counter sale. I thought I might make easy terms you would be so anxious to get back once more to New York. You are not looking very fit, you know, in spite of this delightful climate."

"What do you want with me?" he asked gruffly. "Why didn't your husband come?"

"Because I am the new business manager. I attend to the finances. I want to buy your share of the business. How much of the stolen cash will you give me in addition to your shares?"

"I see by the magazines that you put my scheme into operation. Tell me, how did it work?"

"It worked better than my husband expected."

"Pouf!" sneered Quintock. "His expectations amount to nothing."

"That has not anything to do with the question of your selling out. You see, I am determined to obtain your shares or land you in a United States prison!"

"The law cannot touch me!" he cried.

The lady laughed.

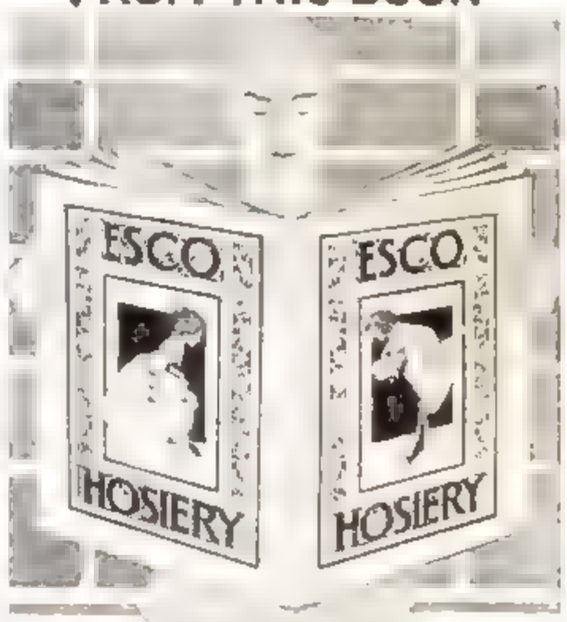
"That may or may not have been true when the sum was intact; but now that you admit using a portion of it, and since you have stayed so long, still holding on to the money which I confess I cannot wring from you, your assumption of innocence will hardly be of any effect. Still, I shall be very glad for you to test the matter. I will return to New York tomorrow. Come back with me!"

Quintock pondered for a while, then said:

"I'll sell you my share in the business for that fifty thousand dollars if you, on your part, will get me a signed bill of clearance—as one might call it—from yourself, your husband and the banker."

"I have got them all here in my bag," said Mrs. Reid. "Come and sign the transfers. The American consul is waiting for us at his office."

SELECT YOUR HOSIERY FROM THIS BOOK



Merely a postal brings this remarkable "ESCO" Hosiery Book

YOUR guide to all that's best in fine Stockings for Men, Women and Children. Perfect weave—satisfactory service—in every pair. Hundreds of styles.

Send for your "ESCO" Book now. It awaits but your address.

Two remarkable Hosiery values. Try either for a test of "ESCO" quality.

FOR MEN		FOR WOMEN	
Style 850	*Pure thread silk sock, extra reinforced sole, heel and toe. Per pair* 50c	Style 833	*Pure thread silk hose, mercerized lisle double garter top, reinforced sole, heel and toe. Black only. Per pair* 50c

Black and all colors.

Order will be filled direct if you will send size, color and price to

Henry Schiff & Co., Sole Distributors 890-892 Broadway, New York

Stevens Apex

[illegible] Stevens Apex Spectacle [illegible] for comfort, a [illegible] [illegible] views. Every [illegible] [illegible] with a special, [illegible] [illegible] spiral spring effect which [illegible] secret of their easy bearing [illegible] "STEVENS APEX"—a [illegible]

STEVENS QUALITY [illegible] [illegible] Invariably found at the [illegible]

STEVENS & CO., INC., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS STEVENSVILLE

SHUMATE Tungsten Razor

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

Here, at last, is a Razor good enough to guarantee for life! Only [illegible] $2.75 or send to us for a Shumate Tungsten Razor. [illegible] Tungsten's [illegible] perfect service at any time it will be exchanged free. Nick the blade, bend the handle, [illegible] Shumate Tungsten [illegible] any way [illegible] can't break!

$2.75 At Any Good Store or Direct From Us

The secret of **Shumate Razor** superiority lies in the exclusive process of genuine **Tungsten Alloy Steel,** which takes a keener edge and holds it longer than any steel known. Full concave, hand [illegible] [illegible] No matter how many times you shave you should use a **Guaranteed for life Shumate.** If you are not entirely satisfied with a safety razor after trying a **Shumate Tungsten** and [illegible] shave its way [illegible]

Other Styles at Various Prices

Shumate Razor Company
615 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

The Twentieth Century Limited

How the Engineer of the Twentieth Century Limited times his Mile-a-Minute Run

The two men in the lower picture are Engineer Patrick Murphy and Conductor Hiram Bauder, of the Twentieth Century Limited, the New York Central train that runs from New York to Chicago in less than eighteen hours. They are comparing their time just before pulling out of the Grand Central Terminal at New York.

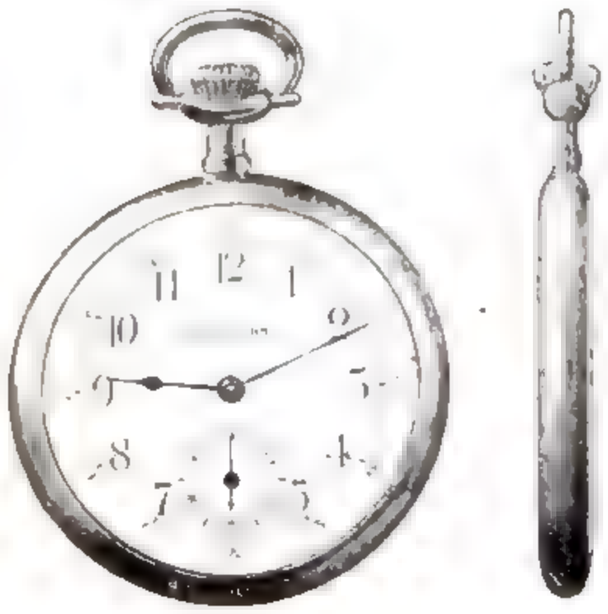
Engineer Murphy has pulled his train for several years. He is one of the most reliable men in the employ of the road. One glance at his face is sufficient to inspire a passenger with confidence. For years Mr. Murphy, like thousands of other trainmen, has carried a Hamilton Timekeeper, because not only his life but the lives of hundreds of beings are every day dependent upon his watch being *absolutely correct.*

At a recent inspection of one division of the New York Central Railroad, the road on which these two men work, out of 341 watches of 13 different makes 144 were Hamiltons.

(The leading railroads of this country maintain in every division a rigid watch inspection. At regular intervals the watch of every engineer, fireman, conductor and trainman is examined, and any watch found to vary more than 2 to 4 seconds per day is ordered out of service for readjustment. No railroad ever adopts any one make of watch to the exclusion of other makes, but all watches must pass inspection)

Over One-half (about 56%) of the Engineers, Firemen, Conductors and Trainmen on American Railroads where official time inspection is maintained carry Hamilton Timekeepers.

The Hamilton Timekeeper



12-Size Hamilton Timekeeper

The thinnest 19 and 23 jewel 12 size watches made in America. Cased in 14-carat gold cases, also in guaranteed gold filled cases. All Hamilton sizes illustrated and described in "The Timekeeper" sent on request to those interested.

For 18 years the railroad men of America have taken almost the entire output of the Hamilton Watch Company. Until recently this company made only from 250 to 300 watches per day. Their unwillingness to hurry their workers or increase their capacity at the expense of the unfailing accuracy of the Timekeeper is the reason why the general public is not better acquainted with Hamilton Timekeepers. But by absorbing every year more and more of the finest watch-building talent in the world, and step by step educating them to the highest degree of efficiency, the Company has gradually increased its output to about 350 watches a day.

This means that one-fourth of the entire number of Hamilton Timekeepers made each year will now be *offered to the public*, provided that the railroad men take no more than their usual quota.

The successful experience of the Hamilton Watch Company in making Timekeepers of phenomenal accuracy for railroad men has enabled them to produce a beautiful thin model 12-size Timekeeper for men in any walk of life and to make it as accurate as any railroad watch.

Hamilton Timekeepers are made in all sizes from the "Lady Hamilton," a tiny timepiece for ladies who want precise time, to the 18-size, favored of railroad men. Prices of Hamiltons, beautifully cased and in mahogany boxes, vary according to the size, movement and casing from $38.50 to $125.00.

Write for "The Timekeeper"

The details of how a Hamilton Timekeeper is made are set forth in a manner sufficiently untechnical to interest and instruct, in a booklet which we have named "The Timekeeper." We will gladly mail it free to any one interested in the purchase of a watch of absolute and continuous accuracy. With it we send a smaller book replete with character portraits of railroad trainmen who carry Hamilton Timekeepers.

If you want a better watch for yourself or for some one else, send for these books and consult your jeweler.

In writing for Booklet, address

Hamilton Watch Company, 906 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Pa.

Makers of The Railroad Timekeepers of America

1912 Waverley ELECTRIC

Brings the Golden Age of Town Car Luxury!

THE WAVERLEY COMPANY announces to prospective purchasers of town cars the Limousine Electric—the first electric with Full View Ahead and ample seat space for five adults. In the quiet elegance of the body may be traced the dignity and grace of the Town Chariot of French design used in the period of the First Empire. The forced effects of smart lines and rococo ornaments have been studiously avoided.

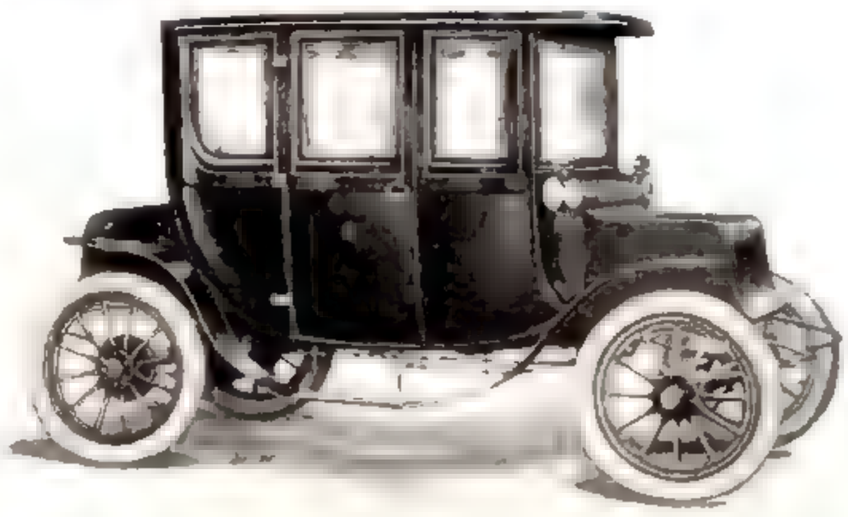
The full seat space for five, and the unique advantage of a wholly unobstructed view for the driver are clearly illustrated in the above picture.

Silent Waverley Limousine Five

Full View Ahead

Design and Construction Patents Applied for

To these advantages are added an economy of upkeep possible only to the most advanced electric carriage construction. The Waverley Limousine Five *gives all the service of any town car at less than half the cost of most gas cars.*



It is backed by the Waverley's sixteen years of leadership in electric carriages. It has been subjected to the severest road tests. It will give a full day's service under the exacting requirements of a busy household, and then run another full day without recharging.

It offers cleanliness and noiselessness heretofore impossible in a big town car.

It includes the Silent Waverley High-Efficiency Shaft Drive, now in its fourth year of use by owners.

Silent Waverley Motor, with the highest overload capacity of any motor of its size

Silent Waverley Long Full-Elliptic Springs, with torsional supporting cross springs.

Silent Waverley Non-Arcing Controller—so simple your little girl can run the car with perfect safety

Exide, Waverley, National or Edison Battery.

Write for the Waverley Art Book on Town Cars. Richly illustrated in colors. It pictures and fully describes the Limousine Five, the 1912 Four-Passenger Brougham, Victoria, Phaeton, Roadster, Coupé, Stanhope and other models. Prices, $3,500 down to $1,225.

The Waverley Co. Factory and Home Office 115 South East Street **Indianapolis, Ind.**

Largest Factory in the World Devoted Exclusively to Electrics

New York 240 Broadway — Philadelphia 261 Market Street — Boston 25 [illegible] Place — Chicago 305 Michigan Ave

Seventy hundred other dealers — Addresses on application

THE BIG IDEA

(Continued from Page 13)

the mill to myself and sell you all the rest of the business for five thousand dollars. You can pay for it with the same five thousand dollars that I pay you for your stock do you see? Then, at any rate, instead of having less than half the business, with old Wilkinson always on your neck, you'll have practically the whole of it all your own, so you can do as you please with it and divide the profits with nobody."

"Great Scott! Great Scott!" Mr. Sterling gasped.

"It's sure as shooting," Addison declared. "Take your stock first. I'll pay you five hundred dollars down on it and give you my note for forty-five hundred, due October fifteenth. You pin the stock to the note and deposit it in the State Bank. If I don't pay the note when it's due the stock goes back to you. So you can't lose there. Then I'll have Joshua Reimer draw up a contract whereby I agree to sell you all the lumber, coal, and so on, there is here for five thousand dollars, subject to the debts of the company. Of course, if you get nearly all the business you must assume the company's debts."

The lumberman nodded, for the company's debts were merely nominal.

"We'll deposit that contract with the State Bank, too, and if I don't sell you the stuff and turn it over to you by good and valid deeds on October fifteenth then the bank will hand the stock back to you. Any way you fix it you can't lose."

For some time, as Addison repeated the details of this wonderful scheme, Mr. Sterling studied them with awe and rising joy. It did seem that he couldn't possibly lose. Twice or thrice he suppressed a chuckle and passed his large red hand over his face to conceal an irrepressible grin.

"I wouldn't do this, Addy," he said gravely under his breath—glancing nervously around the little office for the twentieth time to make sure there were no eavesdroppers—"I wouldn't do this, Addy, if it wasn't right. But, as you say, this business rightly belongs to me."

The second day following Addison again left town, returning on the eleventh.

"Three of my people will be along tomorrow," he told Mr. Sterling confidentially. "You and I will get our deal all fixed up by the fifteenth sure."

On the morrow, naturally, the lumberman was in a somewhat nervous and expectant state. He stepped often to the grimy-paned window in the little office and glanced toward town in the hope of seeing some of Addison's affluent people. Thus at five minutes to eleven o'clock he saw with astonishment a novel procession approaching single file by the dusty footpath along the roadway. The portly form of Joshua Reimer led the way. Next came E. Addison Humphrey. Mrs. Humphrey in a neat shirtwaist immediately followed her husband. Bringing up the rear was Lute Morrow. Lute's soiled and seedy garments dangled about his lean figure as usual, and he was smoking a dilapidated corncob pipe.

This novel procession wound its way into the office without a word to the surprised proprietor. Addison politely dragged Mr. Sterling's stout office-chair to a position by the west wall and offered it to his wife. Lute Morrow modestly seated himself on an upturned box by the rear door, whence the smoke of his cob pipe might harmlessly escape. Mr. Reimer gravely took a standing position beside the tall desk upon which the office bookkeeping was done, laid a thin little account-book and a number of memoranda on the desk, rapped gently with the office ruler and said: "The meeting will come to order."

"What's this?" gasped Mr. Sterling.

The lawyer glanced at him in mild reproval and replied: "This is the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Sterling Lumber and Mill Company, held on the second Thursday in October as duly provided in the by-laws of the corporation."

The lumberman recalled vaguely that there were some by-laws containing something or other about an annual meeting. But as he and Doctor Wilkinson and Mr. Reimer held all the stock and saw one another almost every day, it had not been considered necessary to meet formally. Glancing around the circle in uncertainty and alarm, he thought he detected a faint wink from Addison Humphrey, and it occurred to him that this might be part of the proceedings whereby Doctor Wilkinson was to be righteously disposed of.

"The secretary finds," said Mr. Reimer, consulting a memorandum, "that the following stock of the company is represented at this meeting—to wit, ninety-nine shares represented by E. Addison Humphrey in person; ninety-nine shares represented by Carrie M. Humphrey as proxyholder; and two shares represented by Luther P. Morrow as proxyholder. All the stock being represented, there is, of course, a quorum present, and the meeting will proceed to business. The first business under the by-laws is the election of directors for the ensuing year. Are there any nominations?" he inquired judicially, with a glance at Mrs. Humphrey.

Thereupon Mrs. Humphrey arose, bowed and announced in a clear, firm voice: "I nominate E. Addison Humphrey, Carrie M. Humphrey and Luther P. Morrow for—for——" She glanced at her husband anxiously; but he touched her arm and nodded slightly toward the chair. So she bowed again and sat down, slightly flushed, but throwing a steely glance toward Thomas Sterling.

"Are there any other nominations?" Mr. Reimer inquired.

"Why, say! Hold on here!" Mr. Sterling bawled. But Mr. Reimer, gently tapping the desk with the ruler, remarked severely: "The meeting will be in order; outsiders will be in order also." The lumberman, painfully struggling with doubt and fear, stared over at Addison, who then winked openly.

"There being no further nominations," said Mr. Reimer, "the stockholders will proceed to ballot, as the by-laws require." He laid three typewritten slips upon the desk. One by one Addison, his wife and Luther P. Morrow advanced, affixed their signatures and retired.

Having soberly examined the slips, Mr. Reimer announced: "E. Addison Humphrey has received the vote of two hundred shares; Carrie M. Humphrey has received the vote of two hundred shares; Luther P. Morrow has received the vote of two hundred shares. The three persons named are, therefore, unanimously elected directors of this corporation for the ensuing year."

Mr. Sterling, his face purple with excitement and his eyes bulging, stepped to the middle of the floor. "Now look a' here!" he cried, in a voice shaken with emotion. "I propose to know where I stand! This thing don't go any further until you and me has had a settlement, Addy Humphrey. I won't stand for it. I'm a stockholder in this company, I'll have you know, and you ain't—yet!"

It was Mr. Reimer who replied—patiently but firmly: "As secretary of this company it is my duty to keep the stock-transfer books. I can certify that you are not a stockholder of record. It appears," he continued, "that E. Addison Humphrey has purchased all the stock of this corporation. It may be that he has hypothecated that stock as security for certain obligations that have not yet fallen due. But he is the purchaser of the stock and is entitled to vote the same at this meeting. If that ain't the law," he added emphatically, "I'll eat my hat." At the conclusion of this announcement Addison winked twice at the amazed lumberman.

"The meeting is ready to consider such further business as may lawfully come before it," said Mr. Reimer, with a meaning look at Luther P. Morrow. Luke tenderly deposited his corncob pipe upon the floor, fished in the right-hand pocket of his dangling vest and drew forth a short typewritten document, which he carried to the desk in his usual shuffling, stoop-shouldered and dejected manner. "I offer this resolution," he said dispiritedly, and shuffled back to the upturned box where he impassively resumed the cob pipe.

"A resolution has been offered, which the secretary will now read," said Mr. Reimer. The gist of the resolution was that the corporation lease its sash-and-door mill to the Humphrey Wooden Oven Company for a period of ninety-nine years at a rental of one hundred dollars a year.

Mr. Sterling's right leg made a convulsive movement and he gurgled, but Addison smiled and nodded at him in the friendliest way, and he stood speechless while the resolution was unanimously adopted.

Prof. Anderson's Supper

The Bedtime Meal in Countless Homes Tonight

When Prof. Anderson invented Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice, he gave you, for one thing, the best foods ever served in milk.

You serve them at breakfast with sugar and cream. Or you mix them with fruit. At dinner the puffed grains are crisps for the soup. Or a nut-like garnish when you serve ice cream.

But the favorite way with children is to serve like crackers in a bowl of milk

Done by Furnace Heat

These are whole-grain foods—not merely the flour. That adds a great deal to their food value.

In bronze-steel guns they are revolved for an hour in a heat of 550 degrees. Think of that. Boiling heat is 212 degrees.

It is that fierce heat which gives to these grains their enticing nut-like taste. It crisps them through and through. And it makes them twice as digestible as cereals baked or boiled.

The moisture in the grain turns to superheated steam. When the guns are unsealed each grain explodes. The millions of food granules are blasted to pieces.

The grains are puffed to eight times normal size made four times as porous as bread. Each grain is made up of countless toast-walled cells. Imagine how those crisp, porous, nut-like grains taste when served in milk.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

Prof. Anderson's object was to make whole grains twice as digestible as ever before As a result of this heroic process, puffed grains yield every whit of their food value. These are scientific foods.

But, with the first taste, that fact is forgotten. People eat these foods because they delight in them.

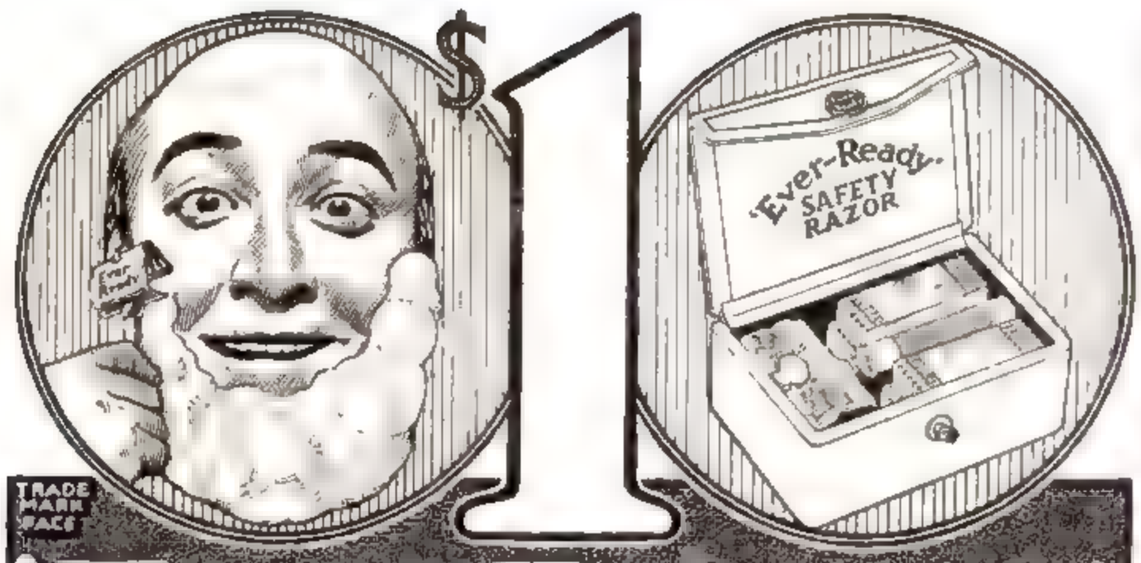
Five Meals Daily

Dr. Woods Hutchinson says that children should be given five meals every day. Food alone makes them grow.

For the extra meals give them something digestible, of maximum food value and surpassingly good. Give them whole grains of wheat or rice, made nut-like in a furnace heat, blasted to porous crispness. And serve them in milk.

During hot weather people have eaten a hundred million dishes of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers—Chicago



'Ever-Ready'

3,000,000 men are happy users of the EVER-READY. The EVER-READY guarantee is a liberal, sincere guarantee in which the makers insure your complete satisfaction. There's a ten-year guarantee for the frame; a guarantee for each of the 12 blades; a guarantee that the EVER-READY will shave you best of any razor that ever touched your beard. Your money back from the makers if any part of this guarantee fails.

Safety Razor

The twelve best blades in the world are supplied with every dollar outfit
Each blade is guaranteed, wrapped rust-proof, dust-proof and edge-proof

Extra Blades 10 for 50c.

$1 invested in an EVER-READY will prove the best investment of your life. From any *hardware store, druggist, cutler, jeweler or man's store.*

Sometimes dealers sell imitations with less than 12 blades so call for the EVER READY by name—look for the trade mark face and count the 12 blades.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., Inc., Makers Herald Square, New York

With 12 Blades

WE SHIP on APPROVAL without a cent deposit, prepay the freight and allow 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL.
IT ONLY COSTS ... to ... on highest grade 1912 model bicycles.
FACTORY PRICES ... a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you write for our large Art Catalog and learn our *wonderful proposition* on first sample bicycle going to your town.
RIDER AGENTS everywhere are making big money exhibiting and selling our bicycles.
We sell ... TIRES Coaster Brake rear wheels ...
Do not wait ...
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. M-55, CHICAGO

HAVOLINE MOTOR OILS

FOR AUTOMOBILES

Lubricates; Burns Cleanly.
Write for Booklet, "The Common Sense of Automobile Lubrication"

HAVOLINE OIL CO.
Indian Refining Co., Distributors
New York, Chicago
Birmingham, Ala.

All Garages All Dealers

ELJER CHINA

Extra heavy Fittings No flat bottom in which mud can settle

The result of a continued honest effort to produce the best tanks and lavatories. Write for circular and name of nearest agent.

Eljer Co.
Cameron W. Va.

Make $25 to $50 Weekly

selling the Automatic Combination Tool in your home county. A Fence Builder's Tool, Post Puller ... Write Quick ... Spare moments or Whole Time. No experience necessary ... Write for our offer ... send no money. Name county where you live.

AUTOMATIC JACK COMPANY
Box 55 Bloomfield, Ind.

The Congress shoe has never found its equal for comfort. The elastic fabric on the sides is responsible for this comfort because of its stretch.

HUB GORE, the best made, is guaranteed to retain its elasticity for two years from the date it is supplied the manufacturer. It is yours to be had, if you demand it. Prove to your satisfaction you have it by looking for the little heart trade mark stamped on the reverse sides of both panels.

Hub Gore Makers, Manufacturers of Hub Brand Narrow Elastic Fabric **Boston, Mass.**

Announcing the unanimous vote, Mr. Reimer looked over at Mrs. Humphrey, who declared: "I offer a resolution."

"A resolution has been offered, which the secretary will now read," droned Mr. Reimer. The substance of the resolution was that the corporation proceed to issue its first-lien, ten-year, six-per-cent gold bonds to the amount of twenty thousand dollars, and that it secure the same by mortgage upon all of its property except the mill, which had been leased to the Humphrey Wooden Oven Company.

The lawyer's monotonous voice continued: "Are there any remarks?"

There were none, unless a yell from Mr. Sterling could be considered a remark. Seizing his glazed brown-straw hat, the lumberman bolted from the door and loped up the road toward Main Street.

A number of citizens witnessed his flight. The amused surprise with which they discussed it rapidly gave place to sheer amazement as they beheld him loping back to the lumber-yard with prim little Doctor Wilkinson at his heels, running like a decorous spinster.

"What fol-de-rol is this?" the banker demanded of Mr. Reimer, as he entered.

Mr. Reimer gravely explained the situation, repeating the handsome offer to eat his hat if Addison Humphrey were not legally entitled to vote the stock. "So far," he continued, referring to his minutes, "the meeting has unanimously elected directors for the ensuing year; it has unanimously resolved to lease the mill to the Humphrey Wooden Oven Company for ninety-nine years; it has unanimously decided to issue twenty thousand dollars of first-mortgage bonds; it has voted unanimously to purchase from E. Addison Humphrey a certain patent covering a wooden oven and to pay him therefor the twenty thousand dollars of bonds before mentioned; and it has unanimously resolved to sell the stock of lumber and coal to Mr. Thomas Sterling for the sum of five thousand dollars."

At the latter statement Doctor Wilkinson turned sharply upon Mr. Sterling, who looked painfully confused.

Addison spoke up mildly: "I ought to explain that Tom and I agreed beforehand that I was to take the mill and he was to take the lumber business. I agreed to sell it to him for five thousand dollars—the same five thousand dollars I was to pay him for his stock. So he'd get the whole lumber business without paying a cent, and you'd be left out in the cold."

"He's a liar," Mr. Sterling muttered.

"It's set down in black and white and signed by both of us," said Addison cheerfully. "I can show it to you up at the State Bank. The situation, you see, is that I've got the mill, and the lumber business goes to one or the other of you. So far as I'm concerned, Doctor Wilkinson," he added impartially, "it's pretty much dog eat dog between you two. But Tom stole my oven, so I'm willing to give you the best of it."

Mr. Sterling, with a contorted face, cried to the banker: "Don't you go in with him! We can beat this! You stand by me and I'll stand by you."

"I've just learned how you proposed to stand by me, you robber!" Doctor Wilkinson answered scathingly.

"You hold my note for fifteen thousand five hundred dollars, due day after tomorrow," Addison continued, addressing the banker. "Of course I can't pay it in money; but I'll pay it in fifteen thousand five hundred dollars' worth of these bonds."

"I'll take the bonds," said Doctor Wilkinson promptly.

"But where does that leave me?" Mr. Sterling wailed. "I don't want this lumber business subject to a twenty-thousand-dollar mortgage."

"You don't deserve a cent, Tom," Addison assured him. "But you hold my note for four thousand five hundred dollars, and I'll pay it in bonds if you like. Then you and Wilkinson can divide the lumber business up between you in proportion to your bonds."

"I suppose I'll have to take it," Sterling muttered miserably, "and I wish your wooden oven was ——"

"Tut, tut!" Mr. Reimer interposed. "We have a lady with us."

Addison only smiled, observing: "The oven wouldn't have burned you, Tom, if you hadn't tried to steal it."

Editor's Note This is the second of a series of stories by Will Payne. The third will appear in an early number.

For Nine Years I Have Sold This Cigar By Mail

The idea of selling my cigars direct to the smoker by mail came to me nine years ago. I have been publishing advertisements like this practically every month since. In that time I have made and held over 20,000 regular customers who buy their cigars from me.

Shivers' Panatela

My plan of selling cigars makes it possible, by eliminating middlemen, to sell the 10c cigar of the trade for $5.00 per 100. I have had many imitators. Most of these have lasted a little time and gone—doubtless because they did not understand that they must have re-orders to survive. Repeat orders are the life blood of the mail order cigar business.

It is the quality of my cigars that makes a re-order practically certain. I secure initial orders through my advertising—it always costs me more to secure a new customer than I make on his first order. But the come-back orders gradually begin to show a profit.

The Shivers' Panatela is made in my clean Philadelphia factory from real Cuban grown Havana filler with a wrapper of genuine Sumatra leaf. I also make clear Havana cigars. In all I have seventeen different shapes—all described in my catalog which you may have on request.

MY OFFER IS:—I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatela Cigars to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten of these cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense, if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased with them and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days. (This selling plan applies as well to any cigar I make.)

I employ only skilled men cigar makers. No flavoring or "doctoring" methods are tolerated in my factory and I do not use shorts or cuttings. When you try my cigars I am the only one who assumes any risk or obligation. Will you grant me an opportunity to make a customer of you?

In ordering [illegible] state whether you prefer mild [illegible] or strong [illegible] and business stationery or give references.

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913 Filbert St. Philadelphia, Pa.

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[illegible] 50 CENTS P. O. Order or 2 Cent Stamps [illegible]

Los Angeles Investment Company, 335 D Hill St., Los Angeles, Cal.

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Waterproof Boots and Moccasins

For over sixty years the GOKEY Boot has been acknowledged to be the best [illegible] We guarantee every pair [illegible] our guarantee. The [illegible] Moose [illegible] Rock Oak [illegible] Gokey Moccasin [illegible] Send for Catalog Waterproof Boots and Moccasins. Catalogue B—Golf, Yachting and Tennis, to

Wm. N. Gokey Shoe Co.
10th St.,
Jamestown, N. Y.

CLARK'S "ARABIC" ORIENT CRUISE

February 1, $400 up for 71 days. All expenses. Highest class Round-the-World Tours September 19 October 21 and monthly to January inclusive.

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

NATURE moves in cycles. Therefore, those incidents of our daily lives which have to do with Nature, occur with approximate regularity.

A few months ago your electric lighting bill grew beautifully less in proportion to the increased hours of daylight. The shrinkage was augmented by the departure of various members of the family for vacations, by your enjoyment of the long, dusky evenings on the porch and by numerous other causes which make electric lights less necessary during the summer months.

Likely enough, when you paid your electric lighting bill last month you noticed how these same natural causes are once more at work, in inverse order, forcing your bill back to normal winter figures.

Or you will notice it this month. And when you do, just think of the added hours you are using lights—think of the added pleasure and comfort and the greater safety that follow the free use of electric current during the gloomy winter season.

And remember that your *pro rata* expense is the same—that it costs no more to use your electric lights or your electric iron or your other electric appliances at one season than it does at another.

The housewife who has seen the drudgery of ironing disappear when the Hotpoint came into her home, never thinks of losing its advantages during the winter months, simply because more electric current is used for lighting. She knows that the iron costs her no more to use and that it is equally essential to her comfort.

Just as the freer use of electric lights makes winter homes more pleasant, just as satisfaction follows the use of the Hotpoint electric iron, new pleasures and satisfaction will follow the introduction of each electrically heated appliance into your home.

Here is a group of appliances to be used on the electric light socket—no extra wiring, no special work or attention of any kind. Each piece is furnished with a socket that screws in where the light bulb comes off. Eight feet of flexible cord runs to table or sideboard or bedside, wherever it will be most convenient. All guaranteed two years.

For instance, you will have better coffee, you can economize in the amount of coffee used, you can save a great deal of time in brewing it, if you use El Perco, our electric coffee maker. Attach it to any electric light socket; put in the cold water, and in less than a minute the boiling water begins dripping, dripping through the ground coffee, and you will have a perfect brew—the full flavor and aroma, without the woody taste that follows from boiling the wood of the berry. Price, 5-cup, $7.50; 7-cup, $8.00, nickel or copper.

And coffee suggests toast—toast made right on the table with El Tosto, our electric toast maker. Coils of wire are rendered glowing red by the current, and the bread quickly turns a delightful brown, while the full, wheaty flavor is developed to its fullest. Price, with cord and plug complete, $4.00.

Most used of all electrically heated appliances is our Hotpoint Iron. For domestic use we furnish this iron in three weights—3 lbs., 5 lbs. and 6 lbs. Price of each size is $5.00. Fully guaranteed for two years and there is no reason why, under normal service, it should ever give any trouble. It has the hot point which enables you to iron up into the pleats and folds; the handle never becomes hot enough to require a holder; the stand is attached at the rear so that you simply tip it up instead of having to lift it to a separate stand. Packed with cord and plug complete.

Having gone so far, you will want to bake your hot cakes or do the other lighter forms of cooking by electricity, and for that we offer you El Stovo, our electric disc stove, with a six inch top. It is attractive in design, with a protective plate that prevents injury to the finest-finished table top, so that you can use El Stovo on the dining table or sideboard, although it has capacity enough to make it a practical kitchen device. Attaches to any electric light socket. Guaranteed two years. Price, with cord and plug, $5.00.

To increase the usability of El Stovo, we furnish a cooking pan, chafing dish and cover, which gives you a splendid outfit for those delightful chafing dish concoctions. These dishes are all highly nickel plated and polished, and the combination makes an extremely attractive chafing dish outfit. Price of chafing dish outfit, $5.00.

We will stop with just a word about El Boilo, which is our immersion heater; made in two sizes. Plunge it directly into the liquid to be heated, turn on the current and you will get results almost instantly. El Boilo is a smooth cylinder of highly polished metal, very easy to keep clean and is entirely sanitary. A connecting plug makes it very simple to disconnect. Price, 7-inch size, for personal use, $3.00; 9-inch size, $4.00. This size is designed for kitchen use, for dentists and doctors, or wherever a few cups of hot water is wanted quickly.

Ask Your Dealer

Dealers and lighting companies in most towns sell Hotpoint appliances If you do not find them, send check to nearest office and we will gladly pay express charges.

Pacific Electric Heating Co.

Main Office and Factory, Ontario, Calif.
Chicago Office and Factory, 560 Washington Blvd.
136 Liberty St., New York. Vancouver, B. C.

Dealers and Lighting Companies

If these goods are not sold in your town, this is the time for you to order samples on our special proposition and test them out. Ask for our selling plan.

Clean Cutting Scissors for Delicate Work

Don't attempt to cut into a valuable piece of silk, satin or other delicate material unless you are sure your scissors or shears are going to make a clean, sharp cut.

This is a question not only of quality and sharpness but—probably more than anything else—adjustment.

If there is any play at the joint, if the blades have to be pressed together with the fingers as you cut, they are almost sure to pull and fray the goods.

KEEN KUTTER

Scissors and Shears

are perfectly and permanently adjusted. Without side pressure, blade meets blade from joint to point with absolute precision. They are designed for fine work, but of such sturdy construction that the heaviest fabrics will not dull them or disturb their adjustment.

All sizes, from large tailoring shears to the finest needle-pointed embroidery scissors.

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If not at your dealer's, write us.

KEEN KUTTER

Simmons Hardware Company (Inc.)
St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.

THE VENGEANCE OF THE LORD

(Continued from Page 10)

do not think he ever knew how long he was at sea. He only knew he had been beached and had subsisted since on seafowl, crabs, shellfish and a fox or two which he had managed to bring down by means of the spiked end of the boathook.

Paddy and I had found out all that we required to know regarding the identity of the owner of that big foot and started back to camp. We were about half a mile away when Paddy paused, hand uplifted; and his was a white face. I listened, and there came to us very faintly the subdued crack of a rifle. In all we heard at least a dozen shots fired.

"Hurry, Dan!" says Paddy; and he started running.

"It's too late to hurry, Paddy, my boy," I answered. "If the cook or Baptiste is using that rifle there's no need to hurry; and if the lone inhabitant of this wilderness is using it, it strikes me we'll be out of luck if we go tearing into camp by way of the beach. If Bjornsen has sneaked up and secured that rifle he is attacking Peters and Baptiste for the grub and the boat. No, Paddy; we will not hurry that way. Instead, we will climb up off the beach, take to the timber and scout in round back of the camp, where we will be under cover and stand a chance. Besides, we want to get our hands on the remainder of the grub. We need it."

Ten minutes later we were sneaking down through the little scrubby spruces and were within fifty yards of the camp. The shooting was still going on; so we pressed down a little closer, parted the bushes and looked down, past the camp, to the beach.

The first thing we saw was the cook, lying quietly among his blankets, just as we had left him; and down on the edge of the beach there stood a great, shaggy man, with a rifle in his hands, firing away at Baptiste, who was in the boat and pulling out of range as hard as he could.

"Cook's dead!" says Paddy, very matter of fact. "Let's sneak down and grab our blankets and as much of the grub as we can. That's Bjornsen, all right, and this is a war of extermination. Dead men tell no tales; and, now that he's started, he'll have to finish the job or hang. We had better act while his back is turned."

Paddy was right; so we ran down to the camp. The Swede had evidently sneaked up on the cook from the woods in the rear the minute he saw Paddy and me leaving camp. He had used a club and then taken possession of the rifle and ammunition and started after Baptiste, who fortunately was out in the boat fishing and thus was enabled to beat a quick retreat.

Paddy and I managed to grab about a week's grub between us, and we each took a blanket. We had to leave a few cans of sardines and beef behind, but these we tossed away into the underbrush. Then we sneaked back among the trees, climbed to a rocky point about a hundred yards above the camp and awaited developments.

Apparently Baptiste got out of range unhurt, for presently Bjornsen ceased firing at him; and a few minutes later we could make out the figure of Baptiste, resting on his oars about half a mile out and evidently watching what might take place ashore.

"Thank God, Baptiste has gotten away with the boat!" I whispered to Paddy. "The Frenchman is true blue. He's poached too long to fear a rifle, and he'll be back on the beach tonight looking for us. He knows we'll be on the lookout for him; and, besides, I imagine he could see us as we raided the camp and will know what we're up to."

Paddy McCabe answered never a word, but lay there chewing his thumbnail; and there was the look of hate in his black Irish eyes as he watched Bjornsen coming back to the camp to take stock of the proceeds of his foray. He was long and gaunt and hairy; he looked positively devilish as he stood, rifle in hand, beside the dead cook and glanced round him hungrily. Suddenly we heard him snarl, for all the world like a trapped animal; and his face, as it was slowly turned in every direction seeking the vandals who had robbed him of the fruits of the fight, was horrible in the intensity of its ferocity and hate.

It was interesting to watch the man. He had no idea possibly of how many persons were in our party and whether they were armed or not; and for several minutes he stood erect, as if inviting death and wondering why it didn't come. I am certain that up to that time he had not the slightest suspicion of our identity, for by a strange coincidence the boat in which we had arrived did not bear the name of the schooner. As we watched him he shifted the rifle in his hands and worked the lever as if examining and testing the weapon.

"Watch him," whispered Paddy. "The rifle has my name cut on the stock."

Almost before the words were out of Paddy's mouth Bjornsen gave vent to the most demoniac chuckle that I have ever heard from human lips. That chuckle had in it all the elements of savage joy, triumph, hatred, mirth and murder that ever bellowed the lips of aught but a fiend.

"He twigs," whispered Paddy McCabe softly. "He knows whose rifle it is now and he has remembered that it was the only rifle aboard the Bonnie Doon. He won't be afraid of us in the open now, for he knows that if we are armed it is only with shotguns, and he can kill us at long range. He'll be careful enough in the timber, though; and that's where you and I must stick, Dan'l, until ——"

He didn't finish the sentence, but again his hard little fist slipped back to the long beaming-knife and I knew what he was thinking of. We had to catch the Swede asleep. The men who put Halvor Bjornsen over the side into that small boat could expect no mercy.

Meantime the Swede was bending over the body of the cook, and the chuckling still continued. Out beyond the breakers Baptiste still rested on his oars and scanned the beach.

Presently Bjornsen straightened up, stood irresolute for a moment and then began to circle slowly round the little camp in ever-widening circles. He was looking for "sign."

"Let's be off!" I whispered to Paddy. "We'll double back through the trees and come out farther down the coast, where we'll try to signal Baptiste from the beach. If he sees us he'll follow and land where we can get aboard."

Paddy laughed grimly. "The Swede knows that, and he'll follow Baptiste down the coast; and he'll arrive in time, never fear. The man must finish what he has started or be an outlaw from justice all the days of his life. If he can kill us off and secure the boat he has a chance of escape; and when he is picked up it will be as a survivor of the schooner Bonnie Doon. However, let's give him a run. We have grub and he has not; and the sooner we tire him out the sooner we can finish him."

We sneaked away through the trees and made a wide détour in order to come out on the beach half a mile below the camp and endeavor to signal to Baptiste. We walked rapidly, making as little noise as possible, and at the end of twenty minutes we came out on the crest of a high, craggy knoll about a hundred yards back from the beach. Stunted spruce crowned this knoll, which ended in an abrupt jumping-off place. We walked to the edge and looked over into a chasm with rocky, precipitous walls about thirty feet deep. The chasm was about sixty feet long and twenty feet wide—a veritable deathtrap in that it was screened from the view of the unwary by the fringe of spruces that grew round the rim. In some bygone age perhaps a meteor had struck the earth at this point; and where it buried itself this chasm resulted.

"I'll step out on the edge of this bluff," said Paddy, "and try to signal Baptiste with my blanket. While I'm trying to attract his attention, Dan, suppose you go down on the beach and keep your eye peeled for that murdering Swede. I feel certain he'll follow Baptiste down the beach. If you see him coming you can take to the timber and join me up here."

I assented, because I thought that from the beach I stood more of a chance of attracting Baptiste's attention than did Paddy shaking a gray blanket from a gray bluff against a gray sky.

As I went down on to the beach I looked up and saw Paddy standing out on the rocky headland, wigwagging with his blanket. I turned for an instant to look out to sea, in order to ascertain whether or not Baptiste had detected the signal. There, bobbing up and down outside the breakers, was the boat; but, for all that I rubbed my eyes and looked again, Baptiste was not to

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be seen. A minute before he had been there, sitting erect on the thwart amidships, flipping the water idly with his oars in order to keep her head up to the slight sea.

I turned, half frightened, and glanced up at the rocky point where Paddy McCabe had been standing. He, too, had disappeared.

I stood on the beach for about half a minute, staring up at the point where Paddy had stood. I was filled with a something that wasn't fear and yet something that was deeper and deadlier than fear. I guess it was grief, or maybe it was the horror of being left alone, for I was mighty fond of Paddy; and it looked kind of ugly to see the blanket he had been signaling with flapping from a rocky projection—and not a sign of Paddy!

I didn't have to wait long for an explanation. Suddenly Bjornsen came out on the edge of the point and looked over into the deep, rocky pocket that Paddy and I had noticed. He stood there a moment, sharply silhouetted against the sky, and I stood there on the beach, staring at him.

Not for long, however. A bullet kicked up the shingle at my feet and I broke for the timber, with the Swede shooting at me as I ran. I reached the shelter of the trees without mishap and struck out at a fast walk for the interior of the island, for I knew now what had happened to Paddy. The pounding of the surf on the beach had drowned the sound of the rifle shot that had tumbled him off the bluff; and, since the Swede had not wasted fu ther ammunition on him, I knew that poor little Paddy's troubles were over.

I hung to the grub like grim death, for I knew now that Halvor Bjornsen was one of those men who can follow a trail, and it was death for Dan Bedford to loiter on the way. I knew Bjornsen to be without food; and I couldn't help laughing a little when I reflected that he must depend on his rifle for grub and I could hear the shots and thus be enabled to avoid him. And he would probably build a fire to cook his meat by, and that would give him away. Oh, I wasn't worried so long as I could keep ahead of him far enough.

Somehow, I felt wonderfully calm and able to think as I traveled along through the woods that covered the interior of the island. The Swede held the trump hand with the rifle, but I had the grub and my health and strength; and I knew I'd outgame him.

Don't imagine I was frightened, sir. I wasn't. That breed of seadog never makes a poacher. The ease and quickness with which Bjornsen had sneaked up on Paddy, trailing us through the woods, showed me what an animal I had to deal with. "Very well," I thought; "let him trail me. Only it will be a long, long trail, with blood at the finish." As sure as I know now that there is a God in Heaven, I knew I'd get him, rifle and all; and there alone in the heart of Akutan I stopped and swore to avenge my shipmates.

Ever been on Akutan? It's about fifteen or eighteen miles long and about five miles at its widest part. I circled it seven times in the seventeen long days and nights that followed. My boots wore out and dropped off, and I tramped barefoot and Halvor Bjornsen trailed me by the blood. I kept to the coast as much as possible, watching for some sign of Baptiste and the boat, and on the fourth day I found him. The boat had come ashore and Baptiste was lying in the bottom of it. Poor Baptiste! The Swede had plugged him through the thigh and touched the femoral artery. I think he bled to death; but he sat up in the boat and waited for us as long as he could—and he kept faith to the finish. I have known worse men than Baptiste. I carried him up beyond high-water mark and buried him in the sand. Then I rolled the boat over and over up the beach as far as I could, for I had an abiding faith that I would use it to leave Akutan after I had settled the account with Halvor Bjornsen.

You are wondering why, after I found the boat, I did not jump in and pull away from the island. I could have done so, for the oars were in the boat—Baptiste saw to that before his light went out; but there wouldn't have been any pleasure in leaving before I knew for a certainty that I had squared my account with Bjornsen. I wanted the man and so I stayed. I began to get a crazy notion in my head that I was a divinely appointed executioner, and that all in His own good time God would deliver Halvor Bjornsen into my hands.

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you sure *can* smoke a pipe;

smoke it hard, smoke it hot, smoke it often; and get the bulliest enjoyment out of every pull—if you'll just wise-up on a first hand tip and get next to

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The late King Edward, arbiter of the mode of his time, is credited with saying, "My valet can choose my clothes, but I want to choose my scarfs *myself*." He grasped the supreme importance of the *scarf* in the theme of dress.

We have made scarf history by the adoption of "LeMar Cravats" a *Guarantee* that pledges the excellence of the materials and the making. That guarantee—the only one attached to scarfs—strips your purchase of all risk. "LeMar Cravats" are made of *pure silk* in the most fashion authentic forms, patterns and colorings.

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Bjornsen must have lived entirely on the flesh of seafowl and foxes, for they were the only living things I saw on the island, with the exception of Bjornsen and myself. Several times I heard his rifle crack and saw the light of his campfires. Time and again I tried to sneak up on him, but he was too devilishly alert. He never left the rifle out of his hand. One night we camped within a hundred yards of each other and I could hear him talking and muttering for hours. He couldn't seem to get to sleep, as I hoped he would, and I knew he was worried. I guess, like you, sir, he was wondering why, when I found the boat first, I hadn't jumped in and taken a chance at sea. I am satisfied he knew by that time that he was dealing with Dan Bedford; and consequently he was worried and his sleep was light—too light, by far, for my purposes. I couldn't take a chance with my knife, so I went back to my old tricks of making him trail me round and round the island, for I knew he was getting weaker every day and pretty soon I'd manage to get him.

I made what grub I had at the start last me ten days; and then I circled back to the old camp and gathered up as much as I could find of the grub I had tossed into the bushes. On the fifteenth day this, too, was completely gone, and I went down to the beach and tried for crabs and tender young seaweed.

I was getting pretty weak myself and twice on the seventeenth day Bjornsen got within shooting range. This encouraged him and he pressed me harder than ever all day long and far into the night. What a wonderful man he was! Such strength! It began to dawn on me finally that unless I had some food it would be useless for me to attempt to keep ahead of him. I was sensible enough to realize that, even on fox flesh, the Swede was going to wear me out; and I made up my mind to come to close quarters and end it. I didn't care so much if he got me, provided I brought him with me; for the hate in my heart was all that I could know or understand now. All day long I thought I saw Paddy trudging along in front of me, beckoning me onward. All day long I had been working around toward the point where Paddy had met his death. I had avoided the spot heretofore, but now I recollected the chasm and the fringe of spruce that grew around the edge of it.

It was growing dark as I approached the spot from the south. When I came out on the edge I hid behind a big spruce, waiting until Bjornsen should come up at his staggering, shambling half trot, when I would spring out on him and endeavor to hurl him into the chasm; or, if that failed, we would go in together. It didn't matter so very much, so long as Paddy McCabe had company.

Presently, off among the trees, I heard a twig snap; and I knew he was coming. I pressed in behind the spruce and waited. He came on through the gathering gloom, stooping and peering for my trail.

Softly and purposely I coughed. Instantly he raised the rifle and fired at the sound, and I heard the bullet plunk into the tree above my head. I screamed as if I had been hit, and in that instant I had an inspiration. I hurled my knife across the chasm and in the stillness that followed my scream I heard the slight rustle of a bush across the chasm as the knife dropped into it. Halvor Bjornsen heard it too, for, with a savage grunt of satisfaction, he made straight for the sound. I crouched beside the tree as he lurched by—and then I heard him scream as he passed the edge of the chasm and stepped out into thin air. He slipped down, feet first, clutching at the weeds and mosses in the side of that death-trap, and I heard the heavy thump of his body as it landed on the hard floor of his prison. He lay there quiet for a moment and then I could hear him moving; so I knew he was alive—and that pleased me greatly.

From the edge of the cliff, kneeling far enough back so he couldn't reach me with the rifle, I talked with Halvor Bjornsen. In the bottom of the gorge I could not see him, but I talked with him, laughed at him, derided him for a fool and a bungler. I was overjoyed. I circled around and around him, shrieking with maniac laughter, like a mad hyena, for in that moment I was not human. And when I had tired of this I set about, in the gloom, gathering great boulders and piling them at the brink of the gorge against the hour when the moon should rise and I could safely settle with Halvor Bjornsen.

I had less than an hour to wait, but it seemed an eternity. Presently a warm, rosy glow came out of the sou'east, over toward the coast of Alaska, and slowly the moon came up out of the sea. I watched it rising in all its lonely splendor; and, as I watched, little by little there crept into me a feeling of revulsion at the deed I was about to consummate. All the hatred and vengeful longing that had been accumulating in my heart during those dreadful days faded slowly as the moon mounted higher and higher and sprinkled her beams over Akutan. And I thought, crouching there on the heights, with the quick and the dead below me in the gorge: "What if that great orb be the eye of Omnipotence! And, if it be, how trivial to the Arbiter of human destiny to behold the finish of this pitiful human struggle—the swallowing up of hatred and sin and revenge in the cleansing maw of Death!"

I thought of Peters, the cook, lying out under the stars, still wrapped in his blankets; of Baptiste, stark and still on the beach, deaf to the eternal sob of wind and wave; of Paddy McCabe, alone at last with his murderer in the gloom at the bottom of the gorge; of Dan Bedford, watching like a carrion crow in the horror of it all. I thought of old man MacGregor and the Bonnie Doon, and the lost ones off in the fogs of Okhotsk Sea; and, as the moon climbed higher and higher over that harsh land that God had forgotten, strange thoughts came into my brain, and in that moment I knew the worth of peace, the unutterable solace of decency and that sense of security that must come to a law-abiding man.

All the time Bjornsen crouched, bruised and battered, but lively and full of fight, on the floor of the chasm. I heard him, but I hardly understood. I was thinking of other things, but mostly that Halvor Bjornsen had to die and that I no longer cared to kill him. I have never killed a man—and God had taken Halvor Bjornsen in hand!

The moon, majestic and beautiful, continued its slow, fateful march across the heavens. Now it was directly over Akutan and the island swam in the white light—all save one dark spot where a little human tragedy was working to its logical conclusion.

The fringe of spruces shut out the moonlight from the gorge. But the moon passed on, and now a shaft of white light, filtering through a gap in the wall of spruces, fell—a single, shimmering streak of opalescence—down to the very bottom of the gorge; and as it fell there came from the lips of Halvor Bjornsen, murderer, a howl that ended in a moan. I felt sorry for him. I crept on my hands and knees to the edge of the abyss and looked over; and then I knew that it is not for men to judge the ways of the Almighty—that it is a sin to harbor revenge.

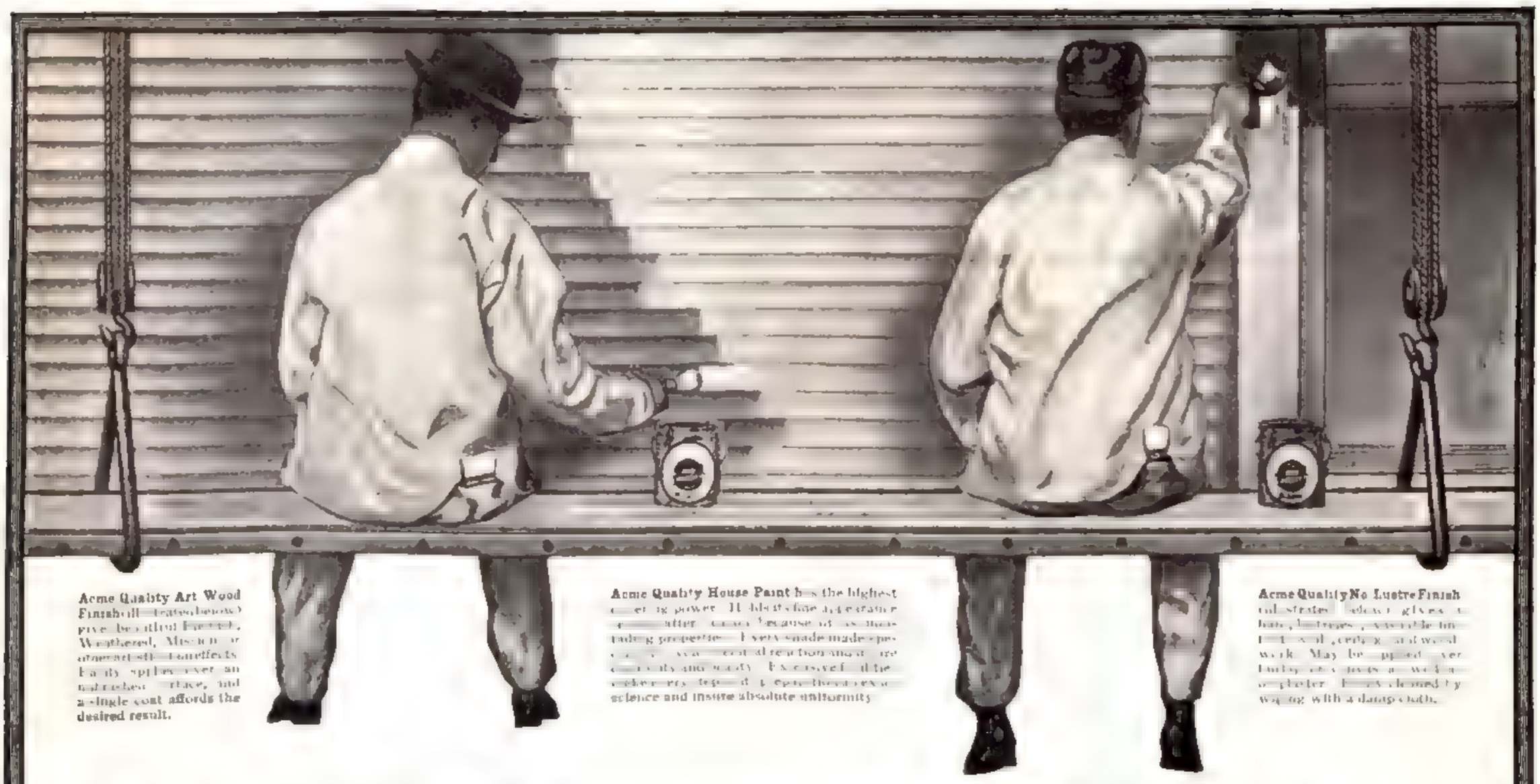
For what I saw, as I looked into the chasm, was the vengeance of the Lord on Halvor Bjornsen. It seems that when Paddy McCabe pitched off the bluff after Bjornsen had shot him he landed at the foot of the almost perpendicular wall of rock in a sitting posture, with one arm flung out and resting over a low rock, his head leaning back against the wall of the gorge and his face a little upturned. Thus he awaited the Judgment. And that single streak of moonlight, filtering down through the spruces from out of the still, frosty air, lay on dead Paddy McCabe like a spotlight, with his stiffened arm resting across the rock and his dead finger pointing Bjornsen out to God!

I knew then—I knew! And I fled from that tribunal of God and never paused until I reached the boat that I had hauled up on the beach. I rolled it over and over down the beach until I reached the water; and then I climbed in and pulled away over the glimmering sea—anywhere, anywhere! if only I could leave behind me that land accursed!

Three days later the William Bayliss picked me up at sea unconscious in the bottom of the boat; and when I was strong again I signed on for the cruise and went up into the Arctic to forget.

. . . . . .

"I've been a hard, hard man, sir, but I've seen the Light, and I understand many things that are Greek to you, my dear Three-Fingered Jack. . . . No, I don't care for any more drink. . . . I'm going to try to keep away from drink. . . . I want to be of some use in the world. Good night."



Acme Quality Art Wood Finish [illegible] give beautiful [illegible] Weathered, Mission or [illegible] effects. Easily applied over an [illegible] surface, and a single coat affords the desired result.

Acme Quality House Paint has the highest [illegible] power. It [illegible] fine appearance [illegible] after [illegible] because of its [illegible] leading properties. Every shade made specially [illegible] to withstand the [illegible] and weather. Exposure [illegible] the makers [illegible] it. Specifications [illegible] science and insure absolute uniformity.

Acme Quality No-Lustre Finish [illegible] colors. [illegible] gives a [illegible], lustreless, washable [illegible] wood, cement and wall work. May be [illegible] over [illegible] gives a wall [illegible] plaster. [illegible] cleaned by wiping with a damp cloth.

DECORATIVE paints and finishes have a marked influence on the home life. They are one of the things that fix the plane of living—and few in which quality counts so largely. Whether outside or inside, paints must withstand many kinds of wear—the wear of soap and water, the wear of feet, the hard, driving, wear-and-tear of weather. Wearing value as well as appearance-value should be carefully considered in the paints you choose for the house exterior as for re-surfacing woodwork or furniture.

ACME QUALITY

PAINTS, ENAMELS, STAINS and VARNISHES

—there is one for every purpose—are specially made to give you the fullest satisfaction both in wear and beauty. Each will readily demonstrate its superiority in its own particular field.

Acme Quality House Paint is best for the house exterior—which is in the eye of everybody. Durable—of great covering capacity and beauty. It combines white lead, zinc oxide and re-inforcing pigments in proportions to give the most satisfactory results. Pure refined linseed oil—the material that gives life to paint. Specify **Acme Quality** and you are **sure.** It is essentially the paint to give to the home an air of distinction that will remain.

Acme Quality Art Wood Finish is made to apply over an unfinished surface. An old and worn finish may first be removed by using Acme Quality Paint and Varnish Remover. Then a single coat of **Art Wood Finish** obtains the desired artistic effect.

Acme Quality No-Lustre Finish is unapproachable for walls which are to be cleaned from time to time by wiping with a damp cloth. Ready for use, and applied like an ordinary paint. Gives a smooth, even, durable, washable surface. One gallon is enough to give two coats over a surface 500 to 600 square feet.

Your dealer doubtless has Acme Quality Paints, Enamels, Stains and Varnishes and will give you color cards to choose from. If he cannot supply you, write us. Send for a complimentary copy of

The Acme Quality Painting Guide Book

—a complete painting and finishing hand-book. Tells just what should be used for any purpose, and precisely how it should be applied. Beautifully illuminated—the illustrations suggesting interior and exterior treatments. FREE. Write now, addressing

Acme White Lead and Color Works
Dept. Q, Detroit, Mich.

Judge the Quality of an Automobile by the Speed Indicator It Carries

SINCE we told the public where to look for the outward evidence of inward quality in a car, the Automobile Buying and Using Public has been *Looking for the Speed Indicator.*

Now Note the Result—

They have found (as we said they would) that the car with the Warner on the dash was almost invariably good and reliable. And on the other hand, that the great proportion of the cars they examined which had inferior speed indicators on them were acknowledged, by those who *know cars*, to be inferior automobiles.

The only excuse a manufacturer of a good car can offer for putting on an inferior and unreliable speed indicator as equipment is *price.*

Buyers reason that if such a manufacturer is willing to save money so glaringly in one place there is room for reasonable doubt as to the quality of the car in other respects.

To get a line on the real quality of an automobile, *look for the speed indicator.*

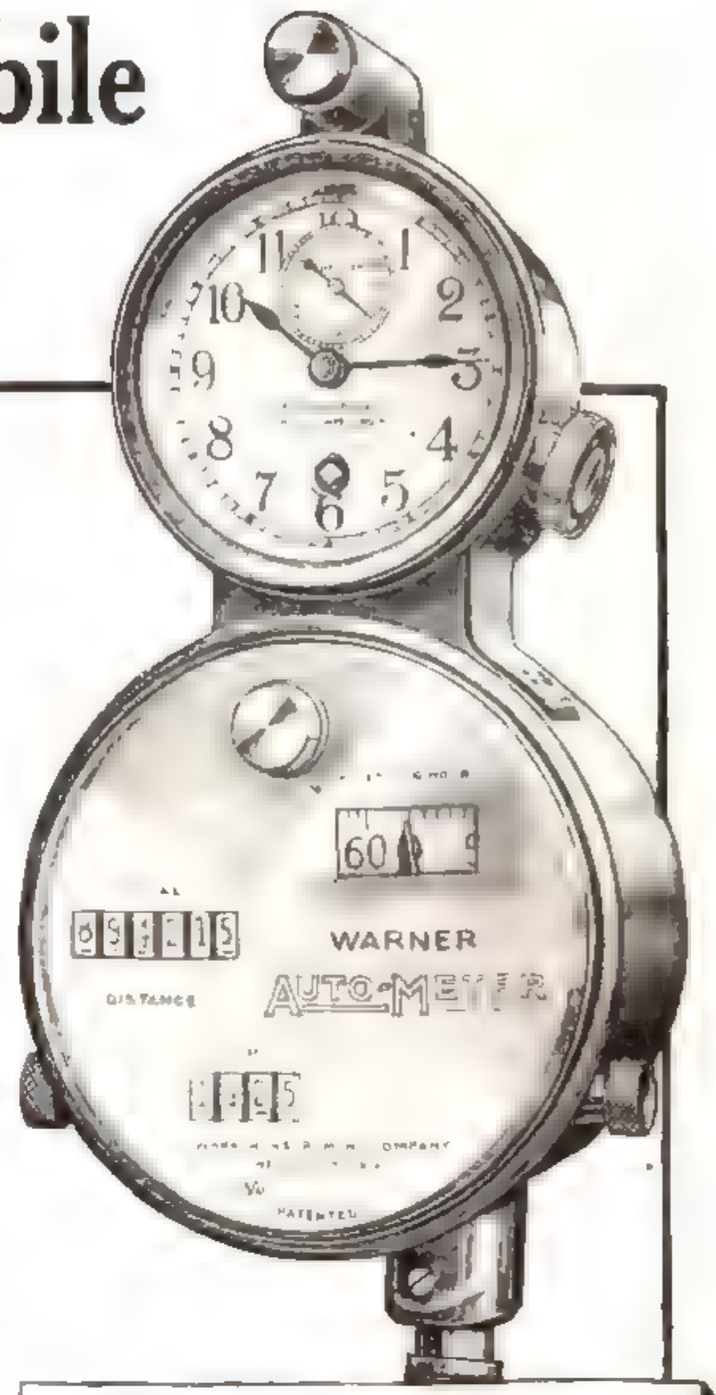
The Warner Auto-Meter is the highest priced speed indicating instrument made. It is a true instrument in every sense. It is known to be sensitive, accurate and reliable. Hundreds of users have transferred their Warner to the sixth and seventh car. These Warners have indicated a mileage up to 90,000 and 100,000 miles—yet are as reliable as when new

The Warner on the dash indicates the intention of the manufacturer or owner to value quality above price—to give or have *the best.*

Reliable manufacturers are consequently equipping or supplying the Warner Auto Meter with their cars Other manufacturers and their agents and dealers are figuring how to give a convincing answer to the buyer who asks this question:

"How can any car manufacturer claim that he uses the choicest and best of everything throughout his car when the speed indicator the most prominent and most looked-at thing on the car—is known to be cheap and inferior in every way?"

Motorists are becoming more and more persistent in asking this question and impatiently waiting for an answer. Such have little difficulty in getting with their cars an accurate, reliable and wondrously durable



New Model M2, $125

The New Model M2 has an *Extra Trip Reset*, permitting the [illegible] at any desired [illegible] The light [illegible] has *outside wind and set* (see [illegible] The mode [illegible] plied with Warner large-rig [illegible]

Season, [illegible] and reject

[illegible] 000 miles and reject

Electric lights [illegible] The most popular Warner made

Model K, the same as New Model M, has without the [illegible] is also very popular at $75.

Model [illegible] The Twins"—is the same [illegible] as New Model M above, but with large Chelsea [illegible] as Auto Meter, and set horizontally bes[illegible] a tonneau or [illegible] making $145

Auto Meter [illegible] range from $[illegible] for M[illegible] to $45. Speed mechanism is the same on [illegible] Size, [illegible] and finish only are different. [illegible] with [illegible] for fast speed dial at [illegible] A special dial [illegible] show any speed [illegible] to make an hour.

The 1912 Unbreakable Shaft Casing

This is made [illegible] of High Carbon Spring Steel Wire, [illegible] patented [illegible] at any desired [illegible] This [illegible] be broken or [illegible] The [illegible] will [illegible] under a [illegible] speed [illegible] of hours

WARNER AUTO-METER

"The Aristocrat of Speed Indicators"

The Warner can be secured through reputable Automobile dealers in any city or town in the United States. Warner branches are maintained in all the principal cities for the convenience of these dealers and their customers. Inquiry to Beloit or at our branches is invited for Warner literature.

Warner Instrument Company

Main Offices and Factory

1194 Wheeler Avenue, Beloit, Wisconsin

Branch Houses Maintained at

Atlanta	Chicago	Denver	Kansas City	Philadelphia	San Francisco
Boston	Cincinnati	Detroit	Los Angeles	Pittsburgh	Seattle
Buffalo	Cleveland	Indianapolis	New York	Portland, Ore.	St. Louis

Beehler Folding Umbrella

The umbrella for you. Fits into a suitcase. Out of the way in fair weather; up in a jiffy when it rains.

Besides its great convenience, the Beehler is the best umbrella in every way. *Actually stronger than non-folding umbrellas* and costs no more.

Folding end is simple in construction and doubly reinforced. Detachable handle holds securely but easily takes off. Superior tensible steel frame, rubber enameled to prevent rust.

Patent catch for raising and lowering—no pinched fingers.

Waterproof cover fabrics; and guaranteed not to crack, rip, fade or rot.

NAME ON it insures against loss. Your name put on it worked into the fabric, if desired, brings the umbrella back if you lose it.

Write today for the Beehler booklet showing the different handles and cover fabrics.

Then you can go to your dealer and get just the style you want—**$1, $2, $3, up to $25.** If he hasn't it, write us and we'll see that you get it.

WILLIAM BEEHLER, Baltimore, Md.

Founded 1828

Oldest umbrella house in America

It will [illegible] would require hundreds of hours after To continue the old hand method means to waste your time strength and money [illegible]

Prove by an [illegible] free Simplex Ironer [illegible] free [illegible]

Write today and ask for Free Trial Offer

AMERICAN IRONING MACHINE CO.

8-56 E. Lake St. Chicago, Ill.

Colonial Red Cedar Chest

The Ideal Wedding, Birthday or Xmas Gift

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO. Dept. 75 Statesville, N. C.

THE TRADE WE ARE SCOLDED ABOUT

(Concluded from Page 15)

though, he is alert enough. One thing always holds him—honor! Say to the Latin-American that you expect him to do this or that as a matter of honor, and he is bound by a code that will hold more certainly than a contract.

Latin-America is often spoken of as a land of only two classes—upper and lower. The upper class is professional and mercantile. It owns the ranches, farms and plantations. It is rich and travels. The lower class is made up of laborers. Demand is governed by the absence of a large middle class to some extent, for the lower class cannot purchase the conveniences and comforts that make up so large a part of our manufacturing output, and trade is more easily developed in luxuries that the upper class can afford, together with machinery and supplies needed in farming, mining, building, transportation and the enterprises they manage. Those who know the Southern continent, however, say that a solid middle class is now developing. Its members rise from the lower class as well as drop from the upper. The character of trade is therefore changing; and many American business men, instead of holding back in the belief that Latin-America offers no demand for their particular goods, would better investigate the actual market possibilities.

Long credits have become almost a bugaboo in connection with this trade, and many Americans keep aloof from Latin-America under the belief that they cannot sell on terms as liberal as European houses are said to grant. Much of this talk, says a well-informed authority, is purely competitive—that is, the European exporter keeps the subject of long credits alive as a means of scaring our manufacturers out of the market as well as of persuading Latin-Americans that they cannot do so well in dealing with us. European firms do give longer credits, but it is because manufacturers in those countries do not have the splendid home market of the United States to take their output. It is estimated by one authority that Latin-American merchants pay us cash for fully half of all we sell them and that the credit transactions there are safe, and time is little if any longer than American manufacturers grant to good customers at home. Credit information about Latin-American customers is obtainable with a little extra work. The American house that does best in that trade has its credit man begin investigating the prospective customers its salesmen call upon; and by the time the salesman has succeeded in landing his first order the credit man is in position to name the terms that can be safely granted.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by James H. Collins. The fourth will appear in an early number.

Hard to Swallow

A NUMBER of years ago a Mormon apostle spent some time in Europe engaged in the work of proselyting. One night he was addressing a large audience in Liverpool and telling of the revelations that came to the Prophet of the Mormon Church according to the Mormons' belief.

"That isn't so!" shouted a man in the audience.

"Oh, yes it is," replied the apostle.

"Then you believe in these latter-day miracles?" asked the man.

"I do."

The man arose from his seat and hurried to the platform. Presenting himself before the apostle he said:

"If you believe in miracles you can do one. Can you swallow me?"

"I can," replied the Mormon.

"Go ahead!" shouted the man.

"But, my friend," said the apostle, "when I say I can swallow you I do not mean I can swallow your clothes. Take off your clothes."

"What?" gasped the man. "Undress here before all these people!"

"Certainly you must—if you desire me to swallow you," replied the imperturbable apostle.

The man hesitated, stammered and then ran off the stage—and the Mormon continued his discourse.

Packard MOTOR CARS 1902

THE Packard is the prevailing car at every touring center because it is a being of fibre and sinew. To such qualities has been added the unusual touch of elegance that gives the Packard its distinction in the motor car parade

According to the registrations published in the Paris edition of the New York Herald, 53 per cent of all the cars driven by American tourists in Europe, from April 1 to July 1, were Packards and there were over three times as many Packards as cars of any other make.

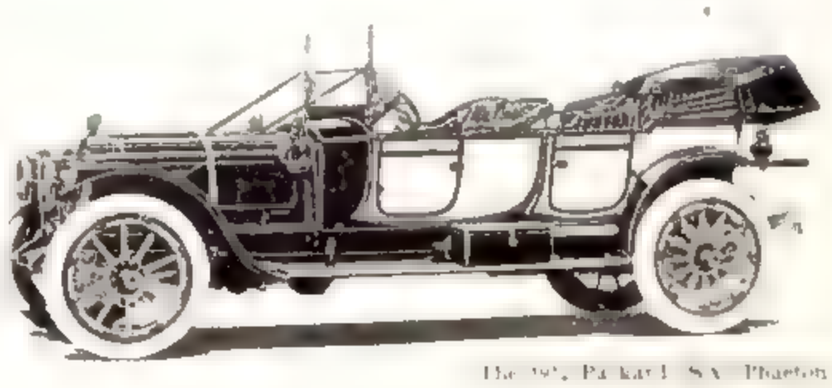
Since 1907 the management of the Hotel Elton (Waterbury, Conn.) has kept a register for the use of touring automobilists. Every tourist is registered who has stopped there in the last four years. It is interesting to note that the three leading cars represented have stood in the same ratio for the last four years.

—*New York Herald*

The registrations at the Elton as published in the New York Herald, show that among sixty-six makes 14 per cent of all cars were Packards and that there were nearly twice as many Packards as cars of any other make.

Ask the man who owns one

Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit



The 1912 Packard Six Phaeton

THE
Kenyon
Ken-reign
COATS
Are useful nine-tenths of the time. Made in all types of rainproof fabrics. Special designs for every outdoor sport; foreign models and distinctive styles.
Practical weatherproof coats cannot be made without costly factory equipment. They must, therefore, be purchased ready to wear.
Sold everywhere by merchants of reputation. All bear the Kenyon label.
C. Kenyon Company
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CHICAGO
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Hotel Sherman

City Hall Square

Chicago

Although open but a few months, the Hotel Sherman has already the reputation of being Chicago's most desirable stopping place.

Every one of its 757 Rooms has its Private Bath and Running Ice Water

The Hotel Sherman offers the traveler every convenience, comfort and luxury. Rooms including bath, from $2.00 to $4.00; suites of 2 rooms and bath, from $4.00 to $8.00; larger suites of parlor, two bed rooms and two baths, from $12.00 to $15.00.

There is no hotel in Chicago that gives you as much for your money as the Hotel Sherman. Elbert Hubbard says in the July Fra:

"Check your baggage to the Hotel Sherman and two surprises will be in store for you. One surprise will come when you behold the excellence, completeness and quiet magnificence of the place. Your second surprise will come when you see the very moderate amount of your bill."

Elbert Hubbard has also written "A Little Journey to Hotel Sherman," which we will be glad to send, free, upon request.

The College Inn—America's Famous Restaurant—is in the Hotel Sherman

Joseph Beifeld, President
Frank W. Bering, Manager

Owned and Operated by Hotel Sherman Co.

REAL ESTATE BY MAIL

(Concluded from Page 7)

one-hundred-and-fifty-dollar lot free. Kindly present this notice within three days to our bank; and upon payment of their fee of two dollars for drawing and executing warranty deed, acknowledgment and notary's record, same will be delivered to you." Each sucker had thought there were only going to be ten lots free. Four hundred, whose names were chosen alphabetically, found they could not guess wrong. The land in question consisted of forty acres of rocks, one hundred and thirty miles from town.

Sometimes the free-lot game is varied by the use of bad titles or forged titles. A citizen of Georgia got into trouble in this way—advertising lands to which he had no title. In case of any apparent defects he simply forged a deed and started out in the quitclaim business. This man wrote to a printing company, asking if they could make an exact reproduction of an old deed, printed about 1840. The company, it is said, printed eight hundred of these deeds and thus gave the operator the machinery for his project. He would examine the records of a given town and, perhaps a couple of weeks later, send to the clerk of that county forged deeds covering lots held under supposedly valid titles for many years. He offered justices of the peace a commission of twenty per cent for selling lots and offered to guarantee his own titles. He would write to a victim: "We are not disposed to annoy or harass you, but hope we may adjust this matter without litigation." Sometimes the victim would pay over the money. This operator was convicted.

Land grants and clouded titles are also used as a cloak for nefarious real-estate schemes. A year or so ago there was a concern operating out in Ohio which sold Texas lands that very likely the seller had never seen. He missed the location of the Pecos River by a great many miles, invented towns that did not exist, and sometimes gave county recorders in Texas trouble in trying to find lands described as lying within their county lines.

It takes a certain amount of nerve to run a real-estate enterprise the success of which rests on fraudulent titles, clouded titles, forged deeds and quitclaim blackmail. It is much easier to take money away from the ignorant, who can be approached with coarser schemes that are not within the purview of the law. Ignorant foreigners, mill men and factory folks are easy game. The employees of some Chicago mills are regularly worked by a small coterie of Chicago land sharks, who sell them worthless sand-and-stump lands in Michigan. These men get their lands for little or nothing an acre and sell them at any price they can get. They operate through the columns of papers read by the victims, most of whom are more or less ignorant and clannish. Many instances have been uncovered of foreigners who have turned over their entire savings to these land sharks, only to find that their "farms" were wholly worthless. Sometimes they have been left stranded, without any means of getting back to the city.

A Chicago coterie for a time operated hand-in-glove with a political ring in Michigan, who worked a delinquent-tax land idea. A very pretty little scandal ensued, resulting in the appointment of a special commission.

The colored race does not buy much land, but it has not been overlooked in the plans of the land fakers. An old colored couple, now tending a clubhouse over in Michigan, were lured into that country as farmers by a glittering advertisement. They paid in four hundred dollars—all they could scrape together—and couldn't get back home. I have known of colored settlements in different places—even one in the far north of Canada.

Now, really, there is no potion to work a miracle in love or business. Nobody is going to give you something for nothing. Moreover, selling your home or buying your home ought to be an operation of the most careful and cold-blooded deliberation and judgment. There are plenty of reputable real-estate men in every city and town in the country. Never buy land or anything else without first carefully investigating the character of the men with whom you are going to do business.

Files of Dependable Quality

You can't tell the quality of a file by looking at it. You can't tell how long it will cut—how many flaws there may be in it—what the temper may be or how long it will last. You can, however, ask for

LIVERIGHT GOLD ★ MEDAL FILES AND RASPS

and *know* that you are getting the *highest grade* manufactured files and rasps that cut faster and easier, hold their edge longer and in every way produce the best results. Gold ★ Medal Files are made of a *superior* quality steel, by the latest improved machinery, by skilled workmen. Every one is tempered perfectly and is known everywhere as

"The File that Files"

If not at your dealer's, write to us direct

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Not in the Trust
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Cadillac Garments

Made with all the care and precision that are put into the highest class dresses for grown folks.

Finest imported and domestic materials. Big, sanitary, well ventilated workshop. Well paid, expert operators. The very perfection of careful, painstaking workmanship—and styles that are right up to the minute. Sizes for children, juniors and misses.

If your dealer does not have Cadillac Garments write us. Don't wait. And don't accept anything else

Ask for the New Catalog of Fall Styles

SEND 25 CENTS

for a real Cadillac Dress for your doll, made just like the [illegible] to fit her best dress. We will show you the beauty, character and quality of Cadillac Garments

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Price $2.50

Cadillac Garment Mfg. Co.
57 Farmer St., Detroit, Mich.

Get into the automobile business without any investment

The Automobile College of Washington, Inc.
Washington, D. C.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters. No [illegible] "ruled line" — no "shading" — no "word [illegible]" to learn. Speedy, practical system that can be [illegible] in 30 days at home [illegible]. Chicago Correspondence Schools, 928 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.

White Lead?
Hammar Bros.
IT'S EASY TO REMEMBER! HAMMAR BROTHERS

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Original and unequalled. Wood or Tin rollers. Improved [illegible] no tacks. Inventor's signature on genuine

Stewart Hartshorn

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c. Sheet Pictures 1c, Stereoscopes 25c. Views 1c. 30 days' credit. Samples and catalog free.
Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 2356, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago

Velvet
THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

all told is the coolest and richest smoke possible.

DO YOU realize that the 1911 YALE Motorcycle has won every endurance contest of note held this year? That YALE riders are getting more real service (every day use) out of their machines than any others; that YALE dealers have had and are still getting better service in shipments of machines and parts than any others?

These are *facts* that you are bound to consider when you select *your* motorcycle

1911 4 H. P. YALE $200
With Bosch Magneto $235
1911 7 H. P. YALE TWIN $300

Write for Yale literature today.

CONSOLIDATED MFG. CO., 1702 Parkwood Ave., Toledo, O.

ORIGINAL—GENUINE

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

Delicious, Invigorating
The Food-Drink for all ages.
Better than Tea or Coffee.

Rich milk and malted-grain extract, in powder. A quick lunch. Keep it on your sideboard at home.

Avoid Imitations—Ask for "HORLICK'S"—Everywhere

Chalmers Pearls

5c and 10c a card of 12. All Sizes.

Selected pearly buttons. Fish-eye, Bevelled, Smoked, Cup and Iridescent Styles. Finest pearl buttons on the market. Sold by dealers or mailed on receipt of price. Sample card for 2c stamp and your dealer's name. Illustrated Booklet Free.

Don't ask for just "button" — get Chalmers Pearls

HARVEY CHALMERS AND SON
38 Main Street Amsterdam, N. Y.

Do You Keep A Cash Account?

Woolson's Expense Books for [illegible] any home. Sent [illegible] $1.50 each, furnish a complete analysis of expenses by days, weeks, months and years. Interesting descriptive circulars free

George B. Woolson & Co., 26 Elm St., New Haven, Ct.

The 1912 REO for $1,000

(Designed by R. E. Olds)

A Temporary Price—Made to Learn if This Price Can Be Profitable

This price is as yet an experiment. It is subject to change. Never before has a motor car maker attempted so much for the money. We may find that it can't be done.

But the car itself is not an experiment. It is the latest creation of Mr. R. E. Olds. It compiles an experience of 25 years in building gas engines—12 years in designing cars.

Back of this model are the tens of thousands of cars built by Mr. Olds. It embodies all that has been learned by the oldest man in the business, by the dean of automobile designers. On it is staked Mr. Olds' reputation. Our rashest competitor will hardly attempt to criticise the car.

As for the price, our first announcement quickly swamped us with orders. We are at this writing three weeks behind. On our present output—at present cost of materials—we can keep this price at $1,000. In any event, that's the price today at any Reo salesroom.

An Innovation

This is another attempt to keep ahead of the times. Motor car prices are bound to come down. We want to be first to strike bottom.

This is not a reflection on past prices—not on ours or others'. The past was a period of constant development, of ceaseless change. Mistakes were being made and corrected. One's whole equipment of machinery and tools might be made worthless by one season's improvements.

The older cars, like the Reo, are standardized now. There are no radical changes from year to year. The errors have all been corrected. Costly experiments are over.

Where we once bought parts we now make them. Where we once made a few thousand cars per year we now make many thousands. There is no reason at all why motor car prices, in the largest shops, should not now sink to the minimum.

No shop in America is equipped to build cars better or cheaper than we. It is us, we consider, to set the pace. Those are the reasons for this sensational price on this new, big, stunning car.

Not Cheapened

No man will suspect that, after all these years, we are reducing the grade of the Reo car. We need hardly discuss that. No man will conceive that Mr. R. E. Olds, America's foremost designer, will forfeit his fame on a retrograde car.

The fact is, this new Reo—at $1,000—is by far the best car that ever went from our shops. Every whit of the car—every feature in it accords with the best engineering practice.

The engine—rated at 30 h. p. shows 30 h. p. on brake test. Because of the top valves, it supplies more power for the cylinder size than any other engine we have ever tried out.

The axle bearings are Timken and Hyatt High-Duty. The carburetor is adapted to the present grades of gasoline.

The steel which we use is all analyzed, to know that it meets all our rigid requirements. The gears are tested in a crushing machine, under 27 tons' pressure. Our magneto is subjected to a harder test than any other magneto will stand.

Note the big wheels, the big tires. Note the car's roominess. Note its magnificent lines. With all of our knowledge, all our experience, there is no part of this car which we know how to better.

This car was not built to sell for $1,000. It was built to show the best we can do.

The Standard Car

From now on we shall build but one Reo chassis. That policy alone will save $200 per car. Without it, this price would be out of the question.

The 30-h. p., 5-passenger car has become the general standard. Any greater power is excessive. It makes upkeep expensive. Few people care to pay the price of excessive size, power or room. A very large percentage of cars sold in the future will approximate this type. So we confine our factories to it

Cars of about this size and power are sold all the way up to $2,500. We ask you to compare any one that you wish with the Reo at $1,000. We are willing to abide by your judgment.

Ask for Details

The first step is to ask us for details. We publish on this car complete specifications. We state every material, every detail of mechanism. This will help you to make your comparisons.

The car itself can be seen at any Reo salesroom, and those salesrooms are everywhere. Find out what a remarkable, up-to-date car is being sold for $1,000. It will change your ideas about automobiles.

Write us now for the facts.

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.

The New Reo "Thirty"

Five-Passenger Tonneau
Four 4x4½-inch Cylinders
108-in. Wheel Base
The Best of Magnetos
34x3½-inch Tires

A roomy, powerful Fore-Door Car—Mr. Olds' finest creation—for just $1,000

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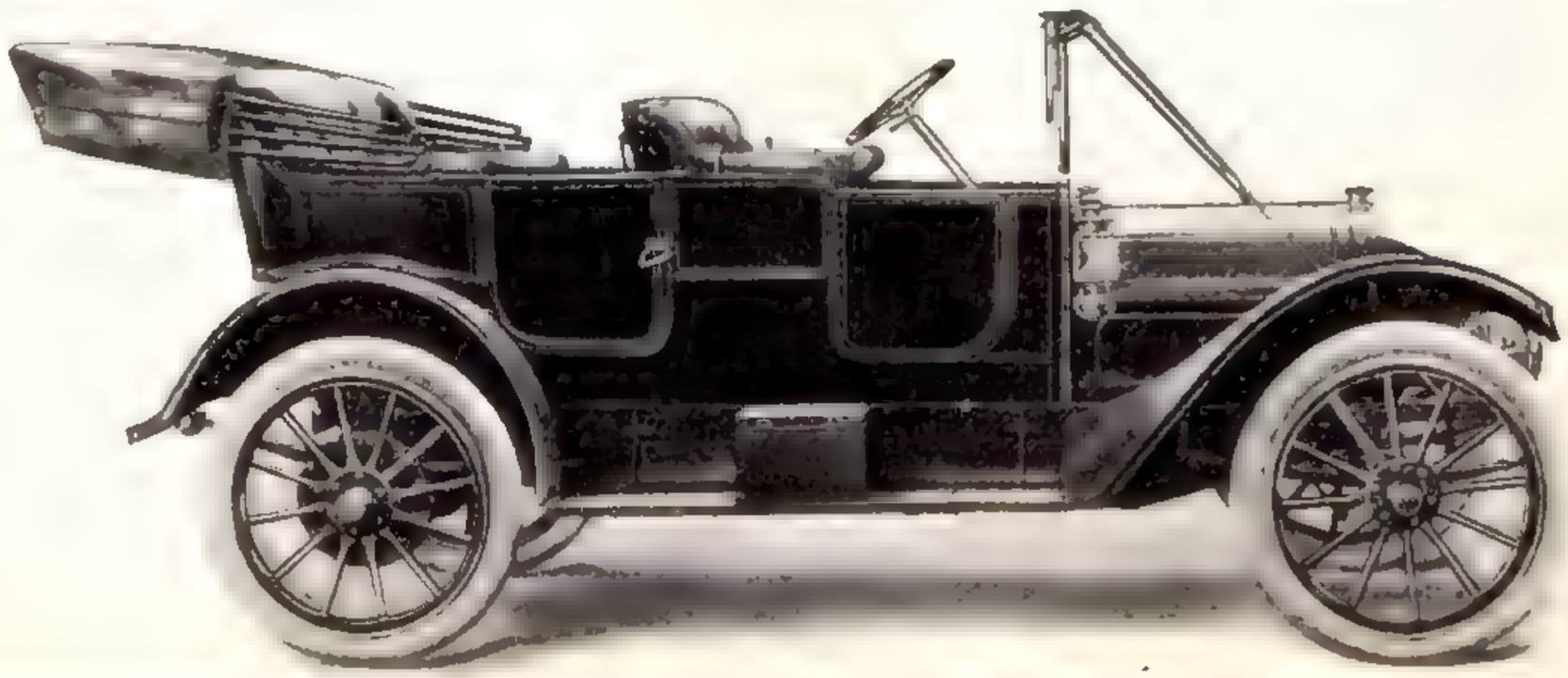
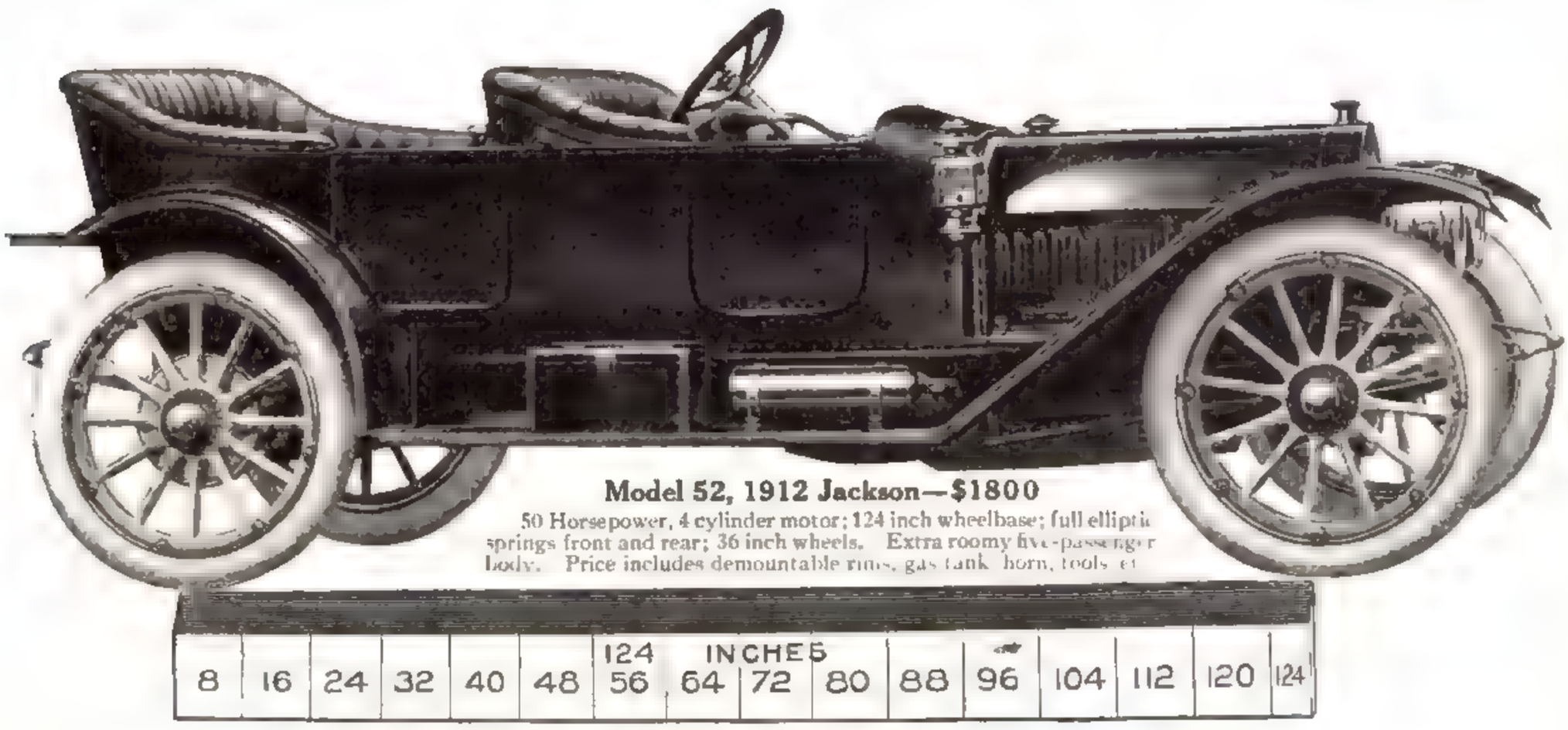


Three new Jackson Cars which inspire interesting comparisons—in power, size, and price



Model 52, 1912 Jackson—$1800

50 Horsepower, 4 cylinder motor; 124 inch wheelbase; full elliptic springs front and rear; 36 inch wheels. Extra roomy five-passenger body. Price includes demountable rims, gas tank, horn, tools et

Model 42, $1500, is built on the same beautiful lines, with 40 horsepower, four cylinder motor; 118 inch wheelbase; full elliptic springs front and rear; 34 x 4 tires. Roomy five-passenger body. Price includes full equipment of top, windshield, gas tank, etc

Model 32, $1100. 30 horsepower, 4 cylinder motor; 110 inch wheelbase; full elliptic springs front and rear, 32 inch wheels. Price includes gas lamps and oil lamps, horn, tools etc

Hold the prices of these cars in the back of your mind for a moment

Make a mental note of the fact that the Jackson is not an untried product—that this is not the first, or the second, or the third, but the ***eleventh*** annual Jackson announcement.

It is the element of ***sustained reputation*** which makes this announcement noteworthy.

Consult your recollection of the Jackson. Recall the remarkably kind things you have heard of it in the past ten years.

Then turn, first, to the question of horsepower: a full fifty for the new Model 52; a full forty for the new Model 42 and a full 30 for the new Model 32 Jackson.

Bear in mind that you have usually found the chief reason for a price as low as these Jackson prices, in a lack of horsepower.

After a year or so, the man who has bought a car costing less than $2000 has frequently said to himself, disappointedly: "A pretty good car, but—***under-powered and sluggish.***"

Some of the very best cars at about $2000 have been marked by this poverty of power and stiffness of action.

Furthermore, you will be surprised to find that many cars selling for $2500 and $3000 fall short of the new $1800 Jackson in this one item.

Fifty horsepower in Model 52; forty horsepower in Model 42; thirty horsepower in Model 32; means vastly greater efficiency than $1800, $1500 or $1100 has brought you before

Jackson

No hill too steep
No sand too deep

It means a car that runs willingly under any and all conditions—a car that will take a stiff grade or a hard pull through mud or sand without relying on its momentum to carry it through.

And note, please, that the incorporation of qualities presumably reserved to cars of a higher price, does not end with the installation of this engine of magnificent energy.

Everything else is in keeping—everything that should reinforce a power plant capable of meeting the extremest emergencies.

You have the long wheelbase which makes you dissatisfied with your own ***short, hard-riding car,*** after you've once experienced the gliding luxury of the larger type.

In this new thirty horsepower Jackson at $1100 a wheelbase of 110 inches and 32 inch wheels; in the forty horsepower, five-passenger Jackson at $1500, a wheelbase of 118 inches and 34 inch wheels; in the fifty horsepower Jackson at $1800, a wheelbase of 124 inches and 36 inch wheels.

Do you see how far forward this combination carries you toward the ***riding qualities*** that have made you long for the most expensive cars?

That the new Jackson models are beautiful cars you can see for yourself.

But we would prefer you to accept this grace of line and design as an after-consideration.

We want you to concentrate your inquiry upon the ***efficiency of the cars*** from an engineering standpoint.

We believe you will pronounce them the easiest riding cars the country has produced at any price under $3000; and equal in ease to any car over that price.

We believe you will find them unique at the price, in the matter of power, wheelbase, and springs, which are the Jackson full-elliptic, both front and rear, on all models.

We believe you will agree with us that they ***seriously call into question*** the prestige of the higher priced motor car division.

We have confidence that you will pronounce them the season's most valuable contribution to motor car progress. For eleven years we have been gradually ***preëmpting the special prerogatives*** of the costliest cars.

Most of the Jackson dealers are ready now to show and demonstrate the principal 1912 models.

If, however, our representative in your locality has not yet received his cars, write us for the 1912 literature; and try to be patient until we can get cars into your territory.

Jackson Automobile Company, 1020 East Main Street, Jackson, Mich.

THE FRESHMAN

(Continued from Page 5

After that Carter missed three tackles, and a successful buck walked all the way along his back. Then one of the Varsity halves rounded the scrub line and burst into clear. Carter went after him diagonally across the field. He gained; his legs felt like springs. He caught the fleeing back near the side line and, with a bounding tackle around the neck, brought him down.

The tackle being high, he brought him down upon his own stomach. Carter looked pretty well used up. "That will do for you today, young fellow," said Blair, who in some mysterious way appeared above the human huddle almost as it was formed.

He was still smiling. But in the tone of his voice, Carter, searching passionately, found a vestige of approbation.

IV

FOREVER afterward Carter was to remember the evening following this beginning.

As, sagging a bit with weariness, smoking and sodden, he went up the hill to the gymnasium, two contradictory feelings fought for possession within him. The first was that of weariness; intwined with it were the red pain of his nose, the soreness of his bones, an astonishment akin to stupor at the newly acquired knowledge that elbows and heads and knees could be so hard, that arms could swing so wild and feet stamp so heavily and body-shocks be so tremendous; and, together with this astonishment, a faint nausea, a repugnance to physical contact, a slight shrinking from the game.

The other had come with his first tackle and was waxing still. It was of satisfaction and of peace; of profound satisfaction and exultant peace. It came from a memory still in his shoulder and along his back. The memory in his shoulder of the contact with the charge; of the perfect efficiency of that contact. It had been like the decisive application, near the root, of a scythe to grass; the memory along his back of the crunch above, of the bump of the mass collapsing along his spine. He had done it with his own body, accurately applied, all alone. With his own body, heaved with precision and with strength, he had shattered all alone the concerted charge of the backs, of the whole eleven, of the eleven Varsity men, whose names ran on lips, whose pictures flamed in colored supplements; about whom always went the little circular vacuum of mystery and romance and awe.

The two feelings fought; sometimes one gained, sometimes the other. Sometimes it was to the acrid reaction that he was most sensitive, bitter lees of his effort; and disgust whelmed him. Sometimes it was to the deep satisfaction of a deed fully done; and he thrilled.

Once in the quarters, it seemed for a while as if the first of the two sensations were definitely to remain master. The basement room reserved for Freshmen was black and damp; his bare feet were upon a floor slimy with the sod brought in by the cleated shoes; from the open locker's black hole came an unpleasant smell. On the floor above, a happy buzz of voices could be heard—rough shouts, fragments of songs; down the stairs came whiffs suggestive of luxurious rubdowns, the rain of warm showers. For his bath, Carter had to make a leaping trip to the main part of the gym, his clothes over his arm. Naked between the four zinc walls, he turned on the hot water. Upon his hand held out tentatively came a lukewarm patter that almost immediately turned to cold. He resigned himself. He turned full both cocks and, with an anticipatory gasp, sprang beneath the icy boring needles.

He gurgled; his chest heaved like bellows. Upon his superheated body the water sizzled as though suddenly turned to steam; and simultaneously, to the provocation, every bruise upon him, every secret wrench, began to cry. His nose flamed. From his shock of hair came a cascade of fluid mud. But little by little the stream was doing its work. The water from his head at last ran clear. Gradually the boundary line of the sedimentary layer that cloaked him descended—to his waist, to his thighs, to his calves, to his feet, vanished; and that earthy mantle gone, all the buzzing small hot miseries winged away. The water filmed along his skin, a frigid ecstasy. He turned up his face to it, his brow to its cool breath; he opened his mouth, washed it out and drank long and deep. A tingle was coming into his veins, a glow into his eyes; profound inhalations cleaned him to the bone. He turned off the stream and sprang out, flashing white.

Beneath the ply of his towel his body now became rosy; and as he rubbed, stooping, rising, his muscles played liquidly beneath the skin. His eyes shone between the wet locks. When, with a strategic rush, he had regained the dressing room it was not sordid as before.

He dressed slowly, slipping on his garments with gingerly care of sensitive spots and resting a bit after each, his back against the locker, his parallel feet away from the wall. At each of these pauses he saw the room in the half-light. The whole squad was back now; all about him men were dressing, with movements which in the obscurity were as gesticulations, and, like him, in silence; but from above still came calls and snatches of songs and alcoholic whiffs of comforting rubdowns. He heard and saw all this but vaguely, absorbed more and more by a pleasant languor. Of evil impressions, of shocks and pain, nothing now remained; they lay there upon the floor with his discarded and soggy suit; in the outflow of the shower, with its grime and its earth. What he felt now were his muscles, supple with the bath; his silken skin; the blood running warm and clean through his veins; and in his shoulder the memory of the tackle, of the yield to its heave; and along his back the crumbling of the charge. To this something else added itself: a stirring at the pit of his being, at once delicious and urgent, imperious and vague.

He was now in his trousers, shirt and belt, and moved to a corner, before a little grimy mirror, to comb his hair. It was wet, and with the brush he slapped it down mercilessly. He put on his collar and tie; and, as he patted the knot into place, suddenly there came to him the name of that delicious and imperious something that stirred within him. It was hunger. He was hungry! But hungry as he had never been before; with a hunger such as he had never felt—a hunger keen, clear and clean and ardent; keen as a cold north wind, clear as the icy waters of a brook, clean as oxygen, ardent as a flame—a hunger that went with laughter and love of life; a profound, a complete, a divine hunger! He laughed at his face in the glass. "Gee whiz, but I'm hungry!" he cried.

He put on his coat and picked up his grip. He had yet three-quarters of an hour's ride to his house in the neighboring town; but the hunger that he felt held nothing of fretful impatience. It was something deep and calm and serene as a good conscience, a hunger almost good enough to keep. At the door he stopped and looked back, seized by a soft, uncertain regret; by that hesitation which holds us on the threshold of a moment to which, an instinct tells us, our memories will often tug back later, fondly and with melancholy. Carter stopped at the door, looked back and waited.

From the upper floor, steps were coming down the stairs, light, agile, running steps. The man appeared in the half-light. Carter withdrew within the shadow. It was Blair who was approaching. He came along swingingly toward the door, passed it; he threw no glance toward the shadow against the wall. But as he went on hurriedly, without turning his head, a brief order came from him. "Take your dinner at the training table tonight."

"Me, sir?"

"Yes; you."

He had already gone. "Yes, sir," said Carter, breathless, addressing the darkness in which Blair had sunk.

"At the training table!" Carter's left hand, the one that was not holding the grip, went up in the air and cracked like a castanet. Immediately the hand went down again and Carter looked about him, shamefaced. He was alone, though, and it was dark. He took a new hold of his grip and went on to the training house.

The training table had been established in one of the University cottages, in a fragrant hollow by the creek. The partitions had been torn out, leaving of the old interior only a small room by the entrance, a

In place of complicated gears, valves, pumps—

In place of leather bellows or rubber diaphragms, which from their very nature must soon leak and wear out—

The Sturtevant vacuum cleaner has a revolving fan.

It is the same fan principle by which other Sturtevant machines suck great cargoes of wheat from the holds of ships—simple, powerful, steady.

There is nothing to the Sturtevant except that fan, a motor and a dust screen.

Yet it has made over the whole process of vacuum cleaning.

It has swept away every vestige of complex mechanism.

It has replaced perishable parts with steel and aluminum which years of use cannot impair.

It has produced a cleaning power of a continuous efficiency never known before, yet so regular in its action that it will not injure the most delicate fabric.

It has freed household vacuum cleaning from every drawback. It realizes a new ideal of cleanliness, of health, of comfort.

It not only cleans but renovates. With its ten special tools it cleans every sort of surface and reaches every corner. It will more than pay for itself every year it is used.

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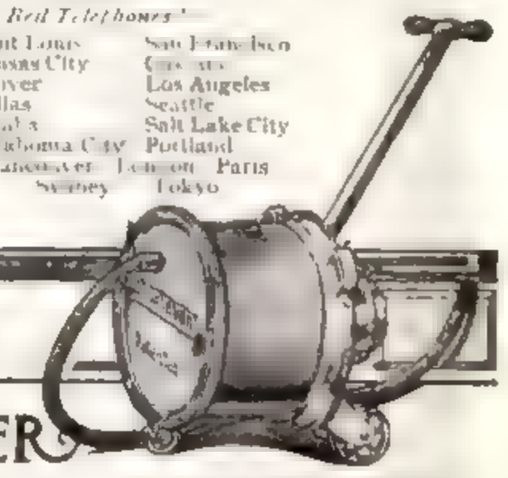

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Until you own a Junior Tattoo you have not half known or appreciated the luxury of an alarm clock

For use in your own bedroom, to call you in the morning, it has no equal. It does not call with a rude, jarring, clanging shock Instead it pleasantly greets you with a cheery "Good morning." If you do not arise, it repeats, and twenty seconds later it speaks again. It will continue to do so every twenty seconds for five minutes unless you arise and turn the switch.

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Dealers everywhere sell it, but if you cannot secure it easily in your own town, send $1 75 each (or $3 00 if with a rich red or black leather case) for as many as you want. We will deliver prepaid in the United States. Please mention your dealer's name.

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The Junior edited by Charles

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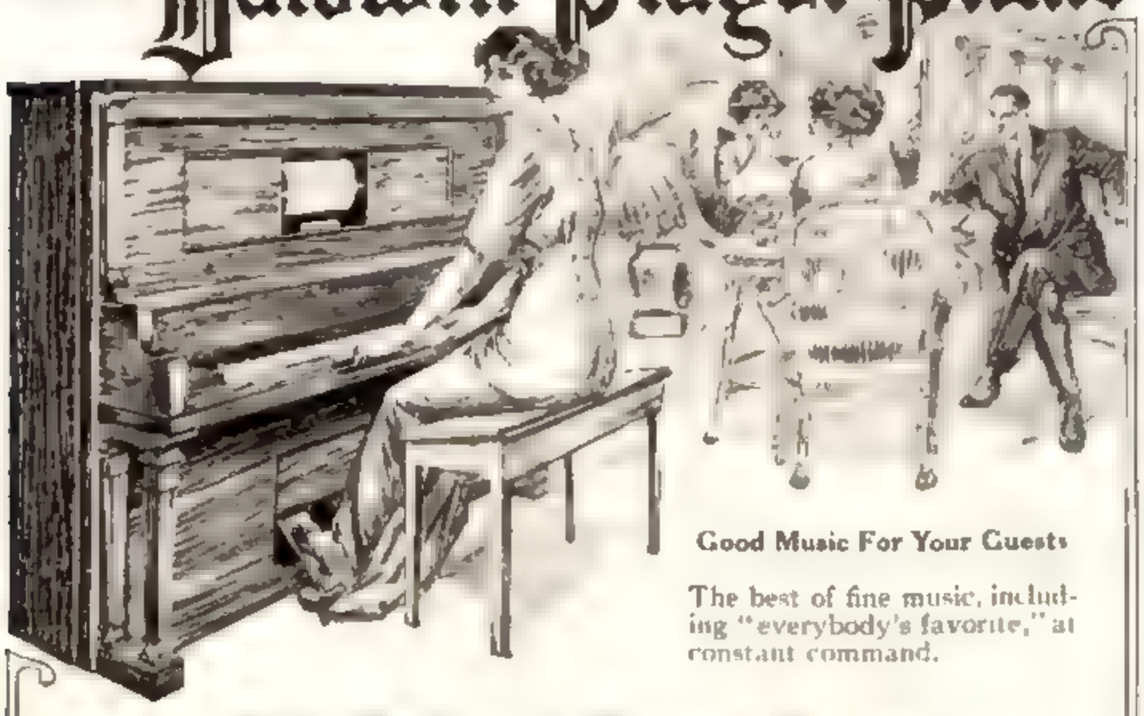
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kitchen at the rear, and simplifying the rest to two big halls, separated by folding doors, along the center of which the long tables ran. Carter seated himself timidly in the interior hall, at the foot of the second table, which was the table of the scrubs and Freshmen.

He sat there and ate as in a dream. At his table the men, most of them new, did not know each other well; there was a silence here, partly from this fact, partly from the subjugating atmosphere that came from the other long room, where sat the Varsity and its brilliant substitutes. Before Carter the long plane of cloth stretched white, cut here and there by a glass vase in which stood rigid a bouquet of celery, and lined by glowing and battered faces. Then came the open folding doors and then the other table, about which sat the Varsity men. They sat at ease, the men of legend, plying knife and fork, conversing shortly between mouthfuls. A comradeship bound them, and the sense of their place in a rigid hierarchy. Carter opened wide upon them his eyes and his ears. Snatches of their talk came to him: "Rotten today!"—"Did you see the kid run, though?"—"That was a good one you gave me; you wait till I get my chance." Whenever at Carter's table a voice was raised some one from over there bellowed: "Not so much noise; heigh, you Freshmen!" Suddenly one threw a hot potato across the table and a short but vivid "rough-house" followed, to the delight and admiration of the lower table.

After a while Carter's attention traveled even beyond the Varsity table, beyond it to the door, ajar, of the small room by the entrance. It was there that Blair dined with the manager. Carter's eyes went there and remained there. They remained there as upon a shrine.

He had finished at last, however, without being conscious of how he had done so, his rare roast beef, his potatoes, his oatmeal water and pudding. It was late; he would be missed at home. Picking up his grip, he slid along the wall. He went up on his toes instinctively as he passed the Varsity table; and by the small room, with its door ajar, he hurried as if frightened.

At the end of the carline, at the bridge over the little creek, he had to wait rather long before the lighted car came clattering into the switch. He got inside, taking a corner forward. There was another wait. The motorman came through, controller in hand; the conductor swung the trolley to the rear; back upon the platform he looked at his watch meditatively, then came inside and sat down. He rose again, looked once more at his watch, and his hand rose to the string above him. Two bells sounded forward, followed by the motorman's resonant clang, and the car moved shiveringly out of the switch.

There was a patter of hurried feet out in the night, the thump of a springy landing upon the platform; the door slid open—closed. Blair walked down the aisle and threw himself into the corner opposite Carter. Only when comfortably arranged did he look up and see Carter. A short nod followed the glance. Without a pause he slid out of his pocket a yellow-backed book and began reading.

The flush that had suffused Carter's face at this brusk entry and short salutation gradually left him; from half-closed lids, furtively, he watched Blair. Whenever, turning a page, the latter seemed liable to raise his attention from the book, Carter turned his head quickly and looked forward into the window, opaque with night, at his elbow; but there were long moments when his observation was undisturbed. There was about Blair, about his face, his hair, his collar, his tie, his garments, a certain impeccability common to the other Varsity men. It seemed as if these men, coming out of toil and sweat and effort and mud, felt a need of erasing the memory with things immaculate and fresh. In Blair there was more. His blond hair, beneath the well-set hat, was plastered upon the temples; his fingernails were trimmed and polished; his trousers, cut to an extreme style, were pressed; a pearl pin stuck in his tie coquettishly askew; a carnation was in his buttonhole; there was in his appearance something indefinably festive. Suddenly Carter felt floating back in his mind rumors that had come to him before; vague hints of impetuous and unruly living, always infallibly brought forth wherever, in groups, the captain's field prowesses were recounted, and which enveloped his personality with a haze of mystery and romance. Where was he going now, with that indescribably dashing and festive air after the day's work, in the full season of preparation—he, captain of the team, center of its hopes and bearer of its responsibilities? Visions flamboyant and unrealistic surged into Carter's young and ingenuous brain; he saw an underground place and a round table about which fellows raised foaming glasses; an indistinct, silken and multicolored whirl, and bouquets of bared bosoms ——

"Did you get hurt?"

Carter fell back upon real earth. It was Blair who was asking the question; it had sounded loud in the empty car. He was leaning forward, one finger engaged between the closed pages of the book; he was looking straight at Carter and upon his face was no smile, but only a frank and serious solicitude. Carter blushed; his eyes dropped to his right knee which, he found now, his hand had been mechanically rubbing and in which was a twinge of pain. He looked up again. Blair was still leaning forward, the sincere question in his face "No, sir," blurted Carter quickly. "No, sir—I didn't get hurt."

This seemed the only possible answer to make, caught as he was in the midst of his indiscreet reflections—to this man, his captain, to whom, doubtless, pain was something to trample under foot. It was a saphead only who could be hurt, who could avow hurt. "No, sir," he said again, frowning as if surprised.

For an instant, in a flare, across Blair's countenance passed the old, disturbing smile; then he dropped comfortably back into his corner, reopened his book and resumed his reading. A moment later, Carter, looking out of the window, saw his corner approach; he picked up his grip and got out.

He sank to sleep that night in an exaltation of fine visions. In turn, the events of the day presented themselves: the physical director saying, "Captain Blair wants to see you"; Blair, blond, lithe and splendid, leaning forward, feet apart, thumbs in pockets, saying, "I want you to report for practice on the field this afternoon"; his first tackle—the profound satisfaction of it in his shoulder; the dinner at the training table. Through all these recollections—the only disquieting note—Blair's smile floated, creative of inexplicable contradictions, of hostility and devotion. But there was the ride in the car, Blair leaning forward, solicitous, saying, "Did you get hurt?" and the proud answer: "No, sir." A tenderness whelmed the sleepy boy at that memory; followed, even while its wake still trailed in his soul, by a savage resolution for the morrow.

Tomorrow he would show them! It presented itself to him—the morrow—as a white, glittering sheen in which he romped godlike; supple, fleet, hard and strong. And on that glittering sheen his eyes closed.

The night was long. Through it he was aware of himself with a sort of double personality: aware of his body, tossing hot and sore; aware in the depths of oblivion of sudden vivid recollections that set his heart palpitating—aware of a hunger for the coming day.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Football à la Homer

ONE morning, years ago, the men on the staff of the New York Sun were sitting in the city room waiting for their assignments.

Presently they heard a stamping on the stairs and they knew the chief, Charles A. Dana, was coming—and they knew, also, from the vigor of his tread that he was excited.

Mr. Dana pounded up the stairs and pounded into the room. He held crumpled in his hand a copy of that morning's paper and as he entered he almost shouted: "Who wrote that story? Tell me who wrote that story?"

Scenting trouble, the members of the staff tried to obscure themselves behind papers and desks. A few slipped out.

"Who wrote that story?" Mr. Dana demanded again. "I want to know who wrote that story?"

"What story is that, Mr. Dana?" asked Chester S. Lord as pleasantly as possible, wondering which of his bright young men was going to catch it.

"That football story," said Mr. Dana. "That football story, Mr. Lord. It reads like a page out of Homer!"

And the man who wrote it got a raise.

Oakland

TRADE MARK

"The Car of Minute Detail"

The Realization of An Ideal

OAKLAND Cars for 1912 represent the fulfillment of ideals and plans which we have been working on for two years—ideals that have reached full growth.

Experiments and tests have proven beyond a doubt that we have made no mistake.

It has been our aim to manufacture, for 1912, Models that will become motor car standards for their respective horse power rating, and fill every want for power and speed.

This we have accomplished.

For the coming season we announce a complete line of models which embody principles accepted by the leading automobile manufacturers of the world.

Models "45", "40" and "30" are uniform in design and construction—the only difference being the length of the wheel-base and the power.

These models are all equipped with unit power plants—the motor, clutch and transmission being one complete unit.

Note these important features. Leather-faced cone clutch, with springs under leather for smooth starting; selective transmission, three speeds forward and reverse; chrome nickel gears and shafts; drop forged I-beam axles, rear axles full floating type with removable differential; square tube radiators, large cooling surfaces; dual ignition system—magneto and battery.

All chasses are evenly balanced. All parts bear true relationship to each other. Each chassis is a complete unit. The four component parts—the motor, clutch, transmission and differential—are true separately and to each other. They act with precision and deliver the maximum power to the rear wheels with the least possible horse power loss.

Simplicity and accessibility have been our first aim. These two features insure freedom from trouble and economy of maintenance. The motor valves are enclosed, making the power plant not only noiseless, but protected from dust and dirt. The removable differential makes the driving gears readily accessible for oiling and adjustment.

Since their inception the popularity of Oakland Cars has been increasing steadily year after year.

Judge us by our past performance, as well as by our new product. Oaklands have been victorious for many years in hill climbs, road and track events. Tests like these absolutely prove the wonderful efficiency of the car.

1912 Oaklands have been driven in extended tests, under the severest strains, under all road conditions for many thousands of miles. Their performance has satisfied us.

Our Line For This Season

The New Oakland Leader

The New Model "40"—$1450—Roomy, powerful, silent; 5 passenger, fore-door touring car; inside control; motor 4⅛" x 4¾"; Schebler carburetor; square tube radiator; Prest-O-Lite tank; wheel base 112"; tires 34" x 4".

Other Types of the New Model "40"

"Sociable" Roadster—$1450—Torpedo body, unique in seating three persons on one seat.

"Colonial" Coupé—$1900—Perfectly finished; electrically lighted; seats three persons.

The New Model "45"—$2100—7 passenger, fore-door touring car; inside control, motor 4½" x 5¼". Bosch magneto, Schebler carburetor; full floating rear axle; Prest-O-Lite tank; wheel base 120"; tires 36" x 4½"; demountable rims; full nickel appointments.

The New Model "30"—$1200—Finished to the minute, 5 passenger, fore-door touring car; inside control; motor 4" x 4"; Schebler carburetor; Prest-O-Lite tank; wheel base 106"; tires 34" x 3½".

The "Oakland Oriole"—$1200—30 H.P. Roadster, torpedo body; motor 4" x 4"; Prest-O-Lite tank; wheel base 100"; tires 32" x 3½".

The Model "26"—$1050 with fore-doors; $1000, open front; 2 passenger, 30 H.P. Roadster; Battleship Gray; motor 4" x 4"; wheel base 100"; tires 32" x 3½".

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR CO., 2000 Oakland Ave., Pontiac, Michigan

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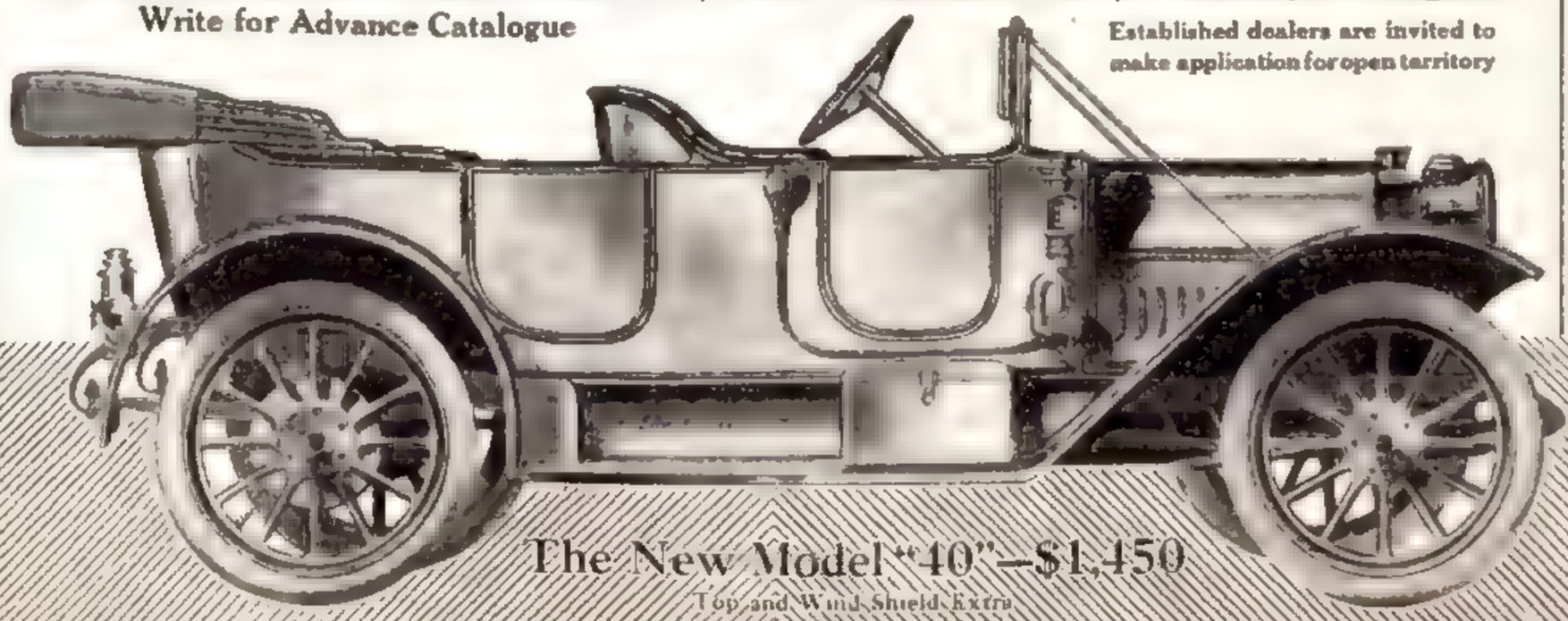
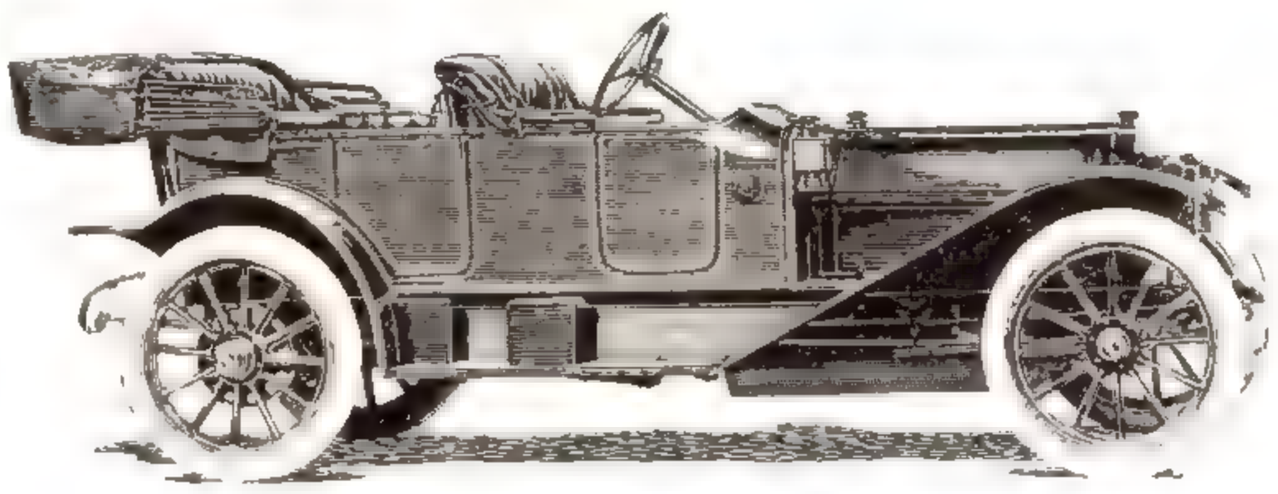


The New Model "40"—$1,450

Top and Wind Shield Extra

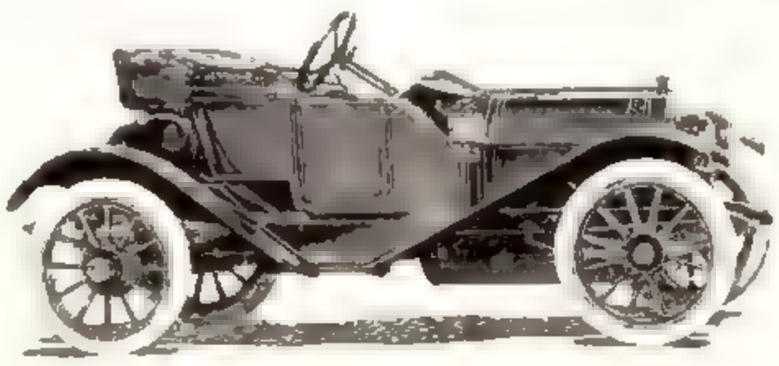
Mitchell



Two New Additions to the Mitchell Family

Birth of the Mitchell 5-passenger Six at $1,750 and the Mitchell 2-passenger smart gentleman's roadster at $950. And the parents doing remarkably well.

Time is narrowing down for a *Survival of the Fittest* in the automobile business. The cheaply built car and the "stock affair" are *on the toboggan*. *Hysterical buying is no more.* The public is vociferous in its demand for the *high-class, low-cost* car, hence *the Mitchell star is still in the ascendency.*



We've added two handsome and robust "babies" to the Mitchell line and are now equipped to show the American public that any concern that is *sound in the pocket* and *sound in the head* can live on a reasonable merchandising margin and still keep on improving.

Two New Mitchell Babies:

The Mitchell Five-Passenger Six Cylinder Family Touring Car, at $1,750

The Mitchell Two-Passenger smart Gentleman's Roadster, at $950

These two cars are real automobiles. They've got the real Mitchell blood in them. They are the work of a factory that has never experimented at public expense, and sells its goods on *merit*.

The new 5-passenger Six at $1,750 is *no experiment*. We've been building Sixes for years and we know *how*. We are pioneers in the making of the moderate-priced Six—the only concern in the world that ever put a Big Six on the market for so little money as $2,250. The Light Six is a little brother of the Big Six, and it's *got all the Mitchell blood and breeding*

The two-passenger roadster is a revelation. It has full 25 horse power and 100 inch wheel base. It is a full grown automobile. It is full of style—roguish, dapper, dainty—yet muscled like a Hercules, and built for Service, not to compete with the cheap runabouts. So now that the Mitchell line reads like this:

Mitchell 2-passenger gentleman's 25 h. p. roadster, at	**$ 950**
Mitchell 4-passenger "30" touring car, at	**1,150**
Mitchell 5-passenger "30" touring car, at	**1,350**
Mitchell 5-passenger light six cylinder 40 h. p. touring car, at .	**$1,750**
Mitchell 7-passenger big six cylinder 50 h. p. touring car, at .	**2,250**

Prices F. O. B. Racine

Not a high-priced car in the lot. Every one within the range of reason. All built [illegible] stylishly. Every one of these cars is built of the finest materials that [illegible] produced. We use chrome nickel steel ***as a matter of course***. We know there is nothing else that will do quite as well and we're cranks on fine materials. We maintain extensive laboratories for the analysis of materials and ***we don't take anybody's say-so.***

Mitchell cars are equipped with top, Splitdorf dual ignition, five lamps generator, horn, jack and tools. Extra demountable rim with each of the Sixes. All cars equipped with fore doors, and designed to prevent excess heat for those occupying front seats. No top on the $950 runabout.

Is that all? No, that ***isn't*** all. The justly celebrated ***MITCHELL SERVICE*** comes in right here. ***It's the biggest thing that has ever been done in the automobile business.*** [illegible] the parent house of Mitchell-Lewis keeps in touch with every Mitchell owner. ***We furnish a new part free for every part that proves defective.***

Every one of these branches is equipped with [illegible] expert mechanics whose business it is to see how your car is behaving—because our interest begins in you when you buy and ceases only when you pass away. We are running the business like Marshall Field ran his up to the day of his death, and we will hang on to public respect until the bad place freezes over.

Now, you've got our creed and our promise. If this advertisement strikes you favorably, write for detailed information and plant book. Will send you books that are on the square.

The car you *ought* to have—at the price you *ought* to pay. *"Silent as the foot of time."*

Branches:

NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
ATLANTA
DALLAS
KANSAS CITY
PORTLAND, ORE.

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Co.
Racine, Wis. U.S.A.

European Branches:

LONDON
PARIS

This is the firm that has built the famous Mitchell-Lewis wagon for over 75 years.

THE FORTUNES OF THE SUN

(Concluded from Page 23)

exactly the right thing from the day we turned him loose on this proposition until today. Our business manager has worked his nails off trying to get business for this kind of a newspaper. The fact that the paper has been run right is demonstrated by that circulation statement. I'm satisfied—also I'm convinced. I don't need any further evidence to prove to me that you can't make a newspaper succeed and run it solely for the benefit of the reader. It's been worth twenty thousand dollars to find that out. We've done what we started out to do—we've made a sixty-thousand-dollar experiment in this kind of journalism—and we've failed to put this newspaper over. Nothing remains but to close up shop, pack our machinery, charge our sixty thousand to profit and loss, and forget it."

Butler replied promptly: "That's the way I feel about it." Ashman was only an instant behind him. "So do I," he said. Austin studied the balance sheet a moment and then joined the majority. "I hate to admit it," he said with a sympathetic glance at me, "but I'm afraid you're right."

"You're all dead wrong," I declared. "All we need is about twenty thousand dollars more to put this paper on its feet. We've got the people—we've got 'em solid. Our circulation is within three thousand of The Star now, and by the time these elections are over we'll pass it. This town is waking up. It is right on the verge of turning upside down; and when it turns we'll get the credit for it and we'll get still more readers, and then we'll get the business. It's coming, just as sure as the sun rises. You don't need to lose that sixty thousand dollars. All you need to do is to put in twenty thousand dollars more—probably not that much—and we'll have a property here worth a quarter of a million that cost us only a hundred thousand."

Why The Sun Need Not Have Set

Austin admitted that I might be right; Mell, Butler and Aahman said I was crazy. I argued and pleaded the rest of the afternoon, and spent the evening describing the civic, political and commercial conditions of St. James as I understood them; but Mell, Butler and Ashman were immovable.

Finally I gave up, and we agreed to make the next day's issue the last. I prepared the paper with the same care and thought with which I had prepared every previous issue. I even printed an editorial, advocating the adoption of the charter, just as if The Sun were to be there to help in the election. The only difference between that last day's paper and any other was that it carried a small two-column box on its first page announcing its suspension and giving as the reason that it had spent all of its receipts and sixty thousand dollars more in two years, and had become convinced that there was no demand for it from advertisers.

A year later I returned to St. James for a visit. I had felt pretty sick over the two years of wasted effort and time that went only to the credit of experience when The Sun set. I had had no difficulty in getting a managing editorship in a distant city at an advanced salary; but I had been terribly disappointed, both in the failure of our effort to establish the paper by our methods and in the loss of opportunity to own a fifth interest in a newspaper property and eventually to lift myself from the salary roll to a proprietorship in journalism. I went back to St. James prepared to find all the good I had accomplished undone—all the political and social progress halted and turned back. I expected to find the same old crowd of business men and professional politicians running the town. I found, instead, that practically everything for which I had fought for two years had been established during the year I had been away. The first man I met in St. James was my old friend Harry Street.

"Well, well, well!" he said warmly as he slapped me on the shoulder and shook hands heartily; "I'm certainly glad to see you, and I want to apologize and thank you for opening my eyes. I was all wrong about you and The Sun. You were right in everything you did, only we didn't understand it then. You showed us. We're a different town now; we're different people. We've turned over a new leaf. This city is a hummer; business is booming and the old crowd that used to stand in the way of everything progressive and I was one of 'em, I admit have either seen the light or been forced down and out. We've got a new lease on life, and you and The Sun gave it to us. Our new charter works splendidly; and we've got a bully lot of aldermen who are driving ahead like lightning and making this a real place to live. Taxes have been whooped on everybody who wasn't paying his share, and my only regret is that they weren't whooped long ago. The Sun pointed the way and stirred us up, and I'm ashamed of myself for the part I had in putting it out of business. If you'd stayed on the job six months longer you'd have won out. You'd have had the leading paper, and the town would have been proud of you. Why, oh, why didn't you stick another six months?"

Street's rambling but sincere outburst was bitter-sweet to me. I was gratified and proud to find that St. James had found itself, largely as a result of our efforts. It was something to carry through life—the realization that I had contributed that much to the sum of human progress; but it was galling to know that I had missed by such a narrow margin the satisfaction of success and the material rewards that success would have brought me. As I met other ancient enemies, however, I forgot my disappointment in the joy of the discovery that the redemption of St. James had been complete. My charter was now the law under which the people of St. James lived. My plea for decency and respectability at Riverside Park was now orthodox doctrine. My plan for public lighting, for paving extensions, for public schools, for parks, for the police department, for the fire department, was now the plan upon which the city had already made considerable headway. My fight for equable assessments and just taxation was now the fight of the city government, and the men who had formerly paid but little now paid dollar for dollar with the workingmen, according to the honest value of their property. My demand for five-cent fares to the park had become the demand of the community, and consequently five-cent fares had been instituted. My prediction as to the building of the interurban line to Mitchellville was now a reality, for the right of way had been purchased and construction work started, in the face of the reduction of rates to the park. Even my theory of independent journalism had become orthodox, for I was told that The Star turned progressive twenty-four hours after we left town. It simply went out and took possession of our policies, not only on public issues but on newspaper issues.

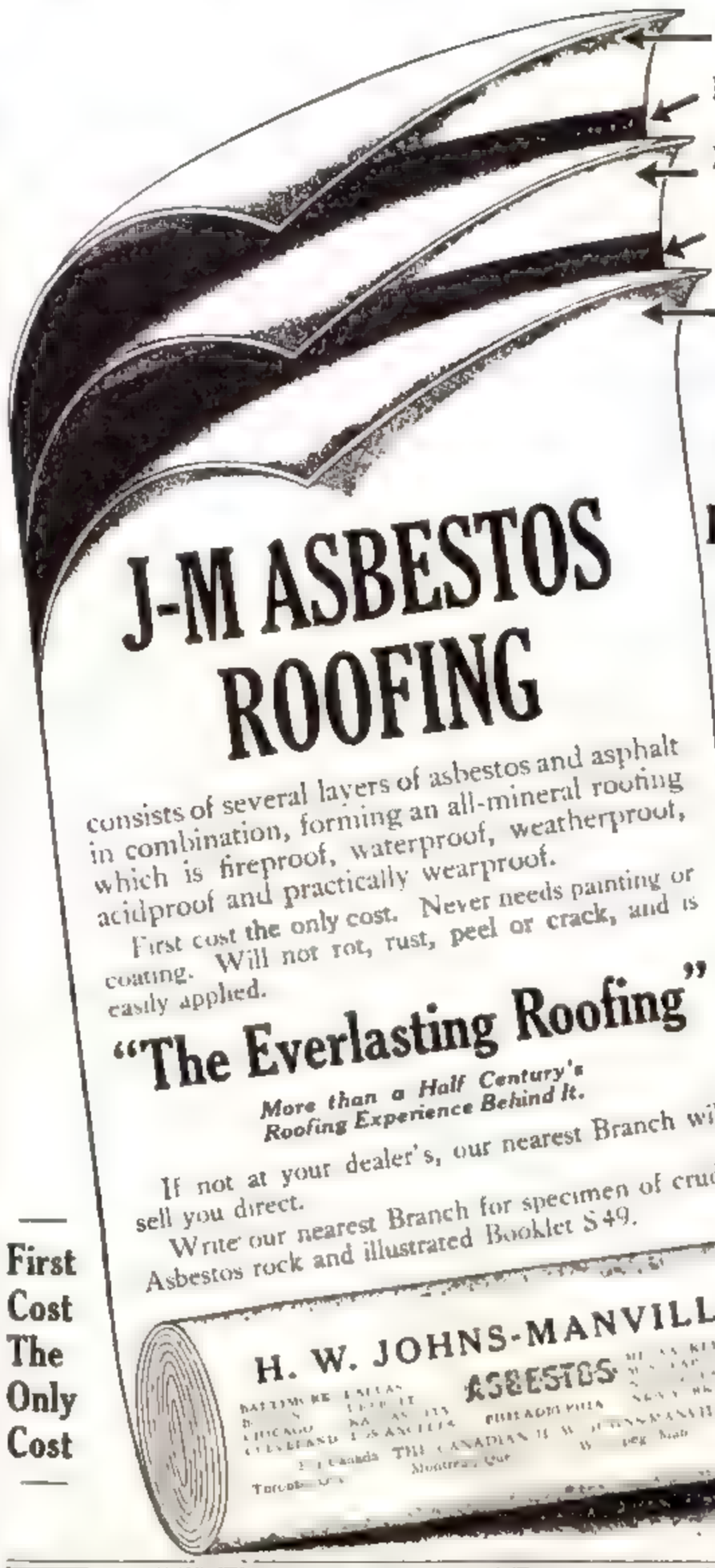
The Acid Test in Journalism

Public-service officials, politicians and advertisers, from one end of the city to the other, now saw the line between the advertising and the news columns, and no longer demanded consideration in the latter because they or their relatives or friends bought space in the former. The backbone of newspaper control through advertising had been broken. We had cracked it. The Star had been quick to see its advantage and had completed the fracture.

All these things I learned from the business men of St. James. During the two days I remained, twenty-four influential citizens, many of them men I had frequently opposed or vigorously criticised in The Sun, told them to me. That's the reason we call The St. James Sun a successful failure. The Sun failed from a dollars-and-cents standpoint, but St. James succeeded. I had been standing on solid ground when I pleaded with Mell, Butler and Ashman to put in twenty thousand dollars more and stick for the success that was just around the corner.

The fact that the St. James revolution came only confirmed the conviction that I held when I became the editor of The Sun, a conviction I have always held, that I held unflinchingly during my two years in St. James and that I hold today—that honest journalism pays in money profits, that the way we tried to establish the St. James Sun is the right way to establish a newspaper, and that the theory held by so many newspaper publishers—that a newspaper cannot be absolutely honest to its readers—will not stand the acid test.

Editor's Note—This is the third of three articles relating the Story of a Newspaper.


Layer of Pure White Asbestos
Layer of Asphalt Cement
Layer of Asbestos Felt Saturated
Layer of Asphalt Cement
Layer of Asbestos Felt Saturated
J-M ASBESTOS ROOFING
consists of several layers of asbestos and asphalt in combination, forming an all-mineral roofing which is fireproof, waterproof, weatherproof, acidproof and practically wearproof.
First cost the only cost. Never needs painting or coating. Will not rot, rust, peel or crack, and is easily applied.
"The Everlasting Roofing"
More than a Half Century's Roofing Experience Behind It.
If not at your dealer's, our nearest Branch will sell you direct.
Write our nearest Branch for specimen of crude Asbestos rock and illustrated Booklet S 49.
H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
ASBESTOS
FIREPROOF
RAINPROOF
Practically Wear-Proof
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First Cost The Only Cost

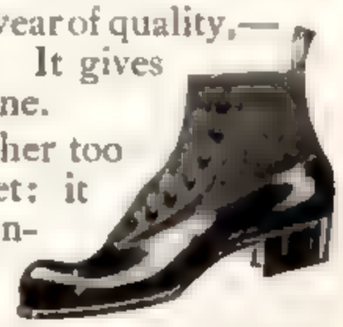
I dream you're faring far and wide,
Things new and strange to view
Means when you walk you must decide
To wear The Stetson Shoe

When Wandering Wear The Stetson Shoe

A stranger to the majority of people you meet, first impressions will be made by your personal appearance,—by your clothes, and especially by your shoes.

Then travel in footwear of quality,—The Stetson Shoe. It gives you a distinctive tone.

The ***Dickey*** is neither too loud nor too quiet: it is just right,—a gentleman's stylish model.



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How We Obtained These Secrets

Michael K. Boyer, Associate Editor American Poultry Advocate, has had exceptional opportunities and the closest friendship with poultrymen all over the country. They have freely told him many of their most jealously treasured secrets, many others we have bought, and this scattered material, together with several of Mr. Boyer's own valued methods, has now been collected in book form. It must be clearly understood that **every secret printed has been obtained in an honorable way.**

"Poultry Secrets"

First published in 1908, this collection of the carefully guarded secrets of famous poultrymen created a sensation in poultry circles. It has run through thirteen editions, and is still selling at a lively rate.

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SECRETS OF HOUSING AND CARE

EGG SECRETS—Brown's Secret of Preserving Eggs Secret of Doubling the Egg Eggs All the Secret Having Fertile Eggs Secret

MARKET SECRETS—Judging Age of Dressed Secret

SECRETS OF EXHIBITING Underneath's Secret Secret of Exhibition Fowls Secret Method of Growing Good Tails Exhibition Weight Fobel's Secret of Preparing Fowls for Early Fall Shows

READ WHAT PURCHASERS SAY

I received Farm Journal and "Poultry Secrets," and am very much pleased with both. The secrets are worth their weight in gold. Why, I paid $5.00 for the sprouted oat method. You certainly give a fellow over his money's worth. Andrew F. G. Morey, Utica, N. Y.

I purchased a copy of "Poultry Secrets" and find many helpful ideas in it, especially Dr. Woods' Egg Hatching Secret. Mrs. F. T. Darnell, Westfield, Ind.

By putting within our reach these "Poultry Secrets," you are doing a more philanthropic work than giving alms or endowing hospitals, for you make it possible for us to make both ends meet. L. Boyce, Milwaukee, Wis.

Received your book of "Poultry Secrets." It is an exceptionally instructive work and worth $10 to any progressive poultryman. I would not care to take that for my copy if I could not get another. Robt. P. Kingsland, Montville, N. J.

The Farm Journal came to hand, and later "Poultry Secrets" also arrived, all of which I was very glad to receive and have been greatly interested in reading same, and think you are doing a glorious work in diffusing such valuable knowledge for so little money. F. B. Meade, Boston, Mass.

As to "Poultry Secrets," I will say, I have lectured on this subject over the greater portion of this state for the past fifteen years, and have about every book that is published on this subject in my library, and I consider this book of yours the most valuable I know, by far, for the general public. L. A. Richardson, Marine III.

In the cuddle-pen shield P "Poultry Secrets" tells you how to carry fowls, and scores of secrets far more important and hitherto unrevealed.

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NOW READY
Revised and up-to-date

Profusely illustrated, with many fine drawings and diagrams. 64 pages

HAVE YOU USE FOR SUCH A BOOK? THEN READ THE OFFER BELOW

The **POULTRY SECRETS BOOK** is sold in combination with the Farm Journal, Philadelphia.

The **FARM JOURNAL** is the standard paper for everyone who lives in or near the country, or ever has, or ever expects to. A particularly fine poultry department, more valuable than most poultry papers. 28 years old, 750,000 subscribers and more. Goes everywhere. Clean, clever, cheerful, amusing, intensely practical. Cut to fit everybody, young or old, village, suburbs, or rural routes. Unlike any other paper and always has been.

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Oddities and Novelties

Queer Uses for Cedar Wood

INQUIRY by the Government's Forest Bureau shows that white cedar was probably the first of American woods used in the building of pipe organs. A German organ builder named Mittleberger, having come to Philadelphia, observed that the patter of rain on the white cedar roofs made sounds highly musical to the ear, "like a roof of copper or brass," and so was led to try the material in his work. He declared that the tones emitted by the cedar pipes were finer than from metal.

In the vicinity of Philadelphia a special class of artisans grew up known as "cedar coopers," because they wrought in this wood exclusively. Their chief trade was in churns, pails, firkins and washtubs—a belief being popularly current to the effect that this material possessed medicinal qualities and imparted such qualities to its contents. It was even imagined that water issuing from a white-cedar spigot was especially healthful.

Much of the fighting by which the Revolutionary War was brought to a successful close was done with gunpowder made of white-cedar charcoal.

The Indians of the Northwest coast have always used red cedar for their wonderful totem poles, not only because it is soft and they could work it easily with their rude tools, but for the reason that it could be counted upon to resist decay for an extraordinary length of time. Some of these gigantic treetrunks hewed in the likeness of men and beasts, often with much artistic skill, are the largest pieces of woodcarving in the world, greatly exceeding in size the largest columns and doors of European cathedrals.

In former days these Indians made fully as much use of the bark as of the wood. With it they roofed, ceiled and papered their huts. They wove long strips of the bark, sometimes thirty feet in length, into mats, which they used for beds, blankets and tablecloths. Of the same material they made clothing; and they twisted it into ropes for dog-harness, fishlines, snares for wild animals and nets for catching fish. They even made food of it, beating the bark to a pulp and saturating it with salmon oil.

The leadpencil industry in this country consumes one hundred and ten thousand tons of red cedar annually. It is stated that the cost of the wood for a pencil is about three-fourths of a cent, ninety per cent of the raw material going to waste. Much of this waste, however, is worked up into carpet-paper. So reduced is the supply of this indispensable wood that agents of the pencilmakers look eagerly for old cedar rail fences, of which they secure possession by replacing them with modern fences of woven wire.

Complaint is made that woodpeckers single out red-cedar telephone poles for attack and excavate nests in them, sometimes so weakening them that they snap off in storms. It is thought that the softness of the wood and possibly its odor invite the birds. Attempts to drive them away by plugging the nests with stones usually make matters worse; for under such circumstances they excavate new holes alongside the stone-packing in the old ones, and the pole is further weakened.

More Light, More Profits

LONDON'S supply of electricity is generated in a large number of small central stations and current for manufacturing purposes costs more than ours, which is generated in one large station. When the salesman is added to our large central station he disposes of twice as much current for manufacturing purposes as is sold for lighting, whereas London is steadily losing manufacturing establishments because cheap electrical power is not available. If a force of American electricity salesmen were sent out in London they would probably begin by increasing the lighting consumption of "juice," for London offices, shops and workrooms are not well lighted; and British employers generally have still to learn, as ours have learned through the electricity salesmen, that more light means more work from employees, as well as better spirits, fewer blunders and fewer accidents.

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THE WEAR OF YOUR LINING.
SHOULD THE LINING GIVE UNSATISFACTORY WEAR, RETURN THE GARMENT TO US EXPRESS PREPAID, TOGETHER WITH THIS TAG AND WE WILL RE-LINE WITHOUT CHARGE.
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This TAG is attached to every garment lined with BELDING SATIN

Cash or Credit

On This Magnificent Base Burner

A great, big, handsome double heater that's an ornament to any room and that throws more heat than you ever thought it could develop. Shipped direct from factory, *freight prepaid*, to your home to *try free for 30 days*. Shipment in 24 hours. *Then See* [illegible] 170,000 have bought Kalamazoos. Sold by the famous $100,000 bank bond guarantee. Don't buy anywhere until you have our stove book.

Get This Stove Book
Save $5 to $40

[illegible] purchase of heater, range, or [illegible] Why pay two prices when the Kalamazoo is guaranteed best of all? This free book tells you how you can save money and get the best stove made. Over 400 stoves to choose from and a low factory price and a low factory price [illegible] Write [illegible] for Catalogue No. [illegible]

KALAMAZOO STOVE COMPANY
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A Kalamazoo Direct to You

UTICA

25c a pair

ATHLETIC SUSPENDERS

Guaranteed for One Year

[illegible] ATHLETIC SUSPENDERS [illegible] the free [illegible] them back. They are [illegible] for doers, who want to feel "fit" for the day's tasks. Sent by mail on receipt of 25c, if your dealer hasn't them.

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Fully Guaranteed $1.00

Sharpen Your Own Razor Blades

to a better edge than when new. The "Victor" Automatic Razor Sharpener strops all makes of razors. Easy to operate—simply slip blade into shoe, pull the handle to and fro and the blade will have a true, keen edge. Each sharpener is supplied with full length, extra wide specially treated strops. *Agents write for terms and offer.*

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The "American Boy"—a sensible, comfortable, neat appearing, staunchly built shoe for every-day service that will wear like you want a shoe to wear. The first Boys' unlined high-top ever made and none better for all sorts of service in all sorts of weather.

The correct shoe for Boy Scouts

Send for Catalog C

Illustrating all heights

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sizes 1 to 5½
$3 50
sizes 10 to 13½
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The uppers are Menz "Pace" Elk, the softest toughest, longest wearing upper leather tanned, and the only shoe leather that never gets hard and full of uncomfortable wrinkles. You can buy direct from us at regular retail prices, delivery prepaid if your dealer hasn't the genuine "American Boy". Always look for name on yellow label

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"Mum"

does not interfere with the healthy action of the skin pores, but

takes all odor out of perspiration

by neutralizing it gently. Its wholesome effects last "from bath to bath".

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"MUM" MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia

ROUGH ON RATS TRADE MARK DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE

Unbeatable Exterminator
Guaranteed to Kill
RATS & MICE
The Government Uses It
Sold all over the World

15c., 25c., and 75c., at Druggists and Country Stores
E. S. WELLS Chemist Jersey City, N. J., U. S. A.

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The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sunshine's Home Gas Iron

Agents Wanted in every town to represent [illegible] Gas Iron. [illegible] for the United States. [illegible] for particulars.

Household Gas Iron Co., [illegible] St., Dover, Pa.

THE BOYS' MAGAZINE [illegible] Walter Camp [illegible]

THE SCOTT F. REDFIELD CO., [illegible]

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.
Reduced rates, quick time on household goods to and from Western points. 443 Marquette Bldg., Chicago
80 and 82 South Bldg., Boston
45 Whitehall Bldg., New York
Rookery Bldg., St. Louis
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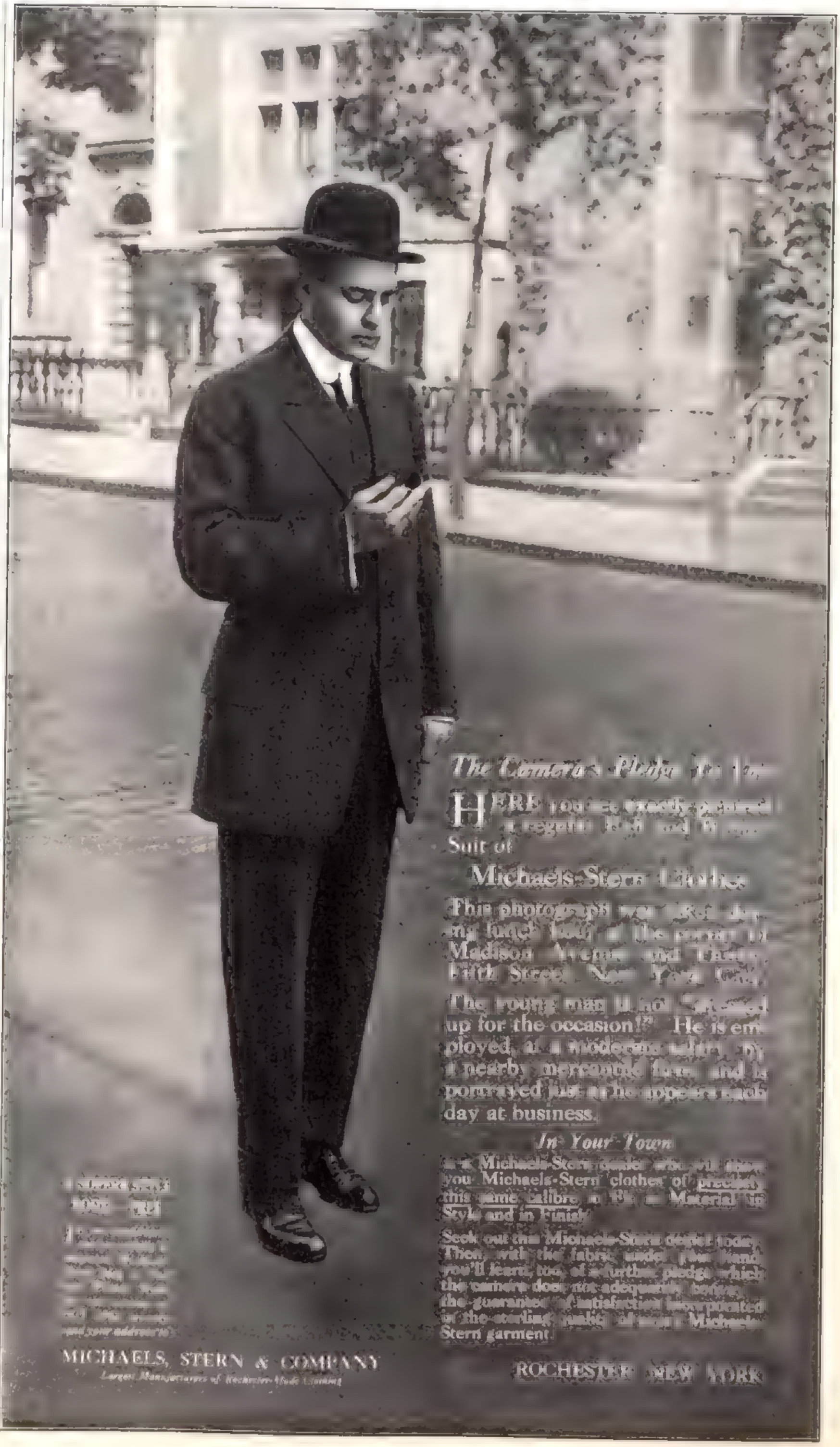
Write nearest office


The Camera's Pledge
HERE [illegible]
Suit of
Michaels-Stern [illegible]
This photograph was [illegible]
Madison Avenue and [illegible]
Fifth Street, New York City.
The young man is [illegible]
up for the occasion! He is employed at a wholesale [illegible] nearby mercantile [illegible] and is [illegible] just as he appears each day at business.
In Your Town
[illegible] Michaels-Stern dealer [illegible] you Michaels-Stern clothes of [illegible] this same caliber in [illegible] Material, in Style and in Finish.
Seek out this Michaels-Stern dealer [illegible] Then, with the fabric [illegible] you'll learn, too, of a further pledge which the camera does not adequately portray, the guarantee of satisfaction [illegible] in the sterling quality of every Michaels-Stern garment.
MICHAELS, STERN & COMPANY
Largest Manufacturers of Exclusive Made Clothing
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Who Foots the Bill?

"THIS article is just as good and costs less than the X brand because it doesn't have to stand such heavy advertising expense," says a certain grocer. Is he right? Is it an expense? Is advertising an expense?

The average person looks on the millions of dollars of advertising carried by magazines of national circulation as an expense. He believes that it is taken out of the pockets of somebody, though he doesn't have a clear idea who the sufferer is.

Let us see who really foots the bill.

Is it the Manufacturer?

Every maker of automobiles or flour or any other article, is using his best brains to manufacture his wares as economically as possible and to put them into your hands with the least possible cost to himself. His criticism on every plan and method is merciless, and if advertising were an expense, instead of an investment that pays him well, he would stop it instanter.

But more: A big business can be run more economically than a little one. Advertising makes business bigger and in this respect too it pays for itself out of savings in running expenses.

Is it the Salesman?

Two salesmen travel through Ohio, we will say, selling refrigerators. One offers a refrigerator that the public knows nothing about, and his trip yields orders for $4,000.00. The other sells a refrigerator which everybody knows favorably through advertising. His orders will amount to $20,000.00. Now the hotel bills, railroad fares and other expenses will be the same for each, and these must be paid for out of the profits of the trip. Which will be able to command the larger salary?

A certain clothing house eight years ago did an annual business of $3,000,000, and the cost of selling the goods amounted to 8%. Good advertising has since then increased their annual business to $15,000,000, and the cost of selling, including advertising expenditures, has fallen to 5%. The salesmen are earning much more money, and the advertising has enabled them to do it, because while their commissions are smaller, their sales are made easier and more than trebled in volume.

Is it the Store Keeper?

Dead stock or goods that won't sell is the cause of most failures among retail stores. Good advertising is the best possible assurance that goods will sell. Advertising familiarizes customers with the goods, and makes quick, easy sales. Instead of the retailer footing the bill for national advertising, he finds in it one of the greatest builders of his prosperity.

Is it You—the Customer?

In everything you buy, you pay for three things: The raw materials, the cost of making, the cost of selling. So, if you choose, you can say that you "paid" for the machinery which makes good shoes cost you less than they did twenty years ago. In the same way, you "pay" for the advertising which enables the manufacturer, through increase of his business, to put better value into his shoes. So, if you choose, you may say that the salesman and retailer "pay" for advertising which, while it may lower their percentage of profit, increases their earnings. So, if you choose, you may say that the manufacturer "pays" for the advertising which swells his dividends by diminishing the expenses of selling his goods. Advertising usually lessens the cost of articles as measured by their quality.

Is it Lowered Quality?

Bill Baker made pies, poor pies, without trade-mark or label. These he sold to cheap restaurants, and little did he care whether the pies were good or not, because they were made to sell and almost nobody knew who made them. But one day, growing ambitious, he put an advertisement of his pies in the paper which succeeded beyond his highest hopes. His small plant was swamped by calls for pies. As orders came in he saw himself in a near golden future the peerless pie king. Suddenly a new thought crashed through Bill Baker's serenity—a thought that had never intruded before. His pies were bad—so bad that nobody would ever buy a second one. This flood of orders instead of being a promise of fortune would ruin his reputation *unless he delivered good pies.*

In Baker's place, you would have done what he did—run to the telephone and telegraph to demand instant delivery of the best pie-making materials obtainable. Just as you would do, so do most manufacturers: As their businesses grow, they realize more and more keenly that their prosperity depends on their making goods that their customers will continue to buy.

The Real Answer

All the questions above have been only half-answered. The rest of the reply is plain when you understand what advertising is.

The constant aim of all human beings is to work wise economies in living. You don't consider the buttons on your clothes as an *expense*, because to get along without them would be vastly more expensive. The manufacturer doesn't consider as an *expense* a $5,000 machine which saves him $10,000 in three years' running.

Now it costs money to sell goods. We have automatic guns and banjos, but no article has been made that is automatic enough to sell itself. The most costly way of selling goods is to store them and wait for purchasers to come. The least expensive way is to tell the public about them by advertising.

So, you see, good advertising is paid for by everybody and by nobody. By everybody, because we all bear our share in earning the money with which business is carried on, and by nobody, because advertising is a labor-saving method of selling goods.

If you find yourself interested in the subject, write us for a copy of our booklet, "National Advertising—The Modern Selling Force."

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
Avg 6 mos. cir. 1,423,750

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Avg 6 mos. cir. 1,837,600.

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN
Present cir 30,000

BOSTON PHILADELPHIA NEW YORK CHICAGO

BUSINESS HELPS

HOW a man masterfully made himself superior to his surroundings and conditions—superior to everything—was what I learned out on Long Island the other day. I talked with the man and went over his place to see his results, and I found—which is the vital point of it all—that the principles he followed in his business would, if similarly followed, give masterful success in any business.

What he did was to take a kind of business that is usually unsystematized and systematize it; and from the first he was ready to use as much capital as he could get. "I saw that to make money I must be ready to spend money," is the way he puts it; "and I saw that everywhere there must be system." He does not say, in so many words, that he set out to dominate conditions instead of permitting conditions to dominate him; perhaps, indeed, this has always been a subconscious feeling—but even if subconscious it is none the less ingrained and powerful.

This man's father was a farmer, but farming did not at first seem to offer a very attractive future for the younger man. The father had not done particularly well at it and so the son was set to learn the carpenter trade. In this occupation he diligently served his time; for although this is a story of today it began some quarter of a century ago, when there were still apprentices and when trades were regularly learned.

The young man became an expert carpenter, having a natural bent toward mechanics; but he soon came to realize that his strongest bent was toward farming. So he joined hands with his father and helped assume the farm burden, thus showing wisdom from the very first, for one should be brave enough to follow his best judgment and strongest inclination even though time and money have gone into preparation along some other line.

He immediately set out to make his farming a regular business and to treat it in a business way. The farm was at the first a burden. This is far from being one of those narratives of rich men who, with unlimited money at command, have freely hired and plowed and planted and made beautiful fields. This man made beautiful fields, but was faced with huge problems in the making. Almost from the beginning the father, realizing his son's ability, was glad to leave most of the active running of the farm in his hands, so that when death came and the son was left to carry it on alone there was really little of practical difference in the management.

Spending Money to Get Money

To begin with, the farm comprised almost thirty acres and was mortgaged for about half of its modest value. It was hard to raise the money needed for systematic plans; indeed, everything had to be built up from modest beginnings. But from the very first there was nothing haphazard about it.

It was not until the work had been patiently and strenuously carried on for some years that the neighbors began to note the increasing prosperity and to study the methods by which it was brought about. It was seen that this man hired help freely; that his tendency was toward the use of machinery instead of hands—a tendency that he has steadily developed—and that he spent money lavishly for fertilizer. I have been told by slow-going neighbors that at first they thought him crazy; and even yet they are not brave enough to follow him freely, even though they see and acknowledge his success.

This farm was situated on one of the extreme points of Long Island, five or six miles from the terminal point of the railroad. New York seemed the natural and only market; but even when the railroad was reached there was a long and slow and expensive rail haul, which from the very beginning offered a serious difficulty in marketing. But this man did not impatiently throw the land away to seek some farm more practicable in location, and he was far from ready to settle down into being a drudge. He decided to be superior to the railroad and superior to any single market. Not that he antagonized the railroad or that it antagonized him; it was simply necessary, from a business point of view, that he put himself in a superior and independent position.

He knew that there were other markets, large and important, nearer in miles than New York—such cities as New Haven and New London—too apt to be overlooked by farmers fascinated by the glamour of the great city. As an early and important step he bought a sloop, and with this he not only could reach the Connecticut shore cities with his market produce whenever he should desire, but also could get to the railroad terminal more easily than by wagon by taking a short cut across the bay. He had never had a technical education in farming, but from the first he studied hard at books on the subject. "My son shall have a good technical farming course," he says.

He knew that specialization was necessary and gradually turned most of his attention to potatoes and onions—preferring crops that can wait for tide and wind to the perishable sort that must be shipped on a certain day. In the course of years he so developed his fertilizer system that he had stable manure towed in scows from New York City; and he uses large quantities of chemical fertilizers as well. "To get results you must spend," he says; and it is understood that he spends several thousand dollars every year on this single item, his farm today being a little more than twice the original size.

A Good Business Maxim

He soon realized that a sloop, admirable though it was, was far from being fully satisfactory. Some days when he wished to cross the Sound there was too much wind, and other days there was no wind at all. So after some years—as soon, in fact, as he could arrange for it—he had a steamer built, a staunch, snug, seagoing craft, that his neighbors believe cost a good many thousand dollars and that is large enough to carry over a hundred tons of produce. It will be seen that the first cost of the land was a mere nothing compared with supplements that his business mind conceived.

He can now, if he cares to, ship by his own steamer clear to New York; or, if the prices are low in that city, to Boston or Providence as well as to nearer points. He rarely sends the steamer, however, as far as New York, for he has working arrangements with steamship lines that pick up his produce at intermediate points where he delivers it; but he has made himself master of the situation as to shipments, is ready to send his boat long distances whenever advisable, and is as independent of steamship companies as he is of the railroad. Naturally, also, he carries goods to some extent for other farmers. He still ships somewhat by rail, and anything from him has the very best attention. He is in so independent a position that the railroad is anxious to oblige him.

At first there was no channel deep enough for his steamer to approach his land, whereupon he promptly spent thousands in the necessary dredging. Then as there was no landing place for the boat, and as loading by means of small boats or lighters was altogether too slow and costly, he built a pier. Needless to say all this was by no means easy. Great crops had annually to be grown by the best methods of intensive farming to meet the heavy expenditures that had steadily to be faced.

"Sometimes I was rather scared by the amount I was spending," he said quietly, "but I knew it had to be done. The mortgage," he added with a smile, apparently thinking how small a sum it represented compared with other totals, "long ago disappeared. I suppose," he concluded, "that I could buy an automobile, if I wanted to, without mortgaging the house."

In the busy season he has fifty men on his seventy-six acres. He seldom has any labor trouble, for his men all know that at any time he can run his steamer to New York or some other point and bring back all the men he wants. He has the reputation of treating his men fairly, but in regard to them, as in regard to everything else, he is in an absolutely independent position. That he is not only an expert carpenter, but that he has also made himself an expert machinist and blacksmith is another point that makes for his absolute independence. His

CLEANLINESS *that's* "THE REAL THING"

Dealers write for the agency of the Sanitaire Special

Fresh linen won't make a clean bed if there's *any* chance for dirt to lodge in the bedstead and breed trouble.

SANITAIRE BEDS

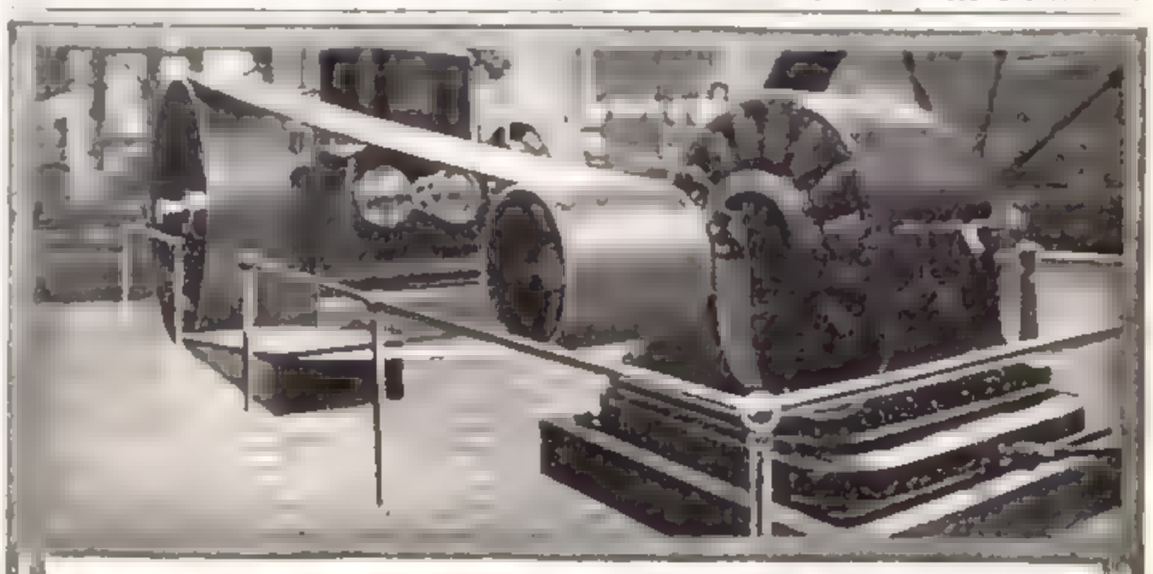
are *vermin-proof, dirt-proof, disease-proof.* Always absolutely clean *Scientific simplicity in construction*

Beds made in the old way abound in breeding places; realizing this you wouldn't have such a bed in your house, much less *sleep* in it. You owe it to health, to your regard for *perfect cleanliness* to **"Sleep in a Sanitaire Bed."**

The **"Sanitaire Special"** is a large, massive, strong, chilless steel, seamless drawn pillar bed. Beautifully enameled in the Famous Sanitaire Gold or Snowy White hard finishes. **Sold by leading dealers everywhere.**

Nearly 200 styles at $5 and up. Write for descriptive booklet.

Marion Iron & Brass Bed Co., 200 Main St., Marion, Indiana.



What Makes a Good Belt Good?

A poor belt may do good work for a time. The good belt does good work for a long time. It is a question of time and money.

Good belts earn money by long wear and **save money** by avoiding shut-downs and repair costs.

CROWN BELTING

is made from the center cuts of selected butts. Each Crown Belt is made with special reference to some particular use—for heavy work, for high speed, for small pulleys, for moist or wet conditions.

Crown Belts are stretched and tested under practical running conditions before being sent out.

We guarantee all belting bearing the Crown trade mark to be the best of its kind that it is possible to produce.

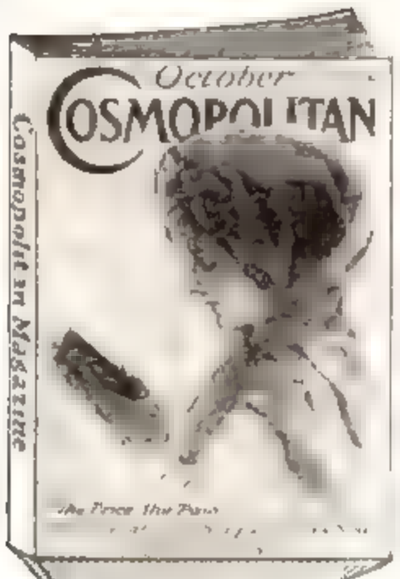
We make special belting to meet peculiar and difficult conditions.

Our book, dealing with difficult problems and containing many useful rules and calculating formulas, will be sent free to any manufacturer or superintendent who asks for it. Address Dept. A.

Page Belting Company, Concord, N. H.

Boston New York Chicago Philadelphia St. Louis Chattanooga, Tenn. Portland, Ore.

David Graham Phillips



ranks as the great realist of modern fiction. Human hearts and lives lay naked before him —and what he saw he wove into the most delightful and masterly novels of a decade. But greater and bigger than any of his other novels is

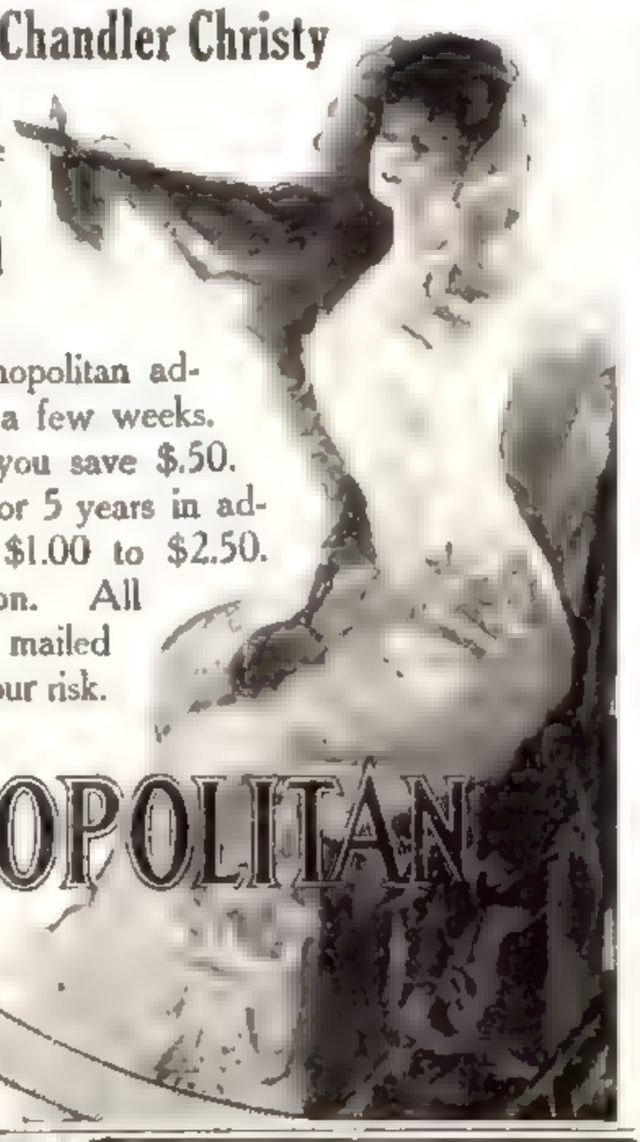
"The Price She Paid"

It is his masterpiece. The opening chapters are in the current Cosmopolitan.

A really great artist will illustrate this novel. For this and similar work, Cosmopolitan has secured the exclusive services of

Howard Chandler Christy

One of his pictures of the heroine is here reproduced.



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COSMOPOLITAN

Cosmopolitan Magazine,
381 Fourth Ave.,
N. Y. City, N. Y.

Please send me COSMOPOLITAN for _____ years. Herewith I enclose $

Name

Street

City

State

men will tell you admiringly that he knows all about altering, repairing and building. In the same small building in which he has his office there is a little workshop. On his farm there is a machine for every possible purpose and he personally understands every detail of the work.

Most striking of all is the way he has made himself independent of drought! This was another very expensive matter, on account of the cost of well-digging and gasoline engine and pipes. Thirty acres of his farm are now under a system of overhead irrigation, through a series of grid-ironing pipes carried horizontally from six to seven feet above the ground and perforated with little holes through which myriad little streams of water can be sent over the ground.

In the early years his bookkeeping showed how much each department and each crop cost and netted: but it is characteristic of the man that after having once learned this and learned it thoroughly he ceased to keep his accounts in such detail "I know now, without setting everything down, about what each crop costs, handled in a certain way, and so I save what I can on needless bookkeeping. I still keep up quite enough to keep absolute track of the general run of the business."

And that is just it: A business man ought not only to be ready to assume any work that is necessary, but also to economize on it the moment it can be dispensed with.

* * * * * * * *

This reminds me of a recent curious experience in one of the best organized of New York retail stores. A department head was explaining to me with pride a system by which, at the close of every business day, the total profits were figured out. He showed me how ingeniously the cost and the selling price went in on every sales slip and said modestly: "I don't mean that this is necessarily done every night, as it would keep the accountants a little too late, but if it isn't done at night it's done in the morning."

A Two-Million-Dollar Scrap Heap

A little later, in talking with the general manager of the store, I spoke of my admiration for such a perfect system. "Yes, yes," he acquiesced, "it is really a very good system." He hesitated and then smiled. "We really can do that every day if we want to: and it is just as well to have our employees suppose that we do. It's a mighty good system, and we can keep our business thoroughly checked up by it; but as long as we know how things are running in a general way, and know that they are running safely, we don't make a complete checking up oftener, perhaps, than once in six months."

All of which shows that one real business man is pretty much like another, whether his business is on a farm or on Broadway.

The free spending of money for up-to-date machinery and appliances, as instanced by the Long Island business farmer, is exemplified in the case of every successful venture. The great steel mills show this perhaps more markedly than any other line of industry, and the way in which they throw upon the scrapheap the most costly machinery, as soon as something more efficacious can be purchased, ought to be a model for every business man, little or big—and after all we are all business men in the sense of doing something or other to get our living. The primitive screwdriver, the inefficient hoe, the out-of-date fuel, will be discarded by the man of small affairs if he be properly enterprising, as readily as the most costly machinery is discarded by those of vast affairs.

A week or two ago I was in a manufacturing plant in one of the buildings of which was a row of huge and splendid stationary engines. "These things that you see in this building alone," said the superintendent, "cost two million dollars. They are from four to seven years old. They are already getting out of date, and we plan to replace them. Two million dollars' worth of machinery will be turned into scrap." But this kind of thing is not looked upon as loss. On the contrary, it represents the highest kind of economy and advance.

Both Near and Far Vision in One Lens with No Line of Demarkation

One of the most wonderful inventions optical science has produced in many years

KRYPTOK LENSES

Over 200,000 people now wearing them

Two pieces of glass are so skillfully fused that no line or seam exists.

Kryptoks look exactly like regular single-vision lenses. They are smooth to the touch. **Your optician can supply you.** Kryptoks can be put into any style frame or mounting or into your old ones.

Write for Descriptive Booklet

containing many facts of interest and importance to any person who wears glasses

KRYPTOK COMPANY, 105 E. 23d St., New York

After Shaving

Use MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM Toilet Powder

and insist upon your barber using it also. It is antiseptic and will assist in preventing many of the skin diseases often contracted. Sold everywhere or mailed for 25c

Sample box for 4c stamp

Trade Mark

Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

Masterpiece TRADE MARK

Three-Fold Bill-Fold

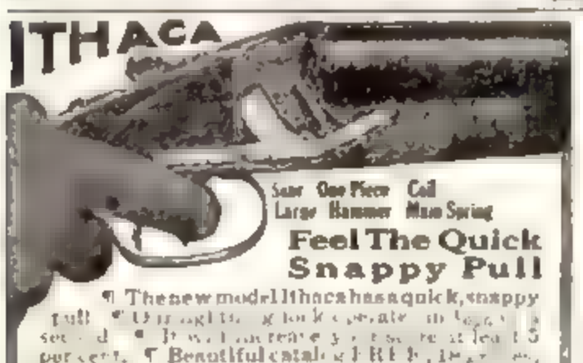
Made of genuine seal leather, dull finish, very flexible. The highest class material and workmanship throughout. Absolutely guaranteed. Money refunded if not satisfactory. If your dealer cannot supply you we will send direct on receipt of price, $2.00; genuine morocco, $1.00. Black only.

DEALERS Should stock the Masterpiece line of Men's Pocket Books for their best trade

A. L. Stanwee & Co., 491 Broadway, New York

For Men's Pocket Book Trade

ITHACA



Same One Piece Coil
Large Hammer Main Spring

Feel The Quick Snappy Pull

¶ The new model Ithaca has a quick, snappy pull. ¶ It is a light, easy to operate, hammerless gun. ¶ It will increase your shooting at least 15 per cent. ¶ Beautiful catalog FREE. Ithaca guns 10, 12, 16 and 20 gauge; $17.50 net to $40 list. ¶ Our little 5½ lb. 20 bore is a howling success.

ITHACA GUN CO., Dept. A, ITHACA, N.Y.

PYRO DENATURED ALCOHOL LAMPS

BRIGHT AS A SUNBEAM

Safe, Clean, Odorless, Cheaper, and More Brilliant than Electric Light.

Pyro Stoves Eliminate kitchen drudgery. No coal to carry; no ashes. Think what that means to YOU! Write for Illustrated booklets.

Alcohol Utilities Co., 40E 21st St. New York City

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

Sample card 12 pens & penholders for 10 cents.

Spencerian Pen Co., 349 Broadway, New York.

Running Water Without Pumping Cost

If there is a stream on your land, install a Niagara Hydraulic Ram. It will force running water to any part of your home or farm, and will require little attention. Write for our AD

NIAGARA HYDRAULIC ENGINE CO

16 Read Bldg. Philadelphia. Factory Chester Pa.

Cut ⅝ Actual Size

You Can Carry a Gun

if it is our attractive **Watch Fob.** Holster of good leather, tanned from the hide of a **Texas Yearling Steer**—metal gun inserted in holster. Actual reproduction of holster and gun typical of the gun carrying days of the West.

A Novelty Worth Having

Now is the time to obtain this novelty **Now on the Market.** Send to-day and we will send you one of these unique fobs by return mail. **Five for one dollar** charges paid.

ALAMO LEATHER & NOVELTY CO.
Dept. S. P., 426 Avenue D
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Rugs Carpets Curtains Blankets From the Mill We Pay Freight

Manufacturers' prices. We give great bargains and save you 33 1-3 %. We sell 50,000 customers annually. Our well known Regal Rug is a Seamless reversible, and wears a lifetime. $3.75. Our Brussels Rug is the greatest value known. $1.85. Splendid grade Brussels Rug. $11. Irrincible Velvets. $16. Axminsters. $25.50. Lace Curtains. Tapestry Curtains. Wilton Rugs. Linoleums. Write for our New 111 STRATFORD DATA No. 14 Showing latest designs in actual color.

UNITED MILLS MFG. CO
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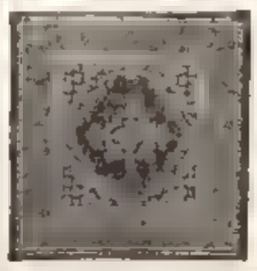


PATENTS INVENTORS OF WIDE EXPERIENCE employ my method in securing Patents. Why wait? Just send for my

WM. F. JONES, 361 F St. Washington D. C.

"Say, Partner, Here IS News!"

"We can get our old favorite, Lucky Strike Tobacco, in *roll cut* form—*now*—if we want it."

Lucky Strike Roll Cut has made an instant hit. Thousands are daily demanding it. Thousands more still prefer Lucky Strike Sliced Plug—the form they've known so many years. No matter which form you like best—the *price* is the same—10 cents at all dealers—and the *quality* is the same.

Whenever You See a Pipe You'll Think of LUCKY STRIKE

LUCKY STRIKE TOBACCO

never varies. It gives the same good old-fashioned, long-drawn-out satisfaction your father enjoyed before you.

Lucky Strike has been on the market *over 50 years*. It's won its way on merit.

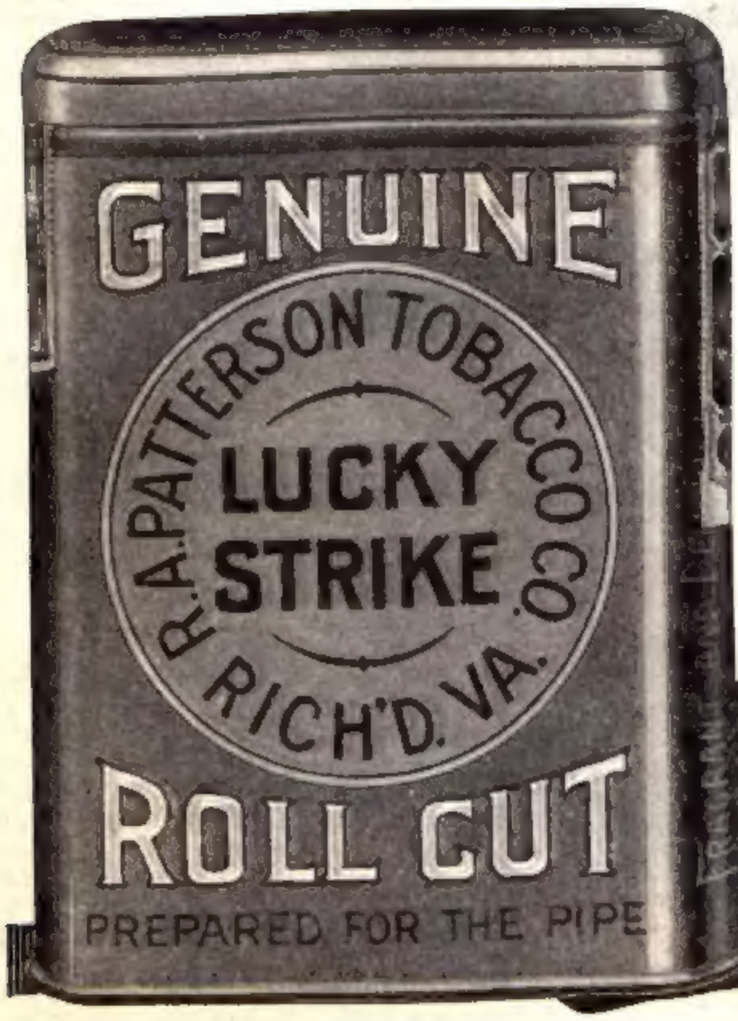
But be sure it's Lucky Strike you are getting. Then you know that your smoke will be cool, mild, satisfying—that it won't clog up your pipe or nip your tongue.

Lucky Strike simply can't bite. It's the choicest Burley, ripened for years to take out the tang. Then treated by the secret Patterson Process—originated by Dr. R. A. Patterson—the founder of this business.

There's a special satisfaction in Patterson Tobacco not found in any other.

Lucky Strike is 10 cents at all dealers.

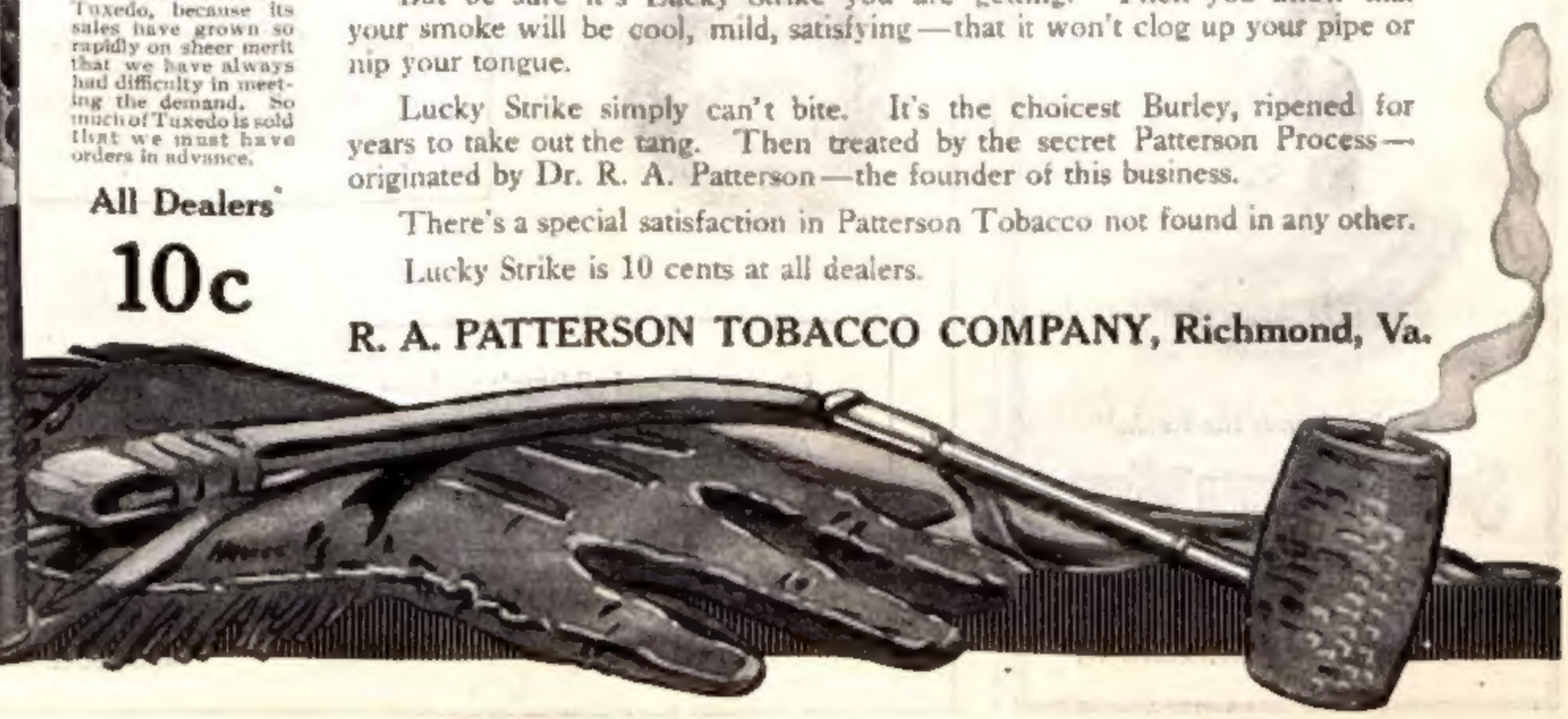
R. A. PATTERSON TOBACCO COMPANY, Richmond, Va.



To the Tobacco Trade:

We are making every endeavor to fill all orders promptly, but the great growth of Tuxedo (the original granulated Burley) is taxing our Tuxedo departments to the utmost. We have never dared to advertise Tuxedo, because its sales have grown so rapidly on sheer merit that we have always had difficulty in meeting the demand. So much of Tuxedo is sold that we must have orders in advance.

All Dealers' 10c



No heel marks like this on Elastica

Floors That Stay New

If you think that all floor finishes crack and mar—need constant retouching and frequent replacing—you simply don't know the right floor finish.

Elastica Floor Finish doesn't mar. Stamp on it, romp on it, roll furniture on it—you can't injure it. And water doesn't turn it white.

Due to Oil

The reason is this: We have worked out a way of using a large percentage of rightly treated oil in the manufacture of **Elastica** Floor Finish. Thus we produce a varnish which is tough and elastic, yet one which dries quickly and hard.

There is nothing else like it—the secret is ours alone. It is the final result of 40 years spent in the study of varnish.

You can abuse the floor until you dent it, yet you can't mar the finish. Water or grease can't spot it.

We believe these facts are not true, as you probably know, of any other floor finish made.

Please Prove It

When you know **Elastica** you will never consider using anything else on floors. You will use it on all floors, natural or painted. You will use it to protect linoleum.

It is due to yourself that you know it.

TRADE ELASTICA MARK

FLOOR FINISH

Look for this Trade-mark on a Yellow Label. All others are imitations.

These Things Free

We want to send you a book, "How to Finish Floors," filled with expert suggestions about finishing old and new floors. Also samples of **Elastica** coated on paper for tests. Also a beautiful bookmark—just to repay you for writing.

Simply send us your name and address—a postal will do.

Ask for Book 106

Address Standard Varnish Works, 29 Broadway, New York, or 2620 Armour Ave., Chicago, or 301 Mission Street, San Francisco. Or International Varnish Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada

"Elastica Stands the Rocks"

STANDARD VARNISH WORKS

Ask Your Dealer

Besides **Elastica** Floor Finish we manufacture **Elastica** No. 1, for exterior use—**Elastica** No. 2, for interior use—Satinette White Enamel, for interior and exterior decoration—Kleartone Stains and other Architectural Finishes. Ask your dealer. (69)

DISTORTIONS

Verses and Drawings by Peter Newell

When our old coal-oil lamp's aglare
Just look straight at the bowl,
An' see your face reflected there—
All twisted up an' droll.

Pa took a squint the other night
An' laughed a loud ha-ha!
An', say, he was the durndest fright
A feller ever saw!

Then ma she took a peek at it—
An' ma—well, ma's all right;
But, my! she nearly threw a fit
When she beheld this sight.

Then sister Maud, in a new frock—
Her turn just couldn't miss.
But, jiminy! she got a shock
When what she saw was this.

Next, Gran'ma Peck put on her specks
An' squinted at the bowl.
"Ha-ha! the prize of all my sex!"
Said she. "Upon my soul!"

Then, last of all, I took a look
To view my noble shape.
An', hully gee! my sides they shook
To see this grinning ape.

Oh, our old coal-oil lamp's a joke—
Within its bowl so bright
Are hid a million monkeyfolk
That peer out in its light.

Automatic heat control

The most ingenious aid to perfect heating brought out in fifty years is an ***all metal,*** hermetically sealed copper bellows, filled with a liquid which greatly expands and contracts under heat or cold, serving as a constant force to automatically open or close the draft and check dampers of any boiler or furnace.

It's like a thermometer—but *with power.* A dial attachment enables any member of the family to fix at will the temperature of the house at 70° (or at any other degree between 60° and 80° as may be preferred, at night, during illness, while family is temporarily away, etc.).

IDEAL SYLPHON Regitherm

is easily made part of any heating outfit—nothing about it to wear out—will last as long as the house. Saves any running up and down cellar to adjust dampers to meet the many weather changes. Protects the health because of uniform heat, and quickly repays its low cost through fuel savings.

Let us tell you fully of its comforts and economies. Ask for book "New Aids to Ideal Heating," which also describes Norwall Air Valves, Sylphon Packless Air Valves and other simple, clever devices which bring about ideal heating results at lowest upkeep costs.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Dept. 8 CHICAGO

Makers of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators

TRADE E.A.W. MARK

and Red-Man Collars have

Strapped Seams

They set and wear as no other collars can. Our shirts are stamped with trade mark and name. We do not use labels.

EARL & WILSON.

Graywood—2 for 25c

Parcels Post Merchandise Co.

A Positive Money-Saving Way of Buying

Basket, Size 11x11x4½ in.

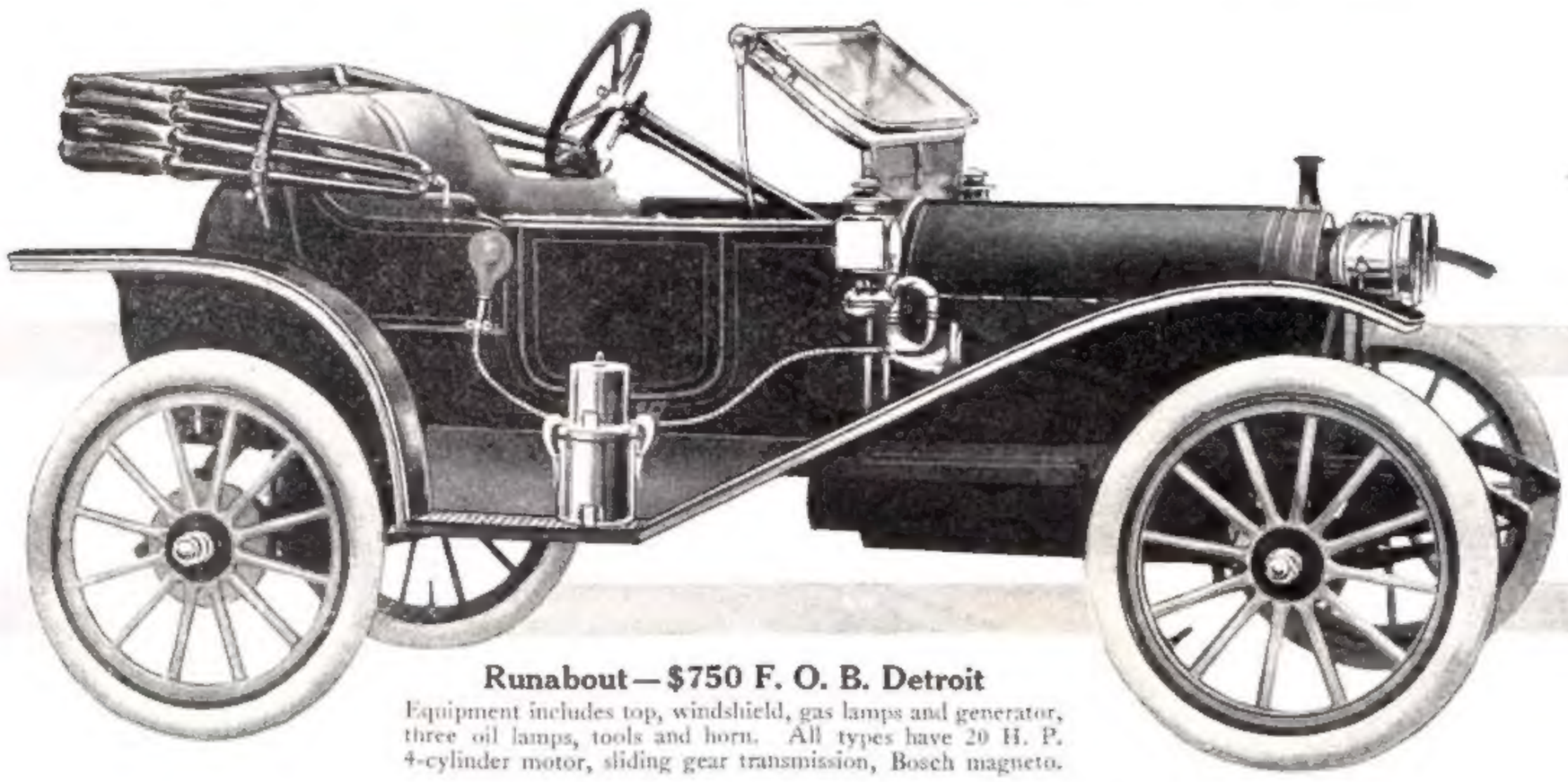
Write and we will send you our Catalog of Women's and Children's wear, Suits, Dresses, Holiday Goods, Neckwear, Hosiery, Swiss Embroideries by the yard, etc.

Handkerchiefs in Gift Boxes

Imported Swiss Embroidered. Six in this handpainted Japanese basket $1, postpaid.

949 Fourth Ave., New York City

Its third year—and Hupmobile demand unabated



Runabout—$750 F. O. B. Detroit

Equipment includes top, windshield, gas lamps and generator, three oil lamps, tools and horn. All types have 20 H. P. 4-cylinder motor, sliding gear transmission, Bosch magneto.

Runabout
Fully Equipped
$750 F.O.B. Detroit

Hupmobile

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

Touring Car
Fully Equipped
$900 F.O.B. Detroit

Now, in its third year—amid a bewildering distraction of new models and new prices—the Hupmobile is bought as eagerly as it was in its first season.

Then it was a sensational novelty—a car unheard of at a price unheard of.

To-day its place is firmly fixed. Its hold has grown stronger and stronger upon those level-headed buyers who always ask and always get the most for their money.

Hupmobile demand has been steady and consistent through two seasons and well into its third.

Public confidence was gained at the outset, and has been held through the keeping of faith and the giving of generous value.

For weeks our factory has been under the supreme test of working day and night in order to produce cars rapidly enough to keep pace with the volume of orders.

The Hupmobile occupies this unique position because it has been true to itself and true to the people.

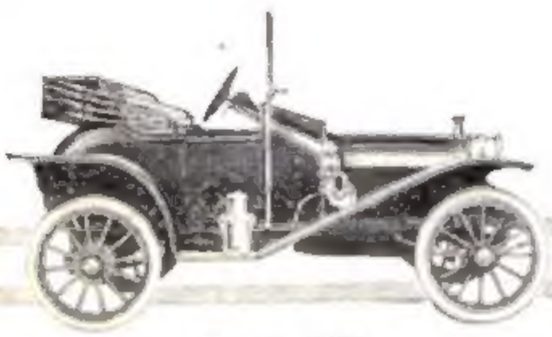
It has gone on being better and better until now—with more than $100 added in improvements and almost as much more in equipment—it is as extraordinary a car as it was three seasons ago.

At this time we wish to call attention particularly to the Hupmobile Coupé—which has aptly been termed a "baby grand limousine."

It has gone a long way toward displacing the old idea that an enclosed car is restricted to town use.

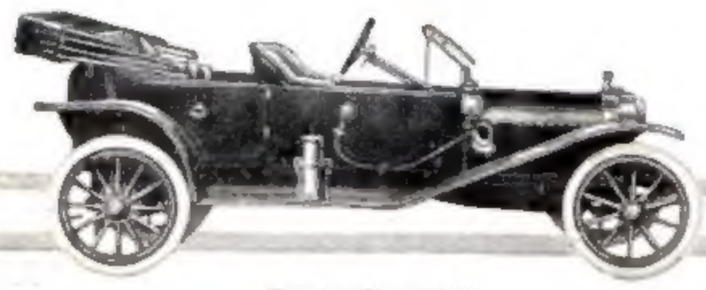
It was only recently that three residents of Elgin, Ill., toured in a Hupmobile Coupé from Chicago to Minneapolis, via Mankato, Minn.—more than 500 miles—without trouble of any sort and showing an average of 25 miles per gallon of gasoline over country roads and hills. Last November a physician of Hammond, Ind., drove his coupé home from the factory in Detroit.

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 1229 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan



Torpedo—$850

F. O. B. Detroit, with special torpedo top and windshield, and other equipment same as runabout.



Touring Car—$900

F. O. B. Detroit, with same equipment as runabout, shock absorbers in front, 31 x 3½-inch rear tires.

Coupé—$1100

F. O. B. Detroit, with five electric lamps outside, dome light, folding dash seat for third passenger, shock absorbers in front, 31 x 3½-inch rear tires.

If you are one of those who are looking for an efficient dentifrice without a "druggy" taste,

try—

and assure yourself that its delicious flavor does not lessen its efficiency. Ask your dentist, or notice for yourself the difference in your teeth after a month or two of its twice-a-day use.

TO DENTISTS

You will please your patients and induce them to take care of their teeth—and your work—if you recommend the regular use of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

As a neutralizer of excessive acidity of the mouth, and as an efficient cleanser, it has the endorsement of eminent dentists and of expert chemists.

Every day letters are received from well-known dentists, in praise of the benefits which Ribbon Dental Cream confers on their patients.

Read what these Dentists say:

"I know of no more cleanly, efficient, convenient and dainty dentifrice to keep the teeth clean and the breath pure."

"It leaves a cool, delicious taste in the mouth."

"It is positively the first cream I have found that will polish gold crowns and bridge work in the mouth."

"I heartily endorse your Ribbon Dental Cream. It has a tendency to stimulate gum tissue."

Names will be given on application

Educators all over the country have found this pleasant-tasting dentifrice their greatest aid in teaching their scholars the importance of "Good Teeth—Good Health."

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream cleans, preserves and polishes, and because of its antiseptic effect leaves the mouth sweet, clean and non-acid—the condition which counteracts germ growth.

A trial tube of this deliciously efficient cream sent for 4 cents.

Address Colgate & Co., Dept. P, 199 Fulton Street, New York.

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined.